

WORK
in America

THE

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Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight is more than

As the years go by, you look for something more substantial in the car you drive. Size and luxury alone become meaningless. So, we offer an immensely comfortable car that is more than big, more than plush.

The 1972 Ninety-Eight runs on innovation. It's enhanced by 75 years of Oldsmobile history. It's what you've always wanted in a car, all in one car.

Room to stretch.

The Ninety-Eight is big. Big engine. Big space. Big comfort. You can carry people, packages, presidents or pets, and

still have room to stretch. And the trunk is big enough for more than an overnight trip.

The seats are soft, the feel is luxury, the windows are easy to raise, to lower, to look out of. There's plush on the ceiling and plush on the floor, and you only know how rough a road is by looking. But the Ninety-Eight is much more still.

A soft-spoken engine.

Zero to cruising speed is a smooth, effortless movement. Its 455-cubic-inch Rocket V-8 is always ready with the power you need, when you need it.

Nevertheless, it runs efficiently, and with lower exhaust pollutants, on no-lead, low-lead or regular gasolines.

The Ninety-Eight and security.

All the GM safety features have been built into this car. Side-guard beams in the doors, a cargo-guard that separates trunk and passengers, a double-steel roof overhead. Hopefully, all that occupant protection won't ever be called upon. But it's there.

The ride is special, too. Because of Supershocks, computer-selected springs and



just plush elegance and a big back seat.

other interrelated components, it handles bumps, stiff winds, rough roads, and highway maneuvers with superb ease. Passing, turning, stopping, starting, cruising are done with little effort, excellent road stability and comfort.

Behold....our bumper!

The new front bumper of the Ninety-Eight absorbs minor impacts, but in a new way. Because of its new spring-steel mounting, it flexes... gives a little... then comes right back for more.

To make it even stronger, the

bumper is made of heavier-gauge plated steel. And there's a protective vinyl insert to guard the bumper from nicks, dings and scratches.

Easier driving: standard.

What you may have to pay extra for on many cars is standard on the Ninety-Eight. A Turbo Hydra-matic transmission changes gears, power front disc brakes stop you, power steering steers, power ventilation keeps the air moving even when the car is standing still; the Ninety-Eight helps do many things for you.

What you want in a car, all in one car.

Driving should be a secure and dependable means of moving from one place to another, in all the comfort and luxury you could ask for. A car can be luxurious, or a gem of engineering and performance, or a big back seat.

The 1972 Ninety-Eight is all of these.



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we will never willfully
pollute the beaches of our world.

After all, we swim
in the same waters you do.

TEXACO



We're working to keep your trust.

THE ATLANTIC

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Seventy-one years ago a contributor wrote in *The Atlantic*: "Every man who loves his work, who gets his work and his ideal connected, who makes his work speak out the heart of him, is a poet." For every such poet in those days, there no doubt were thousands who thought of their jobs more in terms of aching backs and too-slim pay envelopes than iambic pentameter. In any event, that is surely the case today. A growing number of people find themselves bored, if not victimized, by "work," and that bulwark of the Protestant ethic, the notion that work is what life is all about, has fallen prey to skeptics. For many weeks several of us at *The Atlantic* have been hard (and for the most part pleasantly) at work examining the subject of Work in America. The resulting group of articles, beginning on page 60, deals with doubts and problems that increasingly confront those of the younger generation, and not a few of their elders as well.

For his first *Atlantic* cover, the artist Vin Giuliani memorializes Charlie Chaplin's great movie about work, *Modern Times*, in an assemblage of wood and oil.

We became one of the first American publications to gain access to post-Ping-Pong mainland China when Ross Terrill, one of our contributing editors, received his visa and set off for Peking in June. His preview of a coming attraction arrived at press time in the mail from Hong Kong:

"South China was green and gold in the sunlight as my train glided into Shumchun. Chickens scratched placidly at the roots of a banyan tree. Two grinning boys shot at sparrows with air guns, baskets at their waists for the booty. After forty days, I was leaving the earnest Boy Scout camp of China for the sated playground of Hong Kong.

"As the train snaked through valleys, the visit hung summarized in my mind. Seven thousand miles by air, road, and rail, from lean Yen'an, to Wusih in the Yangtse valley, to a hot spring resort near Canton, where I was taken at the end to ensure I would

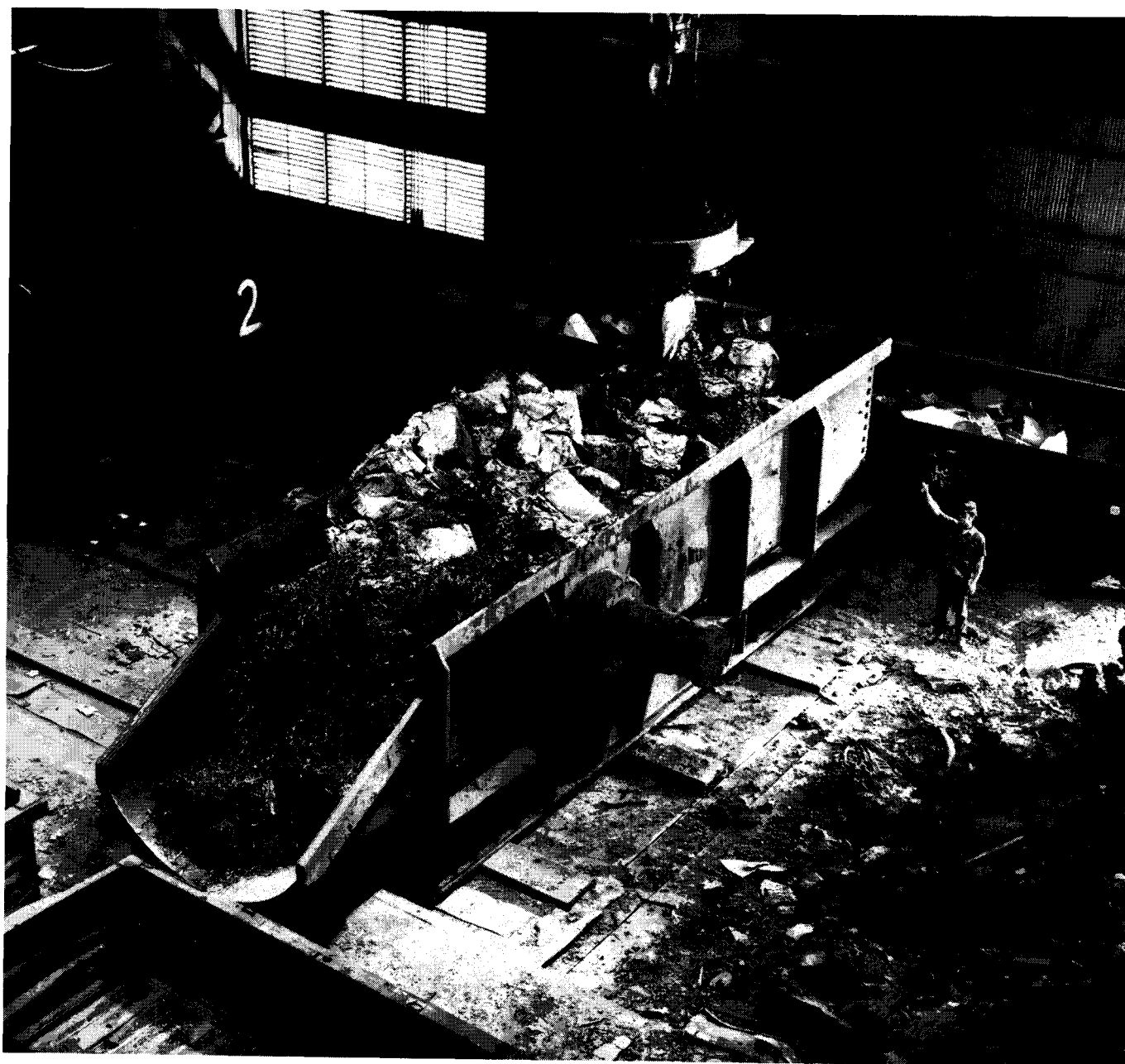
not leave the Middle Kingdom jaded. Protracted, humorous, occasionally tense sessions at six major universities. Meetings with Chou En-lai and Kuo Mo-jo; both full of years but sharp as razors. Hours of debate with Prince Sihanouk, sad and splendid in the former French Embassy. Endless tea-lubricated sessions, now revealing, now frustrating, with Chinese journalists and diplomats. Talks about their way and conditions of life with farmers and factory workers. Unproletarian banquets (at one in Canton, an aromatic dog was the star dish).

"Myriad changes I noticed since 1964. My questions this time were different: Why the opening to Washington? How do Chinese youth feel about socialism? Is Japan now Enemy Number One? Will the education experiment succeed? How far will the current campaign against 'ultraleftists' go? Has the Cultural Revolution changed the values of the Chinese people? As I left China, a Foreign Ministry official, farewelling me, remarked with a smile: 'Last year you wrote [for *The Atlantic*] an article, "The Inscrutable West"; I wonder what you will write now?' I did not know myself at that moment, drained as I was by the emotional expenditures of five and a half weeks in China. I could only say as I waved: 'Next month we shall see . . .'"

Next month we shall publish Mr. Terrill's full report on China.

The Democratic Party's troubles do not include a shortage of possible candidates for President in 1972. In our June issue, Washington columnist Joseph Kraft presented his view that Edmund Muskie is the man most likely to get the nomination. In the August *Atlantic*, the Los Angeles *Times*'s Murray Seeger took a skeptical look at the boomlet for Congressman Wilbur D. Mills. This month in our Reports & Comment section, author and journalist Peter Schrag, who has done some part-time speech-writing for George McGovern, writes about his choice for President.

Robert Manning



Every day is Recycling Day in a steel mill.

Recycling is "old hat" to the steel industry. For the past 30 years, more than half the raw material used to make new steel has been old steel. Today's cans and cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products are made from steel recycled from yesterday's cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products—29,000,000 tons' worth last year alone.

What's new is the steel industry's program to help collect used cans—all kinds of cans—and to recycle all the steel cans it can get.



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American Iron and Steel Institute**

STEEL—the recycled material.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

McGOVERN IN SOUTH DAKOTA

"I would like to call our country home from the destruction in Asia; I would like to call this country home to the Constitution; I would like to call the country home from the politics of image making and deception to the politics of hope and reconciliation."

The biblical cadences flow so casually that they share the integrity of the place itself: the thirty-nine Norman Rockwell graduates—girls in white, boys in blue, the gowns concealing only an occasional miniskirt, though not the clogs on the girls or the lengthening hair on the farmers' sons; the families in the bleachers and on the folding chairs on the gymnasium floor, the men in their sport shirts and their steel-rimmed glasses, the babies in strollers, the younger brothers and cousins and aunts, the print dresses and the denims, the programs fanning for the relief of a breeze, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the invocation and benediction, and, along the gymnasium walls, the pennants of the opposition—Oldham, Salem, West Central, Ramona, Rutland, Egan. A cluster of people stand in the cooling wind just outside the open doors, but beyond them no one stirs on the dusty streets or in the fields that begin where the streets end and that stretch across the rolling Dakota prairie to the Missouri on the west, to Minnesota on the east, to Nebraska and Iowa, lapping at other little towns, sustaining corn and cattle and a sense that if only people

elsewhere might be as sane as those at home, the country could once more be understood. "I want to call our country home from its wandering abroad. I want to get on with the redemption of our nation. . . . Let us test the current practices of this nation against the ideals we cherish most; is the pursuit of happiness going well with us as a nation?"—speaking now of God-given resources, of war and peace, of the young before him, quoting "that admonition of olden time: 'I have set before you life or death, blessing or cursing; therefore choose life that thy seed may prevail.'"

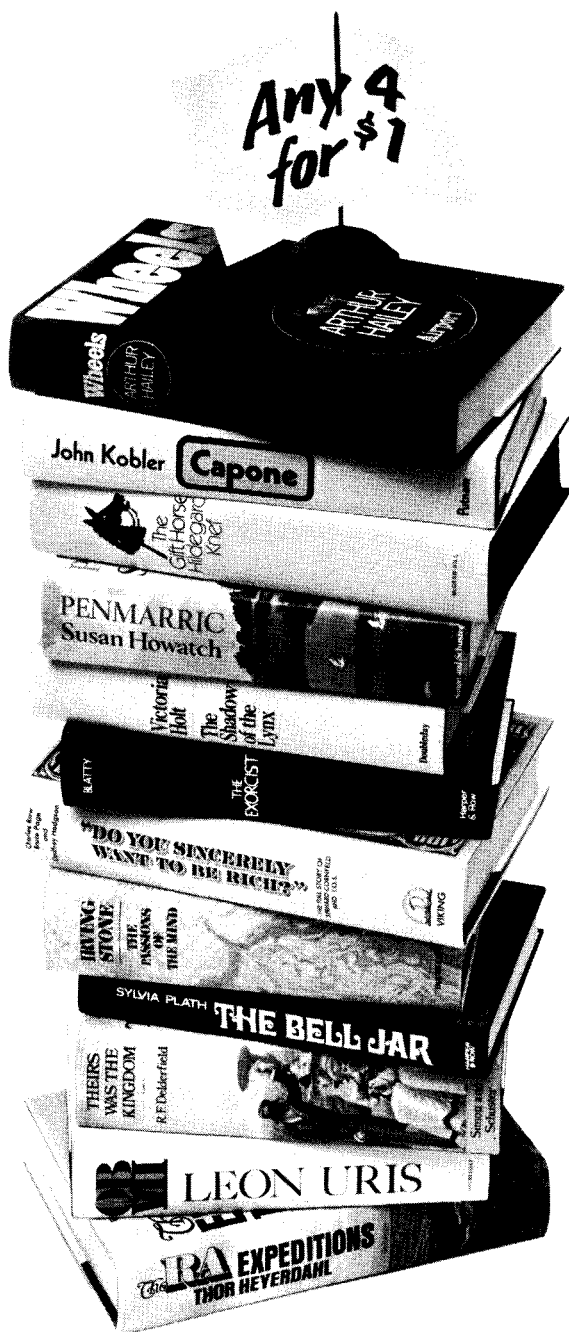
In the past year his sideburns have grown longer, the colors of his ties and shirts bolder, and some of his people now say that he is a little too mod for the tastes of the folks at home; but his deference in manner blunts the sartorial affront, cools it, and changes its course. He appears more comfortable here, more in place, than he does in Washington or New York.

There is something tentative about the man, the place, and the time. The common style suggests the best of the past and the best of what one may hope for the future, but it seems forever in search of connections to the ugliness of the moment. It is hard to tell whether his constituents regard him as a genuine candidate for President or just a local boy having his fling. Some of them are certain that he can't carry his own state, and many more believe that he is simultaneously too far ahead of the nation ("too liberal") and too far behind, the rural man from the small state—suggesting, in effect, that both the mes-

sage and the style are out of step with the times. He is constantly reminded that he must appear to be *serious* as a candidate; the polls show the others—Muskie, Humphrey, Kennedy—running far ahead. And so he, like the place, is forever burdened with the task of proving that he is really with it, is not some innocent from the sticks who thinks he can be President; and he must try, therefore, to prove that he is Tough and Realistic. Of all the major politicians in America, he, George McGovern of South Dakota, is the only one who must work to appear as ambitious as he says he is.

Witness

He missed an opportunity to run in 1968, and for a long time thereafter it rankled him. When Allard Lowenstein started his Dump Johnson campaign in 1967, he first asked McGovern to take on the President in the primaries; McGovern declined because he was facing what he expected would be a tough re-election fight in South Dakota (he won with 57 percent of the vote), and so Eugene McCarthy became the candidate. Later he would run the shortest officially announced presidential drive in modern history; now he was about to launch the longest. He speaks about educating the country, about the nation's capacity to understand, but his style seems more like that of the Christian witness than that of the charismatic leader. In the first months after he announced his candidacy, he was ubiquitous on page 47; the words were too far out, the manner too mild. Yet his hostile mail subsided, and even the South Dakota



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MCGOVERN

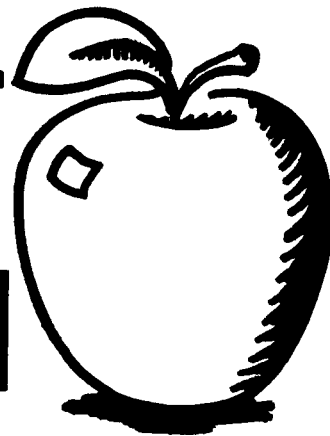
bumper stickers MCGOVERN DOESN'T SPEAK FOR ME began to fade. In the fall of 1970, the Democrats had swept the major offices in South Dakota, electing both congressmen, the governor, the lieutenant governor, and a visible minority in each house of the legislature. There had been local Republican scandals, unhappiness over farm price supports, and a growing reaction against the intemperance of Agnew's attacks on the candidates of the Democrats. And South Dakotans, said a reporter in Sioux Falls, "have learned it's not unpatriotic to be against the war." If the politics of peace weren't an asset, neither could they be regarded as a liability.

Place

McGovern does not come back to South Dakota as often as he used to—there are too many other trips now in the effort to create a national organization and to persuade reluctant political donors that he can win—and he therefore tries to explain his absence with the argument that his presidential candidacy will be an asset for the people of South Dakota. He can call attention to the problems of the farmer, he says, can point out that the nation, with its overcrowded cities, needs programs to enable people to stay on the farms and in the small towns. Still, he knows every inch of his own state, has visited every town, and for all anyone knows, has shaken every hand. Riding north from Sioux Falls to Brookings and then to Watertown one day in the spring, he names off the landmarks, asks about individuals in remote crossroads towns, and speaks of events recorded only in the memory of otherwise forgotten men. There are four of us in the car—Pat McKeever, who runs McGovern's state office in Mitchell, George Cunningham from McGovern's Washington staff, the Senator, and me. He explains that South Dakota is really two states divided by the Missouri—known locally as East River and West River; one side is flat, Midwestern, and agricultural; the other belongs to the Far West, to cattle, and to people who think more like Texans or Montanans. "I wouldn't trade constituencies with any other senator," he says looking out the window,

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You've read that 20 states have issued bans or warnings against their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has caused blindness, brain-damage and death.

That some doctors now suggest infants should not drink their mother's milk, because the DDT content of mother's milk in America is now four times higher than the maximum permissible "safety" level.

That of 20 top brands of fish sticks, 51% tested out as bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country may be a cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That to fatten profits, 75% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a growth hormone called *stilbestrol*, also a potential cancer producer.

That even drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the Wall Street Journal, *bottled water is one of the fastest growing businesses in the United States!*

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Towards a "total organic environment"

More than just a supermarket by mail (or a collection of wild-eyed food "faddists.") EFS was inspired by the findings of doctors, biologists, dieticians and ecologists who were alarmed at the contamination of our food supply and the accelerating destruction of our environment.

Through the support of members like yourself, EFS can encourage farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, *our lives*. It can encourage them in the only way practical—*by making it worth their while*. A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring"

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—but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.

Similarly, bakers can stop emasculating their bread; poultrymen can stop force-feeding their hens with arsenic to make them lay faster; food-processors can stop flooding us with phosphate-laden detergents and non-bio-degradable containers—*only when they can be sure of selling their ecologically sound products at a fair market price.*

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Members may order as much as they wish from the Society. Or just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, chemical-free cider, etc. *But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.*

Free with your membership

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More than just foods

Your ECOLOGICAL OPTION LISTS will offer a myriad of items to help you achieve a total organic environment: "Natural" cleaners—without harmful chemicals and phosphates. Recycled

paper products and biodegradable containers, waxes and polishes—that perform without polluting. Completely "natural" cosmetics—that enhance your beauty and are kind to your skin. Also: non-toxic insecticide sprays, home tap-water purifiers (so you won't have to buy bottled water), organic toothpaste and baby products, appliances such as blenders, juice extractors, yogurt makers, seed sprouters, and much more.

Also free

The EFS Newsletter (\$3.50 a year to the public) and the profusely illustrated 90-page *Guide to Natural Living* (\$1 to the public). Both will keep you alert to what is happening in and to your environment. And what you can do about it *now*.

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No wonder we have problems. Poverty. Crime. Drug addiction. Youth rebellion. Ecological abuses. While they are not necessarily all rooted in the same cause, many American leaders feel that the nation's environmental problems are definitely related to this lopsided imbalance of population and resource utilization. There is growing evidence that this is so.

THE PROBLEM GROWS WORSE

The President's Task Force on Rural Development reported in March, 1970, that the "...social and economic ills of the nation's inner cities may worsen...infecting even the entire national structure unless we act together with intelligence to prevent it."

It appears that things *are* getting worse. One reason: increased population. By the Year 2000, there will be 100 million more Americans...3 million more people each year to feed, clothe, house and educate.

Then, there is the growing contrast between urban and rural America. As farms have moved to mechanization and consolidation, the resultant surplus of jobless people have migrated to the cities by the millions in search of a better life. (Three million, for example, have left Appalachia alone since World War II.) This movement to the cities has magnified the existing problems of urban congestion and poverty.

As our farm population migrates, rural towns are shrinking in size, opportunity and vitality. To quote the Task Force on Rural Development..."The commercial farm development has passed them by; urbanization

and the population explosion have not yet found them."

The result? More than *half* the nation's counties report continuing population losses. We are beset by overcrowded conditions of increasingly unmanageable urban areas on the one hand while, on the other, we see a decline in the quality of life in thousands of smaller communities.

That's the problem.

THE SOLUTION: DISPERSAL

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Remember Japan's 100 million people on 142,000 square miles? Montana supports fewer than 1 million on that same area. While England supports 45 million people on only 50,000 square miles of land, Arkansas supports 1¾ million in comparable space!

CONCEPT OF POPULATION DISPERSAL GAINS SUPPORT

In recent years, voices have been raised in support of a national commitment to a program of population dispersal. The 1969 National Governors' Conference passed a resolution to "petition Congress to adopt a national policy for a more even distribution of population...to alleviate the growing national frustration occurring in overpopulated areas and in areas now losing population."

The December, 1969, Congress of Cities urged a policy of settlement of people throughout the nation to balance the concentration of population.

The Federal Aid Highway Act of 1970 authorizes expenditure of \$100 million over the next two fiscal years to demonstrate the role

that highways can play in revitalizing the economy of rural and small community areas and in encouraging a more balanced growth of industry and population. It authorizes the Secretary of Transportation to make demonstration grants for planning, design and construction or reconstruction of highways leading to the development of designated "economic growth centers" and their surrounding area.

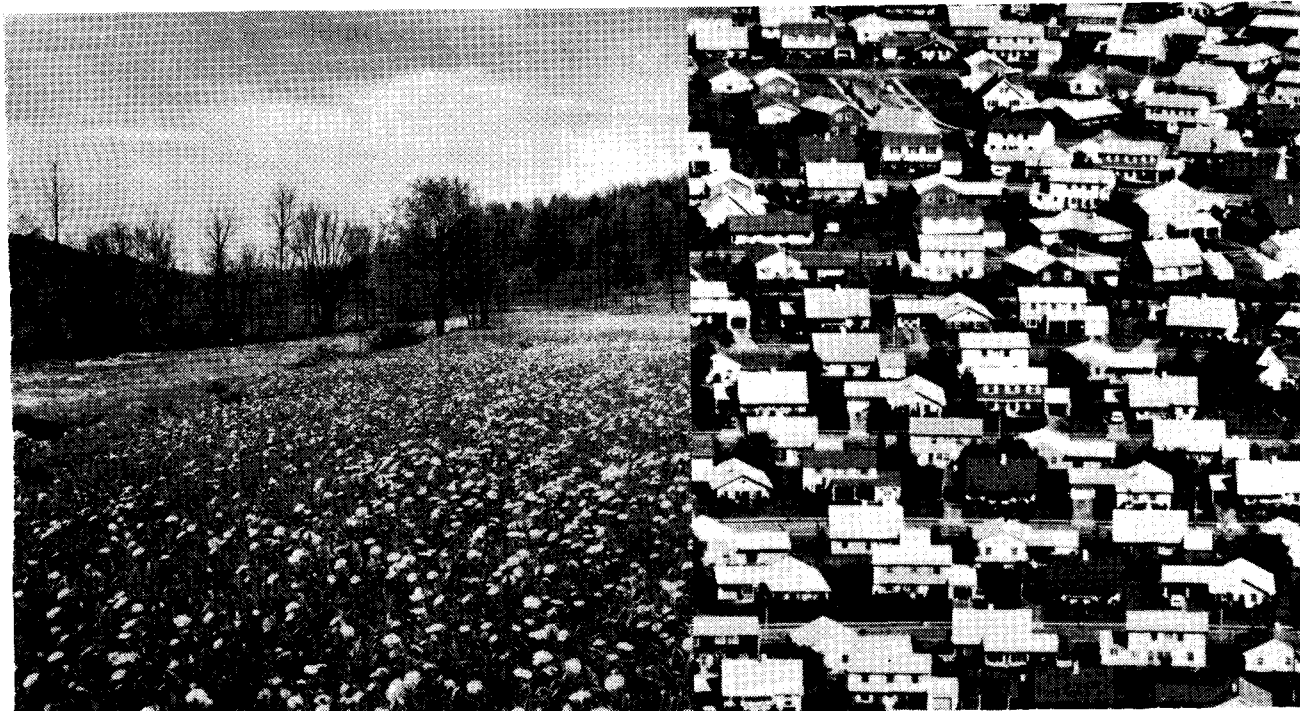
David Rockefeller, Chairman of the Board, Chase Manhattan Bank, called recently for the creation of a private corporation and a federal agency which, in addition to helping to rehabilitate core cities, would foster private development of 110 new towns and cities—ten of them with populations of over a million, a hundred others with 100,000 or more.

sector must be deeply involved from the beginning.

Good highways—and a smoothly functioning highway transport system—are the third requisite. Only highway transportation has the flexibility that can make dispersal practical...linking industrial complexes and communities with the rest of the nation. Only highway transportation can facilitate the flow of both goods and people that would support a program to achieve better balance of our population and our resources.

A planned approach to the whole problem of creating or developing new communities of manageable size...of generating the incentives that induce both industry and people to move...could work. It *must* work.

When 70% of our people live on 2% of



THREE REQUISITES TO ANY PLAN

Government leadership is one of the three vital requisites to a successful long-range population dispersal program. The scope and the resources involved in such an undertaking demand the strength and backing that only our federal government can supply. As former Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman put it, "Only a common national policy providing guidelines for planning and development efforts in city, suburbia and countryside can restore balance in America."

A second requisite, of course, is that any decisions concerning the future distribution of our population will have to reflect the collective choice of the people who must provide the resources. Thus, while decisions of such magnitude must be coordinated and implemented by governments, the private

the land, correcting the imbalance is not just the geography of relocation.

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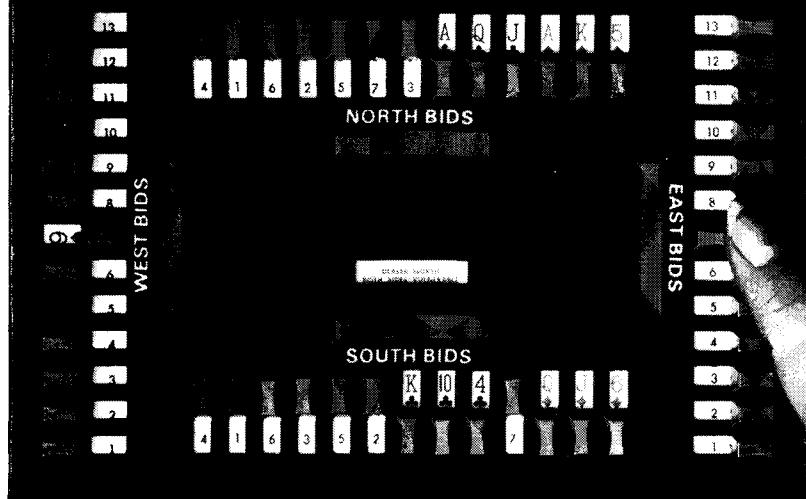
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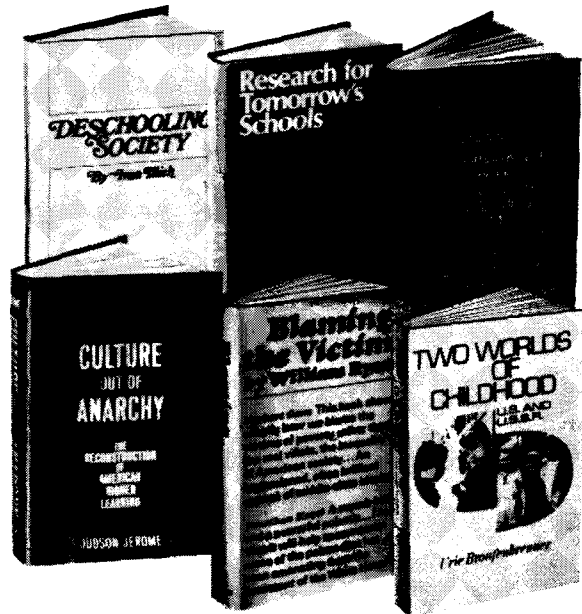
GIVE THE UNITED WAY

MCGOVERN

passing Lake Poinsett, admiring the blooming lilacs around the farmhouses and along the borders of the fields, pointing out a meadowlark, then asking Cunningham and McKeever who will be running the reception in Brookings. There is less divisiveness here, he says, and no credibility problem. "They don't put you on. If they tell you they like a speech, they mean it; they're straight with you. Of course they're afraid of losing you to the nation, but it's amazing how they respond when you see them. Coming back is always a renewal—for me, and for them, too."

Place is crucial. The most successful American politicians have always spoken in the accents of a particular region, a particular style, have been identified with Boston or Texas or small-town Missouri, have always come from *somewhere*, and McGovern—sometime professor, World War II hero, congressman, senator—is a man of this place: Avon, Mitchell, Dakota Wesleyan; son of a miner turned professional minor-league ballplayer turned Methodist preacher; a man who, in another era, would have been the model Progressive politician, a William Allen White, a LaFollette, a Gifford Pinchot. His political attitudes, he said, were shaped in part by his war experiences (thirty-five missions in a bomber crew), in part by his reading (and by his admiration for such people as Adlai Stevenson), and in part by the place itself. But, as with many Midwestern liberals, the things that were learned from the outside were transformed by the directness of the local style into something that had to be practiced in order to be believed at all. Liberalism in the South and Midwest is not a parlor avocation, a cocktail party luxury, but something that must be tested and defended in the confrontations of everyday politics. There were always unpopular positions to defend—the recognition of Communist China, for example—and a lot of reactionaries ready to take one on, but there were also resources on which to draw. The Populism and Progressivism that flourished generations ago remained a factor through McGovern's youth (he was born in 1922) and still exert an influence: they survive in pockets

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MCGOVERN

of Scandinavian Socialists in the counties that border the two Dakotas, in the Farmers Union and the Rural Electrification Associations, in the commitment to public power and low interest rates, in state-owned cement plants and flour mills, and in a lingering suspicion of anything that smacks of elitism or monopoly. And there was, and is, the directness of the place itself. Now there is a question whether these are anachronistic remnants of another time.

Pushing

McGovern is too professorial to qualify as a gallus-snapping Populist leader. And the possibilities of a resurgent, updated Progressivism are limited; it leaves out too much of history and too many of the elements of the present. Again there is a lack of connections. Yet he understands that for him a winning combination must include all the elements that might, at one time, have supported a Populist candidate: factory workers, farmers, the young, the black, the poor, the alienated middle class, and the intellectuals. ("If I were McGovern," said one of his supporters in Washington, "I'd run against the Rockefeller, the big corporations, the banks, and the military.") Most of the professional politicians now regard Vietnam as a secondary issue—in some cases as no issue at all—and the economy as the prime order of business. McGovern said himself that he's "weary of talking about the war." When Nixon announced his trip to China, McGovern said that he welcomed it not only as vindication of his own stand on China and as an expression of reason but as a political asset. "It's ironic," he said, "that the darling of the China Lobby has become a major instrument in establishing better relations with mainland China." Now it would be possible to divert the major energy of the campaign to the discussion of economic and social issues, to talk about economic reconversion, about tax reform, about cutting the military budget, and about the long agenda of domestic needs. "It's a joy to be on the hustings again talking about the things I talked about when I first ran for office in the fifties."

No one can be certain of the impact of the new China stance or of its consequences in Vietnam. To be ahead on an issue—even if one turns out to be right—does not necessarily produce adulation at the polls. Yet it is probably true that as a politician McGovern may be grateful to be relieved of the issue of Vietnam—if, indeed, he is relieved of it. The issue helped make him a candidate, but it also locked him in, and there is at least a chance that he will survive its demise. Unlike most other sources of national contention, Vietnam seemed—at least to some people—to be something that stamped all protagonists with indelible political and moral colors; a man who was black or white or gray on the war might well remain black or white or gray forever. McGovern's own campaign staff feel that their man can distinguish himself from Muskie (whom they regard as their prime—if not the only—adversary for the nomination) as clearly on domestic issues and general military policy as he did four years ago on Vietnam. "Ed's already made his peace with the oil industry," McGovern said, "and he's showing the same timidity on tax reform as he did on the war." His staff people, moreover, think that they can expose Muskie as an artful dodger on other issues. "He's the only one of the major Democrats who refused to endorse Charles Evers in his race for governor of Mississippi. Humphrey and Kennedy are Evers' national co-chairmen, but Muskie refused. He's pursuing a Southern strategy." They will take their man to the centers of middle-class unemployment (to Seattle and Los Angeles and Route 128 in Boston) where he will hold "hearings" on economic reconversion (pollution contracts instead of defense contracts, surface transportation instead of the SST, schools and hospitals instead of military installations). He will go to the suburbs on issues of taxation, consumer protection, and jobs, and to the campuses to recruit volunteers, to push student voter registration, and, as one of his campaign staff said, "to get the enthusiasm that keeps the adrenaline flowing." The idea is to keep the pressure on Muskie—to find platforms for debate and direct confrontation—and to hope that Muskie will crack. "McGovern is terrific under pressure; he gets better the more he's pushed,"

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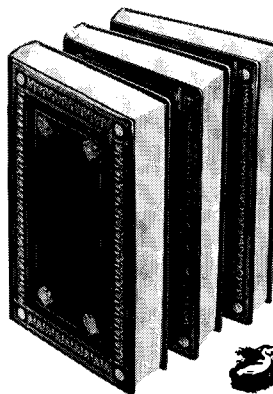
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said Ted Van Dyk, once a campaign tactician and aide to Hubert Humphrey and now a member of McGovern's staff. "We don't think Muskie can take it."

Still, there remains a serious question of whether he can carry it off. He does not have the support of the big labor people ("We have to convince them George doesn't have horns"), cannot—at least not yet—attract large financial contributors, and lacks the style of the urban blue-collar politician. In the past few months he has appeared on scores of platforms, shaken hands in the Polish districts of Milwaukee, walked the slums of Harlem, and spoken before the Jewish establishment at the Harmonie Club in New York. While the reception in most places is polite and sometimes enthusiastic, the ethnic connections are difficult. He is not one of them, but he isn't royalty either; the jokes tend to be flat, the manner too rural on the one hand and too academic on the other.

Do things work?

A composite geography forms in one's head, a composite that leads from the voices of people to the forces outside to the abstractions of national politics, and then back again to the conditions of land and weather and the common aspirations of everyday life. Neil Evans, a big, magnificent man who farms six hundred acres near Watertown, South Dakota, talking about building up the land, talking about his cattle and his kids, says: "We've destroyed more of this earth in the last fifty years than in the million years before that." He points out that agriculture represents \$10 billion in export credits (and is therefore crucial for the balance of payments) and says that sooner or later the migration from the farms must be arrested, that eventually "people will have to start coming back." Other farmers talk about the growth of corporate farms—one man prophesies that soon the whole state will belong to two or three corporations and points out that all the kids are leaving because there are no jobs. "Everybody's just out for themselves," he says. "They're all trying to cut you up. No one has a future here." A businessman in a small town

remarks that this is a conservative region, that McGovern "can't be representative of this state—he just can't be." There are endless discussions of rain and parity and irrigation projects that were promised years ago but have yet to be built.

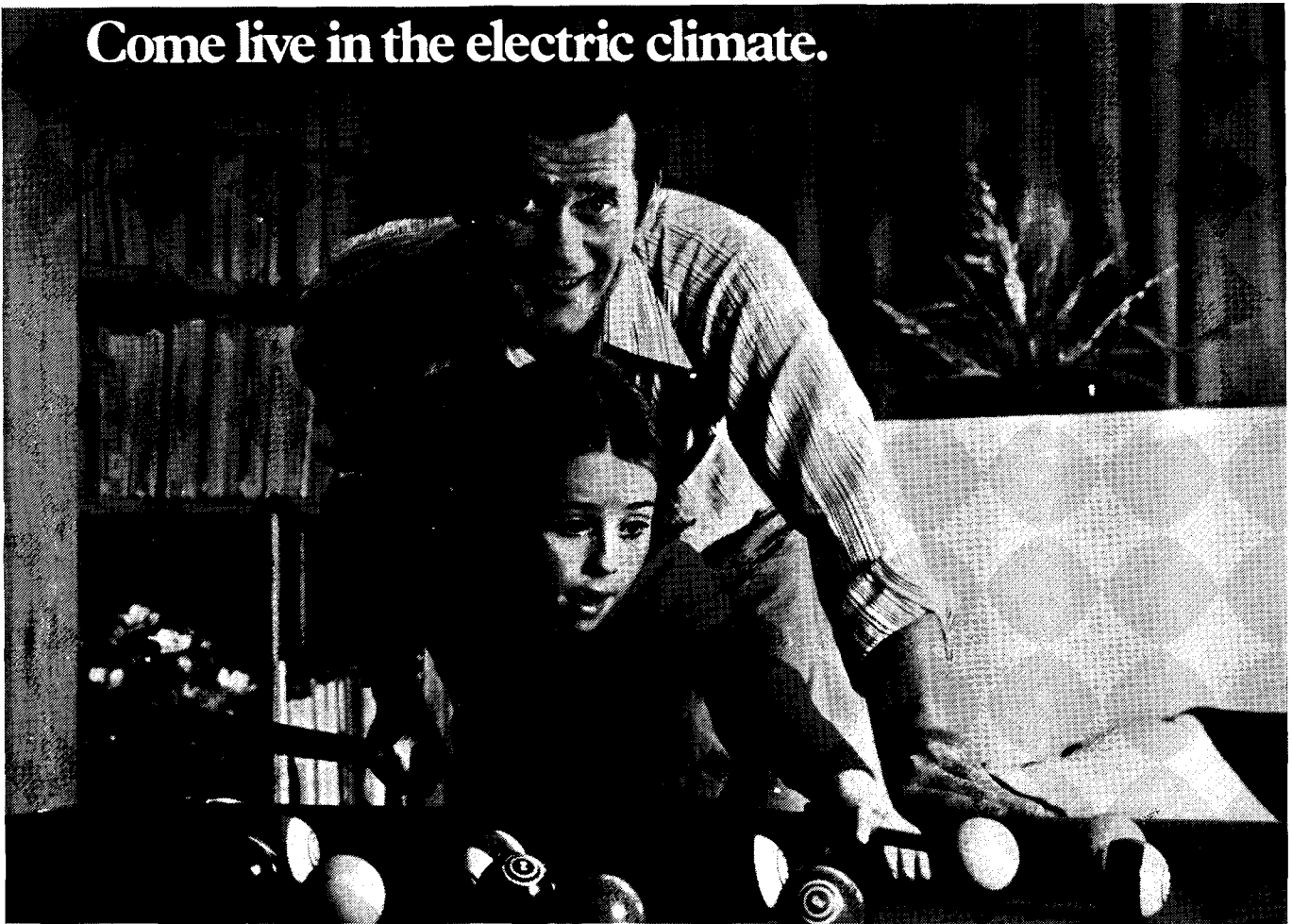
Again and again one is reminded that this is an agricultural state and that even the people of the towns depend on the prosperity of the land. "If it's a dry summer," said a businessman in Sioux Falls, "you can get into any damn parking meter in town. If it's been raining, the streets are jammed." Wages are low, and industry is reluctant to come in—discouraged, it is said, by local commercial oligarchs trying to preserve their cheap labor, by the isolation of the region, by the climate, and by distance itself. But in South Dakota—as anyone can see—Things Work: telephones are answered, officials are accessible, people are responsive. Local problems are rendered invisible: there are virtually no Negroes, the Indians are kept on their reservations—when they come to town they are generally regarded as a police problem—and the poor, like the people of Watts, pay exorbitant rents to live in run-down houses that look reasonably pleasant from the street. At the same time, the kids—the ambitious and the hopeful kids—leave, going off to college, off to the larger cities, off to California; and the population of the state, now under 700,000, continues to decline. "People really seem to lack direction," said a reporter, recently arrived from California. "There's no feeling about tomorrow, no real sense of the future, and the result is apathy." Somehow, even if life is pleasant, time seems to be running out.

It is easy to forget that there never was much time, that the seeming infinitude of the American West derived as much from myth and the innocence of its settlers as from time itself. A century ago the western portion of the Dakotas was Indian country, the land of Custer and Hickok and Crazy Horse, and only tricks of memory can lengthen the terrible brevity between the frontier and the moment when the great father in Washington began constructing air bases and hardened silos for offensive missiles and ABM's. In this region it requires no great subtlety to make the connections between the Indians and

the Vietnamese. (If North Dakota seceded from the Union, they say, it would be the world's third largest nuclear power.) Despite all that, it is still difficult to make connections between what one sees in the Black Hills, on the plains, and in the towns—the space, the cattle, the gold mines, the wide streets, the measured pace of work and fishing and camping, and high-school football games on Friday night—and the daily TV news reports. Deep in the Black Hills, ten miles from the nearest paved road, the woman who runs the little general store relishes the isolation; she raised three children out here, and she's not about to leave now. "Sure the winters are long, but nobody bothers you; we drink and dance and play cards; we're the last real Westerners left." In Rapid City a fifty-year-old Indian woman who says she has been trying to assimilate into white culture all her life helps lead an Indian "occupation" of Mount Rushmore (which, she says, should be named Mount Crazy Horse) because "I can't be white; I have to go back to my own culture and my own religion." In Aberdeen a handful of high-school kids publish an underground paper called the *South Dakota Seditionist Monthly*; in Rapid City they go into the Black Hills to smoke grass; and nearly everywhere you wonder whether the Levis represent fantasies about a cowpoke past or the counter-culture future. What is certain is that the stability of the moment is precarious, that it rests on conquered land and borrowed time, and that it depends on forces which, if they are consciously managed at all, are managed by people who live and work somewhere else, by outside corporations, and by unseen, unknown bureaucrats. Throughout his swing, McGovern talks about the reordering of priorities, about the reconversion budget that he first proposed in 1963, and about shifts from military to domestic spending. But can he deal with the most important problem of all—the growing feeling of people that they are not in control, that the decisions which affect their lives are made elsewhere by individuals and institutions they don't fully understand? If there is no confidence here, if these people are alienated, then is there any place in America which remains immune?

McGovern is leaner than he was a

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MCGOVERN

year ago—has lost perhaps fifteen pounds—and the leanness accentuates his height. Still, the news photos and the TV appearances fail to show that the man is over six feet tall; neither do they suggest the growing complexity of his face—its lines, the graying hair at the temples, or the intensity of the eyes. Most of all the image fails to indicate that in a year's time McGovern has become measurably tougher, has become a politically weatherbeaten man whose singsong voice conceals resilience—even hardness—for which he receives little credit. ("McGovern," said one of his former Senate aides, "is the real Muskie, the honest man of the small town, the guy who will stick to his principles.")

Then the call came . . .

In Sioux Falls, after taping a local television interview, he stops in the outer lobby of the station to watch part of the televised dedication of the Johnson Library in Austin. There is a lot of platform rhetoric about the opportunities for scholarship, about letting the chips fall where they may (no one has yet heard of the Pentagon papers), but the real message is power—raw, blatant, and unmitigated. Here is the collective opposition arranged like the leaders of the Kremlin at a May Day review: Nixon, Johnson, Carl Albert, and the Texas Mafia (Connally, Frank Erwin, and assorted leaders of the Texas legislature) are sitting on the platform; Hubert Humphrey is sitting in the audience; Mike Mansfield, the Senate Majority leader, is not there; McGovern was not invited. McGovern notes the insult to Humphrey, who is his friend, and as the camera focuses on Nixon, he turns quietly and says, "There's LBJ's candidate in seventy-two." (Later he will recall the jubilation of Walter Reuther and Clark Kerr at the 1968 Democratic Convention after they had drawn a compromise plank on Vietnam that appeared acceptable to all sides and thus might hold the Party together. McGovern and Humphrey were both willing to go with it and so, apparently, was McCarthy. "But then the call came from the ranch . . .") There is no bitterness in his voice, no resignation,

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just an instinctive recognition of the odds, of how tough a man must be to do what he, McGovern, is now doing: "Johnson wouldn't concede any mistakes on Vietnam while he was in office; he isn't going to concede them now that he has nothing to lose." Then he looks at the screen again and says something about "overkill."

The toughness comes only in flashes, but it is unmistakable. The nice-guy tone—the seemingly unlimited professorial patience in answering questions, often mindless questions—conceals a fierce sense that this is a game for mortal stakes. Nineteen seventy-two, he said, may well be the last chance, the last opportunity to reverse the drift toward militarism and repression. "Neither Muskie nor Hubert can resist the Pentagon." Muskie always equivocates, concedes too much, gets taken too easily. Hubert—Hubert is his friend; but Hubert is a man of another age. He, McGovern, thinks he can do it, can be elected, can turn things around if only he can get the nomination. He will go into New Hampshire in March and try to make a good showing in the primary, even though that's Muskie country; New Hampshire may be the key to Wisconsin, and Wisconsin is the key to California, and money is the key to everything. ("Where the hell is Bayh getting all his money?" asked a politician in South Dakota.) Muskie travels with the entourage of a front-runner; McGovern travels with a couple of aides. And yet by midsummer, McGovern appeared to be in better financial shape than most of his opponents. Blair Clark, who had managed Eugene McCarthy's campaign in 1968, and Henry L. Kimelman, a developer in Washington and in the Virgin Islands, had taken over the financial responsibilities; both were experienced fund raisers. And although the big money was not available, small money was. While Muskie was cutting his campaign staff, McGovern was expanding his own. An initial mailing to 300,000 people had produced \$250,000, nearly all of it in small amounts; subsequent mailings—many based on lists of supporters of the Hatfield-McGovern amendment—produced \$500,000 more.

Despite all that, the problem was

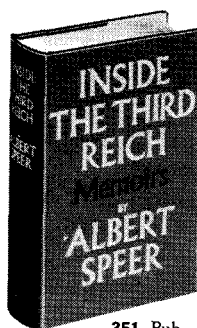
still to make McGovern a credible candidate. No one in the campaign office was talking about winning primaries; they were talking only of making a good showing, of whittling away Muskie's lead, and of being in a position next spring to enter the primaries in Oregon and California with a man who appears to have a chance. The calculations suggested that McGovern's hard-core following would provide an advantage in races against several candidates—the more the merrier—since only McGovern and Henry Jackson of Washington (who would be identified as a hawk) were clearly distinguishable from the pack. In a two-man race against Muskie, McGovern would not do as well. The campaign strategy will concentrate on the primary states and on "the major media markets," which also represent the largest concentrations of convention delegates: walk the streets in the morning; hit the shopping centers, the ghettos, the factories in time to make the evening television news; then meet with the politicians at noon in the downtown hotels (it's called "searching for delegates"); visit a campus in the afternoon; and address a dinner at night. Again there were hopes that might not be realized, but they did at least point to remote possibilities: the 1972 convention will be more open; the unit rule is gone, and the state organizations are now required to send delegations that represent local minorities. The 1972 convention, said Van Dyk, "will be more our brand."

There were other sources of optimism—enough, at least, to keep up morale. The organization, McGovern said, is improving, although it is not "deep enough." By late summer there were at least paper structures in all fifty states and a staff of fifty working out of the national office in Washington. (Located in a marginal area a few blocks from the House Office Building, it would hardly qualify as plush; it is, indeed, barely noticeable from the street—the kind of place which, when you see it from the outside, makes you wonder whether the cab brought you to the right address.)

McGovern has been called a stalking horse for Teddy Kennedy—the professionals around him include some of the same Kennedy people who worked in the short-lived campaign of 1968 when McGovern tried to take up the cause of the fallen can-

didate. Frank Mankiewicz, Robert Kennedy's press secretary in 1968, joined the staff in late spring; Pierre Salinger will help ("We'll put him on a few talk shows," said one member of the staff); the professors—such as Arthur Schlesinger and John Kenneth Galbraith—were coming around; Ramsey Clark was making friendly sounds; and a number of local and state politicians had made tentative commitments. The withdrawal of Harold Hughes of Iowa from the race was obviously of some help: he was the prime competition for the allegiance of the old McCarthy forces. And while the entry of Fred Harris of Oklahoma might represent Populist competition, it was regarded by McGovern's people as a temporary phenomenon and not as a serious challenge. The kids, moreover, would make some difference—all those high-school commencements now mean real voters and perhaps campaign workers for 1972, although no one can guess how many of the newly enfranchised eighteen-to-twenty-year-olds will actually appear at the polls. (What is known is that they tend to be more liberal, more likely than their parents to favor the Democrats.) More encouraging for McGovern was that Muskie, rather than gaining in the polls among Democratic voters, was barely holding his own, was, according to some measures, actually slipping. "Exposure," said one McGovern optimist, "is hurting Muskie."

Still, it was not enough; the whole campaign still somehow lacked a critical mass, a sense of independent momentum. It seemed like a fragile, lonely enterprise, not quite like the days in 1956 when Cunningham and McGovern pounded the streets of North Dakota alone, handing out buttons, introducing the young candidate for Congress, but too much like them for comfort. Between stops in Watertown and Aberdeen and Rapid City, Cunningham still grinds out press releases for the editors of local dailies too apathetic or understaffed or hostile to cover the home-state senator who, at the moment, is the only announced candidate for the presidency of the United States. And when North Central flight 765 lands in Rapid City, the small crowd at the gate is not waiting for the candidate; they are here to greet Miss South Dakota, who has just returned from an



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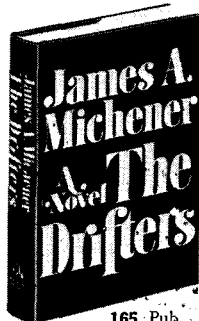
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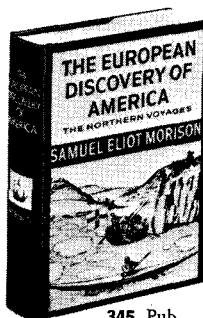
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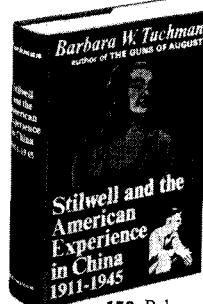
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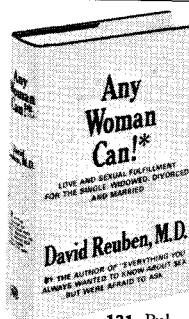
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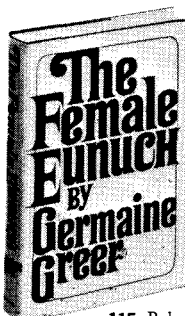
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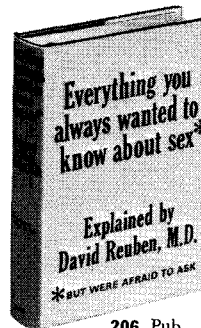
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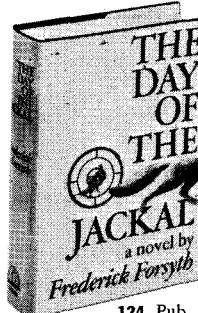
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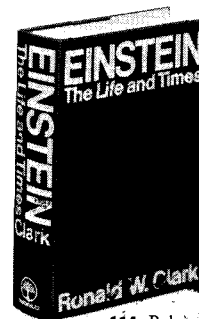
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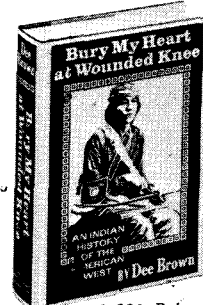


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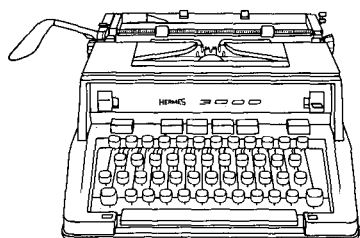
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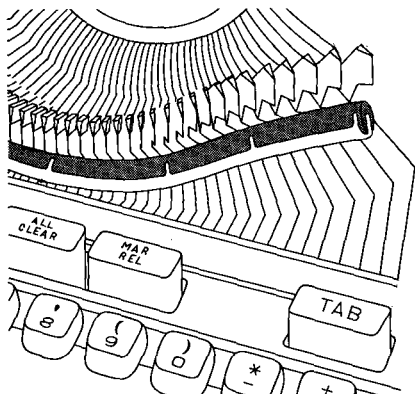
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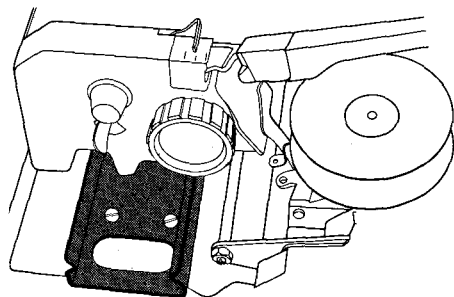
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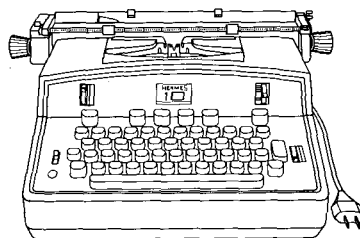
(4) As for portability: the electric really isn't. It ties you to the



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McGOVERN

appearance in Florida. Cunningham and McKeever collect the luggage, and for a few minutes, McGovern stands alone waiting for the ride downtown.

The message is all too familiar—which may be one of the reasons why it is so often relegated to page 47—but it has become more urgent, perhaps even more passionate, than the standard call for peace and new priorities. McGovern is one of the few genuine moralists left in American public life. In the fall of 1970, arguing for the passage of the Hatfield-McGovern amendment, he charged every member of the Senate with the crime of sending 50,000 young Americans to an early grave. "This chamber," he said, "reeks of blood. Every senator here is partly responsible for that human wreckage at Walter Reed and Bethesda Naval and all across our land—young boys without legs, or arms, or genitals, or faces, or hopes. There aren't very many of these blasted and broken boys who think this war is a glorious adventure. Don't talk to them about bugging out, or national honor, or courage. It doesn't take any courage at all for a congressman, or a senator, or a President to wrap himself in the flag and say we're staying in Vietnam. Because it isn't our blood that is being shed." "This chamber reeks of blood." It is not something one says lightly within the confines of the Club.

His nemesis may lie in the fact that the country no longer trusts the genuine moralists—perhaps never did—and no longer trusts its own instincts. While we weren't looking, Middle America traded its Puritanism for consumerism, its thrift for credit, its farms for suburbs, its church suppers for Holiday Inns and McDonald's restaurants. The central integrating ethic of American life—the things simply assumed as given—lost its magnetism and turned plastic, and the leaders, most of them, attempted to fabricate a kind of ersatz consensus around the Silent Majority, the police, professional football, and "the lift of a driving dream." Images are no longer reshaped or principles compromised; they are created from scratch to suit the occasion, to fit the polls, and to provide wherever pos-

sible the illusion of moral posture.

And because the American ethic was essentially rural—was an ethic of making it, of growth and development, of thrift and hard work—no tradition was appropriate when the nation found itself in cities and suburbs, no morality seemed adequate, no single cultural style sufficient. The model of the WASP as the genuine American has begun to fail, and nothing has replaced it. As a consequence we learned—and have been taught—that things are supposed to be complex and incomprehensible, that only experts (or the President, or somebody with an elegant title) have the capacity to understand, that only Bundy or Rostow or Kissinger can plan national policy. In the relatively homogeneous rural areas, experience with immediate things still holds out the possibility of comprehension—it is after all no great feat for a man to think about the military in the same terms that his father thought about the trusts (or indeed in the same terms that his great-grandfather thought about standing armies). But in the cities—perhaps for good reason—faith in the possibility that anything can be managed or understood is a declining commodity. What assurance, I asked McGovern, does he have that the reordering of priorities from war to peace will not bring with it a collection of domestic Pentagons as imperious as the one that already exists? What indication do we have that the “experts” in housing, education, transportation, or health will be any more benign or effective than the experts in military strategy?

They were unfair questions—no one can have a satisfactory answer—but they do suggest the difficulty of being a candidate of principle, the moral voice in a land that no longer trusts itself. Even McGovern’s political enemies concede that he is an honest man—that he says what he believes. But candor is—despite all rhetoric to the contrary—regarded as a back-country virtue, a relic of history: we do not want to know about our My Lais and do not seem particularly shocked to discover that our highest officials make deception a central element of national policy; the credibility gap of which McGovern so often likes to speak was created in response to popular demand.

The polls and the political odds-

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The BBC is on short wave. So are French lessons, from France.

There are ham operator, and ship-to-shore calls. Not to mention Radio Moscow, the Voice of America, and the voice of every other country. Altogether, in fact, there are more than 3000 short wave stations.

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It has 23 bands, 3 antennas, 2 speakers with separate bass and treble controls, and a muting switch to eliminate between-station hiss on FM. Plus, on short wave, a double conversion superheterodyne circuit which rejects interference signals and makes tuning easier and more selective.

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makers say that McGovern can't do it, and many of the professional Democrats around the nation don't include him in their calculations at all. But the polls also suggest that no one can do what McGovern proposes, that nearly 50 percent of all Americans have serious fears that the country is coming apart, that they believe that the future looks bleaker than it has at any other time in American history. Clearly the professionals can read those signs as well as the pollsters: Muskie, according to all indications, will operate a campaign that combines opposition to Nixon (on the economy, ecology, and Vietnam) with a low-profile strategy calculated to offend no one; McGovern's people like to point out that Muskie is always three days late, that he will speak unequivocally on any issue that has been safely defused by others. Even now, when it's safe to be against the Vietnam War, Muskie won't challenge the military. The liberals are already saying that it is necessary to be practical—Nixon must be beaten and Muskie is the only man who can do it—with little reference to the bankruptcy of American liberalism itself.

If, as McGovern suspects, Nixon is Johnson's candidate, Ed Muskie will be the candidate of Johnson's Party. We were there four years ago, and we are approaching it again. It is probably futile to think like a Jeffersonian in this divided, despondent nation, but it is worth trying because there is little else.

—PETER SCHRAG

RHODESIA

Over the five and a half years that have elapsed since Prime Minister Ian Smith declared Rhodesia independent, the problem of this relatively insignificant British colony has proved as intractable as a wart on the face of John Bull. From time to time hopes have been expressed that this final blemish on Britain's colonial record could be charmed away, perhaps by foreigners. Would the independent states of Africa mount an army of liberation to free their black brothers in Zimbabwe (as they call it)? Might the United Nations shoulder the burden? Could the United States be persuaded to intervene? The answer to the first two questions

never looked like yes; and a negative to the third came last year when President Nixon, by withdrawing the U.S. consul from Salisbury, showed that he would not deviate from the general line adopted by his predecessor—that of offering no comfort to Mr. Smith.

This attitude probably owed much to Secretary of State William Rogers, whose tour of a number of black African countries in February, 1970, resulted in a State Department announcement of increased support for the "smaller independent States south of the Zambezi"; this was a poke in the eye for the Rhodesians who had hoped that Rogers' visit to the North would show him the follies of black rule. But the general U.S. position was confirmed by the passage in President Nixon's State of the World report declaring that "the United States stands firmly for the principles of racial equality and self-determination in southern Africa." Since then the United States has not intervened.

"History in rock"

So it was with a distinct feeling of *déjà vu* that Rhodesians and Britons alike watched the latest round of Anglo-Rhodesian diplomacy that began to unfold in June. Edward Heath's Conservative government chose to retain the services of its predecessor's emissary, Lord Goodman, sending him to the Rhodesian capital, Salisbury, to prepare the ground for full negotiations.

The difficulty with negotiations is that in Rhodesia so little seems to change. It was Sir Robert Tredgold, a former chief justice and acting governor-general, who once asked, "Do you remember what old John Burns said of the Thames—that it was liquid history? I think we may claim that here we have history in rock."

That was in 1953. The rock has not crumbled since, nor are there many signs that Lord Goodman, though a formidable man, will succeed in cleaving it. Far from crumbling, it has been compressed and compacted by the combined force of trade sanctions, international ostracism, and the official opprobrium of the community of nations. The effect of this has undoubtedly been to increase the isolation of white Rhodesians, from which they have found solace by progress-

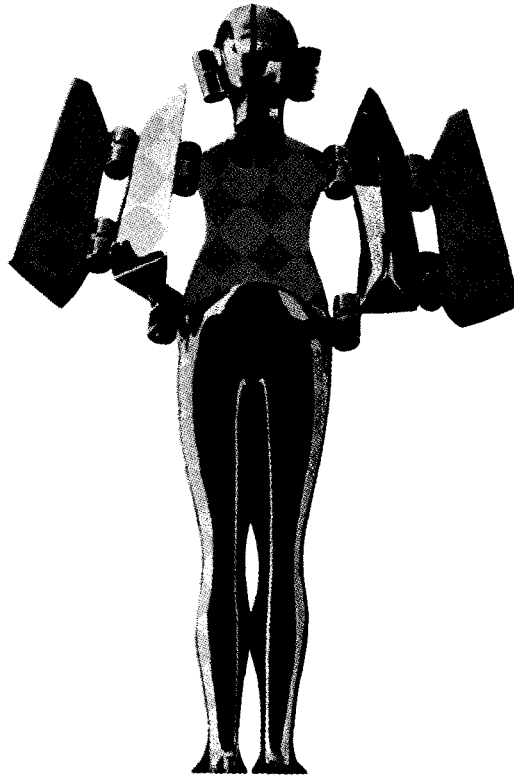
ing further and further down the road to apartheid. There is now a *laager* feeling, a feeling of encampment, in Rhodesia which drives the whites in upon each other, shuts them off from outside influences, and takes this already provincial country ever further away from the mainstream of European or African thought.

The inevitable effect of this isolationism is to create another *laager*, a black one. It is now difficult for a white man to meet and talk freely with Africans unless their friendship is long established. Whites and blacks work together; indeed, because of the skilled-labor shortage, blacks find that ever more frequently they are working side by side with whites in jobs that have hitherto been filled by Europeans. But blacks treat whites with deference, and there is little interchange of thoughts or ideas. Few whites speak either of the two main African languages of Rhodesia—Ndebele and Shona—though in Kenya or Tanzania, for instance, it is rare to find resident Europeans who cannot get along in Swahili.

Sir Robert Tredgold, referring to the paradoxes of Rhodesia, has written that "often the best personal relationships go with the most reactionary views. The Rhodesian law says 'Thou shalt not live with thy neighbour.' The people so often insist on liking him and getting on with him. Government policy says 'You must keep the other race at arms' length.' Whenever the people—white and black—get to know one another well, there grows a strong sense of our common humanity." In part this is still true, but as Sir Robert would admit, it is noticeably less true today than it was when those words were written in 1968. The trouble is that white and black now seldom get to know each other well.

The population figures help to explain why. There are today 5,130,000 Africans in Rhodesia and 243,000 whites—more than 21 blacks for each white. Furthermore, the African population is reproducing at the rate of 3.6 percent each year—one of the highest rates in the world—which means that by the end of the century, the ratio could be 40 to one. Little wonder then that the whites feel threatened. When one understands that 79 percent of the Europeans live in the cities (40 percent of them live in Salisbury alone), whereas only 14

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Man has created a technology that distorts *his* humanity.

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We can shape a new technology that moves us toward a future which honors the human dimension.

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We cordially invite you to get under Vega's skin. Because while we have plenty to hide, we definitely don't have anything to blush about.

What you'll find under Vega's very stylish shell is a lot of little car. More car than we really had to build.

That's just the way we do things.

You being the careful type, we here-with offer substantiation.

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There's nothing like a paragraph or two of technical talk to scare readers away. So we'll try to discuss this thing in down-to-earth terms.



OK, Vega's engine looks a whole lot like a car engine. But believe us, it's a breakthrough. Thanks

to a very complicated but very clever process, Vega's engine is the envy of the little car world.

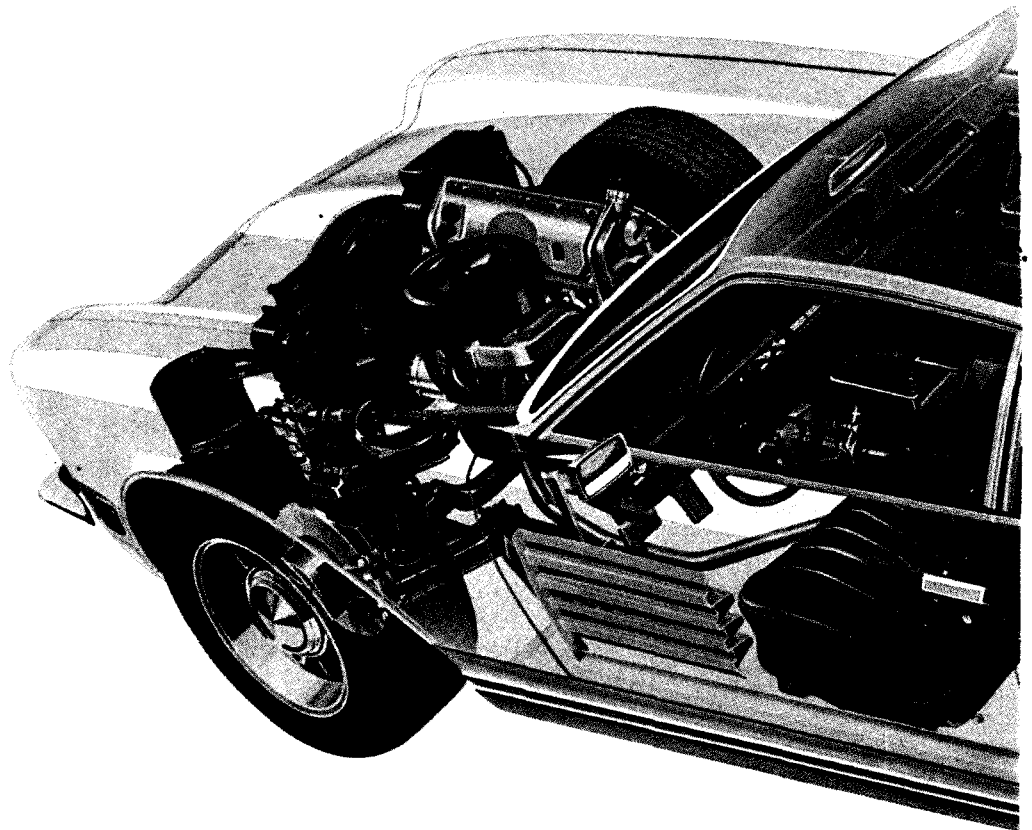
Why? Because it has enough power to forge confidently ahead, even on fast-moving freeways and long steep hills. And because it's amazingly quiet for a little car engine. And because in our highway tests, it's getting about 25 mpg (that's the standard engine, with the standard transmission).

Let us just add that, true to Chevy tradition, we think this engine will become a classic. It's that good.

Oh what a lovely door.

Take a gander at the see-through door below. See that corrugated piece of steel? That's what we in the trade call a side-guard door beam.

We put those beams in every door of



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VEGA TO HIDE.

every Vega we build, for added protection. Of course, we hope our door beams will never have to come in handy. But if they have to, they will.

More hidden treasures.

Again we direct your attention to our see-through Vega.

Notice the seats. Ah, those seats. Carved out of foam. And quite possibly the most comfortable seats you'll ever find in a little car. Even a little sports car.

And the brakes. Big ten-inch discs in front, standard.

But we didn't stop there. We put two roofs on the Vega. For stronger construction, and to make it even quieter.

Vega also has a power ventilation system. Air moves through the car, even when

it's standing still.

Another thing. Vega has an electric fuel pump, hidden in the gas tank, for smoother gas flow.

And, well, we could go on for hours.

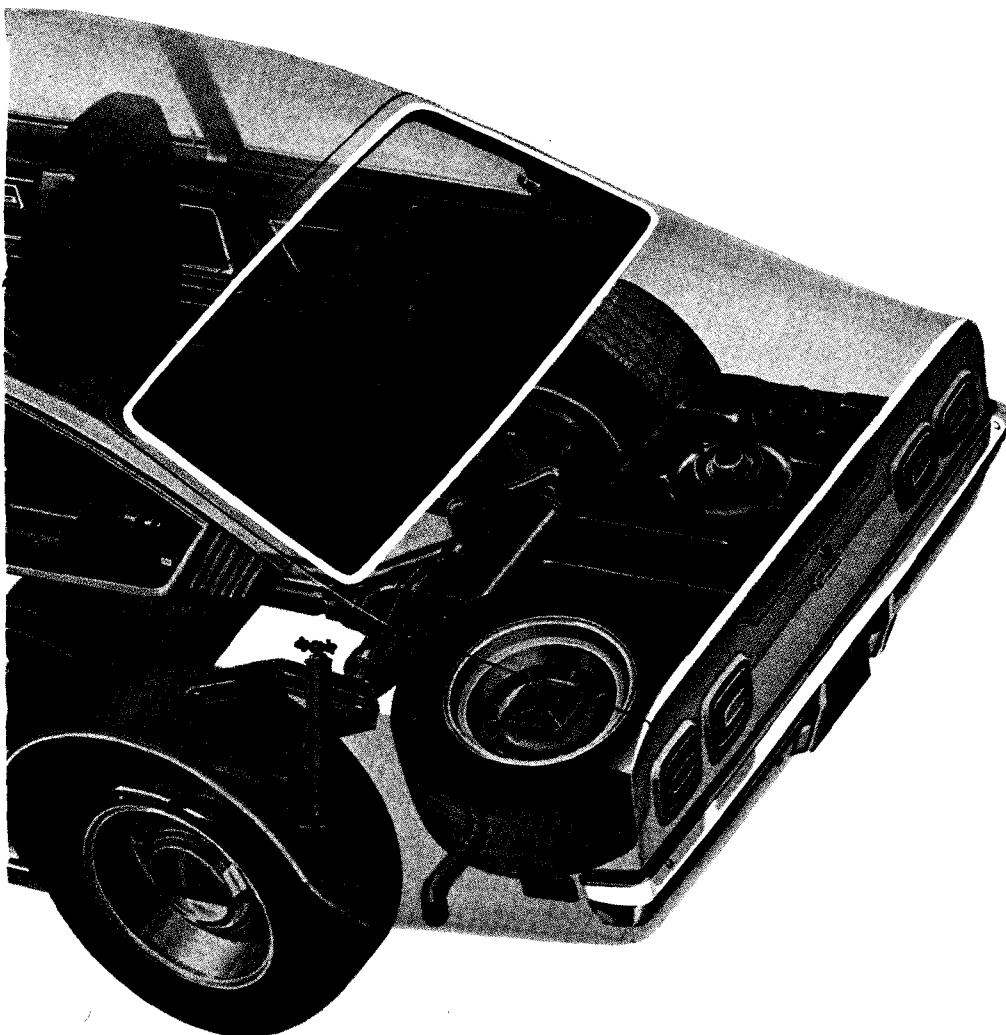
The moral.

Now, we realize that you're not going to rush out and buy a Vega just because it has power ventilation. Or an electric fuel pump.

But, if you add everything all together, we think you'll find that Vega is the best little car on the American road today. Bar none.

Don't take our word for it, though. Go drive one. Maybe you can't see all of Vega's advantages.

But you can feel them.



o see the U.S.A.

RHODESIA

percent of the Africans live in the cities, then one sees that in the vast majority of this country of 150,000 square miles, the whites are pretty thin on the ground.

Rhodesians are aware of this, and it frightens them. More than anything else it is fear that motivates the white community. In consequence the approach of the ruling party, the Rhodesian Front, is to allay fear. It tries to do this first by ensuring that the top jobs are reserved for whites and second by dispatching the urban Africans to black townships and their rural counterparts to "tribal trust lands."

If all this sounds reminiscent of South Africa, it is because what exists in Rhodesia is almost the same as apartheid. It is true that in Rhodesia the Africans have been allotted 50 percent of the land area, whereas in South Africa they have been given only 13.7 percent. But in Rhodesia, the Africans constitute 96 percent of the population; in South Africa the corresponding figure is 71 percent. As in South Africa, the Africans in Rhodesia have been given the poorest and least fertile pieces of land. Residential segregation has not gone as far as in South Africa, but here too the trend is clear. Last year, details of the Residential Property Owners' (Protection) Bill were published. This bill would enable residents of a street to evict any "colored" (of mixed racial descent) or Indian family from the street simply by collecting fifteen signatures; the names of the signatories would not be made public. Since Africans are already residentially segregated from other races, this bill, if passed, could almost bring to an end such residential integration as exists. It is not because of last-minute scruples of conscience that the government has reconsidered the bill, but it is now thought that there may be changes before it is brought before Parliament.

Disillusion with Britain and the trend toward the South African system, as well as a heavy dependence on the South African economy, have actually resulted in a desire in some quarters for integration with the republic next door. What is seldom understood by those who call for such a union is that in the course of time

Rhodesia would almost certainly be turned into a *bantustan* (homeland for blacks only) by South Africa. Nothing would delight the government in Pretoria more than to have Rhodesia as a buffer state onto which it could unload some of its own black population, thus keeping the prize territory for itself. No doubt Prime Minister Smith is sufficiently shrewd to realize this.

His main preoccupation is to attract European immigrants, both to help redress the imbalance between the races and to fill the skilled jobs that the dictates of white supremacy forbid to Africans. Rhodesia boasts that net immigration of Europeans last year was 6340 (1300 more than the previous year) and that the figure of 2270 for the first three months of this year (450 up on the corresponding figure last year) suggests another increase in 1971. These figures are hard to verify, and there is suspicion that some emigrants are merely classified as residents on vacation, a device which would inflate the net totals. An anomaly arose at the time of the last census in March, 1969, when the white population was found to be 229,000. The same year's Annual Economic Survey gave the white population ten weeks earlier as 241,000. If both figures were correct, there had been dramatic emigration over a very short period.

Whatever the true figures, the trend among the young is clear. A survey of the intentions of two hundred sixth formers in February of this year showed that 50 percent wanted to leave the country, and of these, half declared that they did not want to return. John Bishop, who one month later carried out another survey among university candidates on behalf of the University of Rhodesia, found an overriding desire, particularly among the more intelligent young people, to leave the country. "They want to leave home, parents, Rhodesian society, the lot," he said. Statistics bear him out. Between 1961 and 1969 the proportion of whites in the most economically active age group, twenty-five to forty-four, dropped by 4.3 percent, while the proportion of those over forty-five increased by 3.9 percent. At the same time, the natural rate of increase among whites has dropped from 2.1 percent in 1959 to 1.1 percent today.

But for those who remain, life is still

comfortable. Average earnings for non-Africans (Europeans, Asians, and those of mixed racial descent) are R\$258 per month (one Rhodesian dollar = U.S. \$1.40), which compares favorably with average disposable income in Britain of £51 per month and average earnings for black Rhodesians of R\$26 per month. And there is no difficulty in spending it. Salisbury abounds with shops, and though the stock of the boutiques does not always live up to the window dressing, Rhodesians do not want for much—if they are prepared to pay for it. For instance, one of the bookshops, Kingstons, can boast of a selection far superior to its namesake's in Zambia's Lusaka to the north. And in Rhodesia, South African tourists find to their delight that *Playboy* magazine (banned in South Africa) scrapes past the censor five or six times a year, and most movies shown on Rhodesian screens would still be recognized by their directors. But the Rhodesia *Herald*, the nation's foremost daily paper, has now all but relinquished the role of critic and adviser that for some time it fulfilled, and the state-run radio and television give a somewhat one-sided view of world events.

Myopia

Such a state of affairs may cause myopia but, in the short run at least, no discomfort. Salisbury has much of the opulence of a small American Midwestern city—indeed, the city center, made up of blocks of high-rise buildings divided by avenues running east and west and streets running north and south, strengthens the resemblance. As in America, most citizens live not in the downtown area, which is given over to trade, business, and commerce, but in the suburbs, where rows of bungalows with scorched lawns and arid rose gardens pay tribute to the tenaciousness of the British character in the face of the tropical sun. Only the aquamarine of the ubiquitous swimming pool reminds the casual visitor to the suburbs that he is not in suburban England in an unusually hot summer. Only the few colonial features, such as the unimpeachably respectable atmosphere of Meikles Hotel, remind the casual visitor to the city center that he is not in North America.

Salisbury is in fact an African city

in that it has 320,000 black inhabitants and only 105,500 whites. But no Africans live in Salisbury proper, except as domestic servants; they live in black townships suspended in the white hinterland like sea urchins in surf. The drab exteriors of the serried ranks of identical boxes betray nothing of what goes on inside, particularly at night when—work over—drinking, dancing, and discussion, all accompanied by music from the radio, may recapture something of the vitality of traditional African life. But this is not always the pattern. Too often city life for Africans, condemned to be commuters from a ghetto to a white man's city, lacks the *joie de vivre* that is to be found in the countryside. There, though poverty is more acute, life is less artificial, and the indignities of racial discrimination are less apparent. As it is, much of the extra money that comes from having a regular job often goes toward drowning sorrows at the beer halls, though some, it is true, is usually sent off to rural relations.

Money vs. subsistence

How has the economy fared under sanctions? According to official statistics, the average real rate of growth since Rhodesia's unilateral declaration of independence in 1965 has been 4 percent. In 1970 it was higher than this, nearer 4.5 percent. That figure failed to meet the forecast of 7 percent, but it reflected no mean achievement, particularly in light of the famous words of Harold Wilson in January, 1966: "Sanctions might well bring the rebellion to an end in a matter of weeks rather than months." It is clear now that sanctions will never bring the rebellion to an end. But it is equally clear that they do have an effect, and this effect is not simply to make life harder for the African. Prime Minister Smith and his supporters are fond of making two points: that sanctions are merely an irritation to Rhodesia and that they hurt not the white population but the African. Neither of these is true.

There is in Rhodesia, as in most underdeveloped countries, not one economy but two. There is the money economy, which embraces all the white population plus some 14 percent of the African population, and there is the subsistence economy,

which is exclusively African in composition. Sanctions affect only the money economy and hence leave over 85 percent of the African population untouched. It is true that the remaining 14 or 15 percent are more likely to be affected than the white population simply because in times of economic recession it is the blacks who are laid off before the whites. But where the blacks are doing jobs that are so menial that no white would do them—such as being a laborer or messenger boy—black employment is secure. Therefore, while it is true that some Africans will have suffered through sanctions, the proportion is so small as to be negligible. Furthermore, an African who loses his job in the money economy finds it quite easy to slip back into the subsistence economy; this is not true of a white. Therefore, the degree of suffering involved for a black is markedly less than for a white. This is borne out by the attitude of Africans toward the continuation of sanctions: insofar as one can find out, most Africans are in favor of their perpetuation.

In the money economy the situation is more complex, though here too sanctions have had only a limited effect. As much as a third of the white work force is directly or indirectly employed by the government. Therefore, sanctions affect them only to the extent that they affect the government's ability to pay salaries, and this appears to be relatively little. The section of the white community hardest hit is undoubtedly the farmers—particularly those who grow the main export crop, tobacco. In 1968, a Rhodesian Tobacco Association survey found that only 5 percent of the growers could break even. The number of tobacco farmers had dropped by 1100 to 1700 between 1965 and 1970, and the value of the crop had dropped from R\$70 million to R\$27.4 million over the same period. It has been estimated that over one third of the total crop between 1965 and 1970 was stockpiled. Tobacco farmers are therefore kept in operation thanks only to massive subsidies from the government.

The other people potentially vulnerable to sanctions are those employed in the financial, industrial, and mining sectors. How have these fared? The reaction of Mr. Smith's Administration to the imposition of sanctions was to encourage large-

scale domestic industry, not simply to make the goods that Rhodesia could no longer import but also to provide employment. The government was also anxious to foster new projects to accelerate the economy's rate of expansion. This policy continued until 1969, but since then one critical problem has arisen—a shortage of foreign exchange. In spite of sanctions, much trade could and did continue, notably with South Africa but also with countries such as Germany and Japan. Therefore, some foreign exchange flowed into the country, but this was not enough to satisfy the needs both of existing enterprises and of the new projects for foreign exchange to pay for imported machinery.

However, the most important effect the sanctions have had has been to prevent the Rhodesian government from raising foreign currency loans on international markets. And since there is now a sharp demand for foreign currency which exceeds the supply from exports, the Rhodesian Reserve Bank is very concerned.

The mining sector has found little difficulty in exporting its products through South Africa or the Portuguese territory of Mozambique. Some difficulty has been experienced in marketing Rhodesia's asbestos, largely because this is of such a high quality that its country of origin can easily be determined. Chromium exports too have suffered, though earlier this year the United States government permitted the shipment of 150,000 tons of chromium ore from Mozambique where it had been blocked since before Rhodesia's unilateral declaration of independence (UDI).

The Nixon Administration is under strong pressure to resume importing Rhodesian chromium, since America is now buying over 50 percent of its chromium ore imports from Russia at a price of \$65 to \$70 per ton in contrast to the \$26 per ton that it was paying for Rhodesian chromium ore in 1965. One of the ironies of this situation is that it is rumored that some of the Russian ore in fact originates in Rhodesia.

Earlier this year the Nixon Administration permitted Union Carbide, a firm which favors closer relations with South Africa, to sell 150,000 tons of chromium ore—worth \$2 million—that had been mined before UDI and

RHODESIA

held stockpiled in Rhodesia since 1967, but there has been no general relaxation of the official American attitude toward sanctions. Indeed, David Newsom, the Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, hotly opposed a bill introduced in early July by Senator Harry Byrd (Dem., Va.) to allow Rhodesian chromium to be imported into the United States. Mr. Newsom said that Rhodesia's course since 1965 "has contributed toward a heightening of the black-white confrontation in southern Africa."

Nickel and copper exports remain high, and it is expected that Rhodesian mining will continue to prosper. The only other sector of the population to suffer from sanctions is the consumer. To him sanctions usually mean the irritation of not being able to find a spare part for the power mower; to her it means a restricted choice in the shops and, more inconveniently, an occasional shortage of the Pill. To the consumer, sanctions are just a great big bore—no more than that.

But sanctions could become more if, as the Reserve Bank fears, inflation prompted by consumer demand for goods catches on. This danger now looms for two reasons: first, the shortage of foreign exchange threatens to level off supply; and second, surplus funds (in the form of time deposits which have risen from R\$7.4 million in 1965 to R\$94.8 million in 1970) could lead to a consumer spending spree. To be sure, an inflationary spiral is something that many other countries in the world have to deal with, but Rhodesia under sanctions is particularly ill suited to tackle it.

Stamp

White opposition to the regime has almost entirely evaporated with the defeat of all the white candidates who ran last year for Pat Bashford's multiracial Center Party, leaving the Rhodesian Front with all the fifty "white" seats. Eight black candidates were returned by voters on the African roll, but their position in Parliament is totally powerless. Faced with such a substantial phalanx, they cannot hope to influence policy in Parliament. Indeed, all policy decisions

seem to be settled by caucuses of the Rhodesian Front. This leaves Parliament in the position of being little more than a rubber stamp. It has even ceased to be an effective forum for discussion, partly because it sits for only some months of the year, partly because the press and radio devote so little of their capacity to airing critical opinions, and partly because the eight elected opposition members are not representative of the body of black opinion—after all, only 8192 Africans were allowed to vote, and fewer than half of these did.

Far more outspoken than the Center Party—which has declared itself loyal to "the sovereign independent State of Rhodesia"—have been the several churches. Through the letter columns of the papers, through statements (which have been reported), and through their own publications, church leaders of all denominations have castigated the government, although with very limited effect. Ironically the reaction of one Rhodesian to a pastoral message, issued by the Roman Catholic bishops of Rhodesia, called "A Crisis of Conscience" was to place advertisements in the press headed: "RHODESIANS, WAKE UP! Your political freedom is being challenged (not by Great Britain—they tried and lost the battle) but by a much more experienced adversary—the Roman Catholic Church. . . ." But most white Rhodesians are oblivious to the erosion of their freedoms from whatever quarter it comes: the freedoms they have lost have not been freedoms they have used.

The most provocative threat to the regime—an example of multiracial living—was snuffed out by the government earlier this year. Cold Comfort Farm was a multiracial cooperative that existed just eight miles from the center of Salisbury on land that was designated by law virgin white. It was able to exist because the ownership of the land was in the names of whites, but the society that ran the farm was multiracial. Last November the society's chairman, Didymus Mutasa, was taken into detention, without trial, and is now languishing in Sinoia Prison. Guy Clutton-Brock, the treasurer, had his Rhodesian citizenship removed and was subsequently deported to Britain. The farm was then closed down. Since the principles on which the society was

run owed more to Baden-Powell than to either Marx or Mao, it was impossible to find a pretext for its closure that would stand up in a court of law. However, this is not necessary in Rhodesia—the signature of the Minister of Lands is sufficient.

The only other notable case in which the government has encountered passive resistance has been that of the Tangwena tribe and their leader, Chief Rekayi. Since 1965, successive governments in Salisbury have endeavored to drive the Tangwena from the land in the eastern highlands that they have occupied since the last century. The reason for this uncivilized behavior is that the white man wants the land for himself; the land was in fact declared "white" in 1930. The Tangwena, however, will not be moved—not, at any rate, by legal writs nor even by the use of force. Several times in the past year the government has destroyed the houses of the Tangwena, but each time Chief Rekayi has brought his tribesmen back. Now he is remanded in custody, charged with four offenses under the Law and Order (Maintenance) Act, but his followers are still in the hills waiting to rebuild their houses.

In Zambia's capital, Lusaka, are headquartered the two Rhodesian guerrilla groups, the Zimbabwe African People's Union (Zapu) and the Zimbabwe African National Union (Zanu). Some of their leaders are among the 144 detainees at Gona-kudzingwa and other camps in Rhodesia, but others organize incursions into Rhodesia from Zambia and Botswana. Though they do not at present constitute much more than a nuisance, they do from time to time have successful encounters with Rhodesian security forces. Certainly they are taken sufficiently seriously for the South Africans to have police permanently stationed in Rhodesia. If, as now seems possible, Zanu and Zapu manage to settle their age-old differences (which, though Zanu is Chinese-supported and Zapu Soviet-supported, owe more to clashes of personality than to ideological disagreements), their combined and coordinated efforts may prove more dangerous to the Rhodesians than their present fragmented ones. But the day of liberation for the Rhodesian African, however it is to come, still seems very far away.

—JOHN GRIMOND

A LITTLE BOTTLE OF WINE SHOULDN'T MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A FOOL.



Wine with a meal should be one of life's biggest pleasures.

But the act of ordering and tasting it can be one of life's biggest pains.

That's because how much you know about wine has somehow become an index to how much you've been around. And when the waiter hands you the wine list, it's as if he's handing

you your final exam. And the worst part is, it's an oral exam.

We at Inglenook Vineyards would like to help. We think if you knew exactly what all the ritual was about, you'd feel a lot more comfortable about ordering fine wine with your meals. Which is certainly in our best interests.

BE PREPARED.

First, you ought to be able to pronounce wine names correctly. Nothing can shake your confidence more thoroughly than to blurt out your order and pronounce it completely and totally wrong.

Or worse yet, just pointing to a wine on the list and saying, "Er, ah, we'll have a bottle of that one."

Most people have trouble with wine names because they're mostly French words. Actually, they're really not that hard if you work at them a bit. This pronunciation guide should help.

KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

Now let's go through the whole thing step by step. First you order the wine, pronouncing it correctly. So far, so good. The waiter brings it out and shows it to you. At this point, you're supposed to inspect the label to see if it's the wine you ordered. Check the brand, the type of wine, and the vintage.

That done, the waiter should now open the wine. This is a ritual in itself. A good wine steward should remove

the cork and smell it. This is to see if everything is alright. If the bottle has been stored in an upright position, the cork could dry up and air could get through and spoil the wine.

The cork should be placed beside your plate and the wine left open on the table, but not poured. This allows the wine to come into contact with air, which expands its bouquet and gives it a fuller taste. Just before the main course, the waiter should return to pour the wine.

"IT'S A GOOD POISON, BUT IT'S NOT A GREAT POISON."

What follows here is a ritual dating back to the Middle Ages. At that time, a good way to kill off your enemies was to invite them to dinner and slip a little poison in their wine.

Needless to say, everyone soon got a little paranoid about going over to someone's castle for dinner. So in order to set the guests at ease, the host would take the first sip of wine.

We do the same thing today, but there's a more practical reason for this. The host, or man at the table, takes the first sip of wine simply to see if the wine has turned. If a wine has "turned" it has begun to dry out or oxidize. All wines will become corky and sour, if they are exposed to the air for a long period of time. So if the wine tastes unsatisfactory to you, send it back.



AN EASY WAY OUT.

If you still feel a little threatened by the whole situation, here's an easy way to get on top of it.

Ask the waiter which wines on the list are estate bottled.

An estate bottled wine is made only from grapes grown in vineyards under the constant supervision of the vintner.

Then ask him, of those wines, which ones come from Napa Valley.

And of those, which wines are vintage wines.

That should narrow it down to Inglenook.

Which will probably be the most expensive wine on the list, and the best.

The waiter is sure to give you some points for your selection of wine.

Because no fool ever ordered Inglenook with his dinner.

INGLENOOK'S GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION	
WHITE DINNER WINES	
Chablis	sha-blee'
Pinot Chardonnay	pea-no shar-doh-nay'
Pinot Blanc	pea-no blanh
Chenin Blanc	she-nahn blanh
Sauterne	so-tairn'
Sauvignon Blanc	so-vee-nyonh blanh
Semillon	say'-mee-yonh
Riesling	reez'-ling
Sylvaner	sil'-vah-ner
Traminer	trah-mee'-ner
RED DINNER WINES	
Charbono	shar-bo-no
Gamay	gah-may
Pinot Noir	pea-no no-ahr
Red Pinot	red pea-no
Cabernet Sauvignon	kab-er-nay' so-vee-nyonh
Zinfandel	zin-fan-dell
Gamay Beaujolais	gah-may boh-sho-lay



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Innocent Bystander

The Constant Rereader's Five-Foot Shelf

by L. E. Sissman

Picking up a new book—or a hitherto unread one—is not, for me at least, an unmixed pleasure. Long before I became an I hope conscientious book reviewer, I had regarded each new volume, its cargo of experience filtered through ego secreted between bland, protective boards, with wariness. At best it would turn out to be a botch that proclaimed itself in the initial pages, obviating further reading; at worst, it would tease me with hinted-at but unrealized potentialities until THE END; and somewhere in between, and maybe worse than worst, it would remain tantalizingly unclassifiable throughout its length, a Damoclean indictment of my possible shallowness as a reader. Once in a great while, though, I pick up a new book that is none of these things, but proclaims itself instead as a prime candidate for that relatively tiny library of books I reread as often as once a year for the unfailing pleasure of their mastery in whatever they set out to do.

Thus rereading is, for me, the most satisfying, if not the most profitable, kind of reading; and, in the hope that you may share some of my predilections, I unhesitatingly commend to you the mixed and sometimes startling contents of my rereader's five-foot shelf. It begins, on the left (so to speak, for of course these books are not literally ranged in this order in my *soi-disant* library), on the high ground of poetry. I am like Dennis Barlow in *The Loved One* in that rhythms from the anthologies (and many individual books of verse) move softly through my mind, and it is an incomparable anodyne to revisit them and find them as magically potent as ever, there on their yellowing

pages. Life falls away; today's headlines fade to whiteness; this rereading is unconsciously triangulated with my life's associations at the time of the last rereading and the one before that and the lowest harmonic of the first reading, when I was seduced and surrendered. Skelton, Wyatt, Sidney leap and sizzle to life at the touch of an eye in their collision between courtly guile and pastoral innocence. Donne's tough-minded, skew-metered lyrics speak the modern tongue. Jonson's songs create their own gorgeous, unheard music. Herbert's devotions mediate, with grave loveliness, between God and man.

I should confess here that there are some books, in every genre and in every period, that I find too daunting because too dazzling, in intellect or execution, to be as easily reread. Shakespeare is almost too rich, in his insistence on ultimates in diction, wordplay, characterization, and dramatic event, to reread meditatively; he alarms and excites the reader into understandings each time new, and to reread him is for me not a casual revisiting but an expedition up Everest, crampons, pitons, oxygen, rations, rope, and all. Ditto Milton, in another sense. Ditto Pope, in still another.

But I can return, not as a pilgrim but as a familiar, almost a friend, to the verse of Dryden and Swift, Gay and D'Urfey, Blake and Wordsworth, Coleridge and Keats. Among the Victorians my closest poetic acquaintances are strange bedfellows: Gilbert and Hopkins. In the twentieth century, I reread most or all of Eliot, really *il miglior fabbro*, most of Auden, especially the "Songs and Musical Pieces," some of them among the greatest lyrics in the language, most of Cummings, most of Stevens, most of Ransom, much of Hart Crane, much of Robert Lowell, all of Philip Larkin, that Midlands existentialist. And I should perhaps include Harold Pinter, whose purpose is so obviously poetic, so clearly to create a new metric notation out of the spoken word and the equally spoken silence. Besides these masters, there are all sorts of poets whose great individual poems I reread as often as I can: Graves's "Warning to Children," Wilfred Owen's flawed sonnet, "Hospital Barge at Cérisy," MacNeice's "Eclogue by a Five-Barred Gate," Hugh MacDiarmid's "Of John Da-

vidson," Patrick Kavanagh's "The Hospital," James Dickey's "The Celebration," and two stunning, because totally unexpected, war poems: Norman Nicholson's "Early March, 1941," and Henry Reed's "The Naming of Parts." And innumerable others.

Mirrors

But it is fiction that is the most rereadable kind of writing of all. Perhaps that's because a novel or a book of short stories by one writer possesses enough sheer *duration*—as opposed to a poem or even a play—to capture and reward the rereader's attention over a span of hours or days, to permit him to re-evaluate the work—and himself as reader, critic, and person in progress—in full and at length. Thus, rereading Defoe holds an untarnished eighteenth-century mirror up to our times in general and to me in particular, both as I am now and, more subtly, as I was when I last read Defoe in, say, 1965. Likewise, Jane Austen makes a devastating comment not only on the continuity of human nature but on the shocking present disrepair of our civility and our morals, a comment more devastating today than even five years ago. Dickens casts before him the deepening shadow—a prophetic utterance, really—of our urban disarray, much more pointedly now, in our mushrooming jungle of cities, than in Ike Eisenhower's glorious days.

As we come closer, the comment often becomes even sharper and more biting. The novels of the twenties and thirties and forties, once read for their light on people and places other than our own, or for new views of our own, now often become fingers pointing toward our time and at us, once disparate pieces that now fit together into a disconcerting pattern of judgment on our time and place and person. Fitzgerald's and Faulkner's early novels and Hemingway's early stories—in each case, I think, their best and most representative work—all enumerate the disjunctions in our way of life that have brought us to our present state. John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.* is, in fact, a schematic diagram of the drives and tensions that have resulted in today's inequities, as well as a picture of a period that is worth rereading for historical or nostalgic reasons alone.

even the great entertainments of the period from 1920 to 1950 (by entertainments I mean fiction read primarily for pleasure, not for serious intellectual or moral instruction) deal seriously with the dominant twentieth-century theme of the lone moral man and his temptations and vicissitudes in a world that, like his body, is failing and dying around him: the bitterness of Ring Lardner's view of the human condition, as savage as Swift's, the acidity of Perelman's satires on idiocy in everyday life, the disillusionment and loss of the heroes of such differing writers as Hammett, Chandler, Ambler, Household, Greene, and Waugh have all become, irrespective of literary aims and achievements, works of instruction about the way we live now. I read and reread them with a double perspective, with mental bifocals, so to speak, finding felicity in the play of diction and humor and action, finding disturbance and truth and sanity in the contrapuntal moral question.

Conversely, avowedly didactic fiction must be read, like the novels of George Orwell, for its unsettling message, but it may also be read for its pleasures of evocation. In *Coming up for Air*, Orwell brilliantly evokes two stages in the destruction of the English countryside: the end of the era of unmetaled roads at the turn of the century and the beginning of megalopolis in the thirties. Even the most contemporary of novels can, indeed, provide this multiple frame of reference. Saul Bellow's recent *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, to take one example, may be profitably reread on several levels less than two years after it first appeared in print. It is at once a swingeing moral comment on our times, the story of a lone moral man against a society run amok, a telling picture of New York today, a social comedy, and a remarkable piece of writing in itself. It makes my day, week, month, and year when I come across a novel like this one, because I know I will add it to my five-foot shelf to reread another year.

Solace

Not that all rereading should be, or is, the discharge of an ethical and literary duty, however rewarding its aesthetic side effects. I regularly revisit a whole spectrum of books and

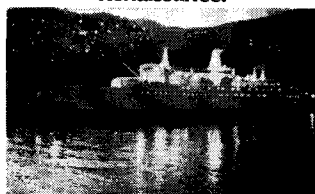
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BYSTANDER

shorter pieces which are, at least in a technical sense, not even literature at all. Reference books, for instance. It is no mean trick for a compiler or lexicographer to contrive to give us a lively sense of his own personality and prejudices while satisfying our thirst for hard facts arranged in alphabetical order, and it is with a great sense of love and homage that I repeatedly browse through the works of Fowler and Partridge when I'm not looking up anything at all. Partridge's keen and good-humored judgments and guesses on the provenance of slang and Fowler's finely aimed, arrogant scorn of pomposity never fail to cheer me up. By the same token, I can lose myself for hours in the *Times of London Atlas* or in the pages of Mencken's *American Language*, whose author admittedly allows himself more scope for personal exhibitionism than the three foregoing.

For solace in dark hours—all right, for pure escape—I also return to a small collection of surefire palliatives in three special fields I'm interested in: cars, railroads, and military history. If you care about cars, you will already have read Charles Jarrott's classic book of recollections about long-distance road racing on the Continent in the earliest years of the century, Henry Manney's sprightly commentaries (in an inimitable transatlantic style) on cars and racing in *Road & Track*, and L.J.K. Setright's magisterial reflections, replete with comic asides and classical references, in the British magazine *Car*. If you are a railway fancier, I hope you will run down L.T.C. Rolt's mind-bendingly fascinating *Red for Danger*, a history of British railway accidents and railway safety, and Stewart Holbrook's nourishingly anecdotal *Story of American Railroads*.

If you read about wars, you will probably return with some frequency to the works of Cyril Falls and Sir Basil Liddell Hart, Robert Graves's *Goodbye to All That*, Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, and, on the technical side, such books as *Jane's Fighting Ships* (editions of 1914 and 1939, for preference) and *All the World's Aircraft* (1939 again) and Constance Babington-Smith's history of British test-flying, *Testing Time*. My own ex-

tra-special interest, for some reason, is in escape literature, which I mean quite literally: books like *Escape from Colditz* and *The Wooden Horse*, besides being true thrillers of a sort, seem to deal again with the single moral man in a hostile world—only this time he has a chance to be heroic, to make good his escape against all odds.

What have I left out of my rereading list? A great many things, for lack of space. All the foreign writers, from Ronsard to Chekhov, who have made a special impression on me. A long list of Irish, English, and American novelists, from James and Joyce to Philip Roth and Kingsley Amis. A double handful of short-story writers, from Katherine Mansfield to O'Hara, Cheever, Updike, Salinger, and Barthelme. Two critics in particular—Pritchett for England, Wilson for America—who seem to me to have said more about our time more gracefully and sanely than anybody else (read Edmund Wilson's *New Republic* pieces of the twenties, both literary and otherwise; they're still as much alive, like his recent Talcottville variations, as anything else written in this century). A small, distinguished company of poets under fifty: Hecht, Merrill, Moss, Dunn, Wilbur, Starbuck, Heaney, Kennedy, a few more. And a grab bag of books in many categories—Betjeman's verse and architectural commentary, *Ian Nairn's London*, Sylvia Brooke's deliciously eccentric autobiography, *Queen of the Headhunters*, a group of recent novels by young writers, headed by Thomas McGuane and Ann Richardson Roiphe.

A list of books that you reread is like a clearing in the forest: a level, clean, well-lighted place where you set down your burdens and set up your home, your identity, your concerns, your continuity in a world that is at best indifferent, at worst malign. Since you, the reader, are that hero of modern literature, the existential loner, the smallest denominator of moral force, it behooves you to take counsel, sustenance, and solace from the writers who have been writing about you these hundred or five hundred years, to sequester yourself with their books and read and reread them to get a fix on yourself and a purchase on the world that will, with luck, like the house in the clearing, last you for life.

The drier liqueur

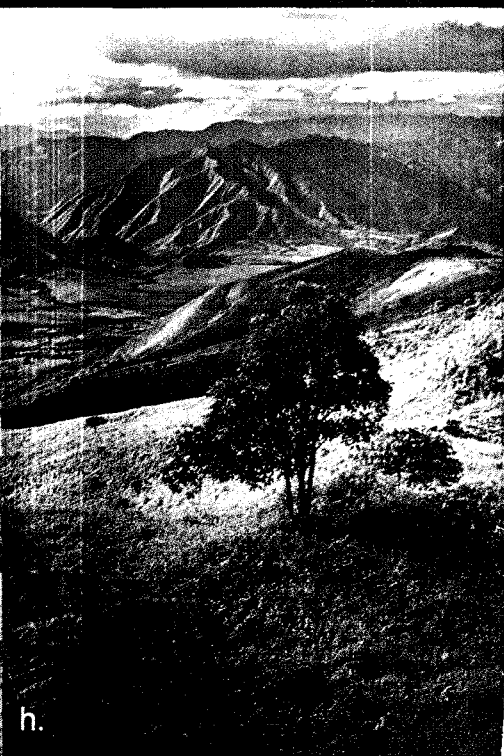
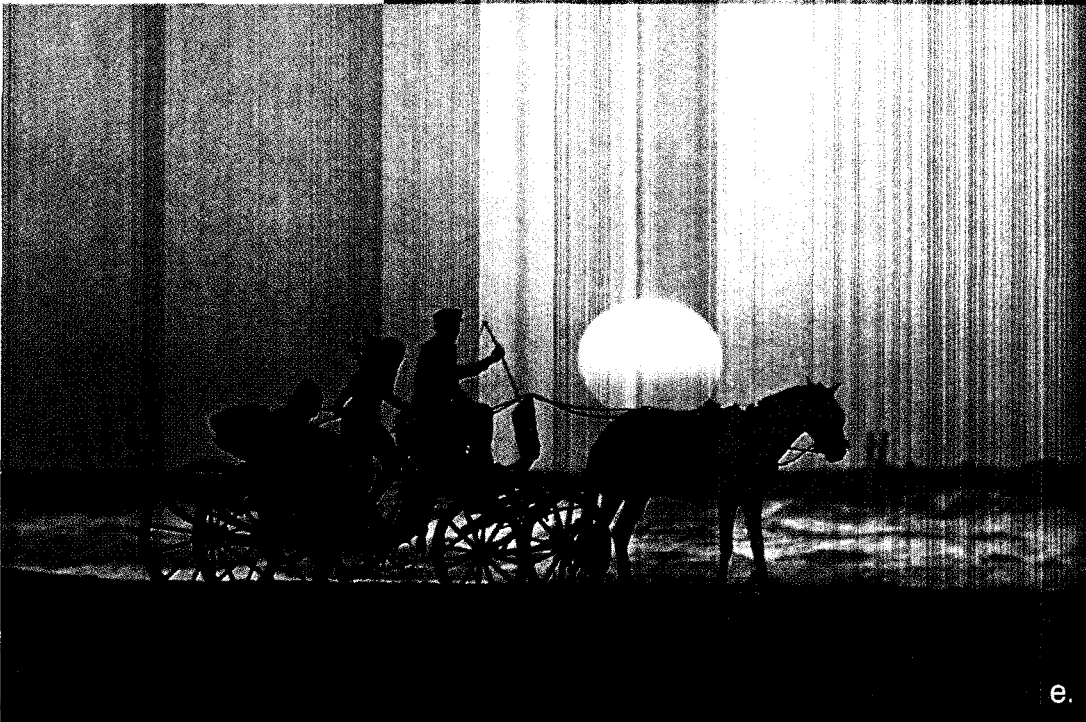
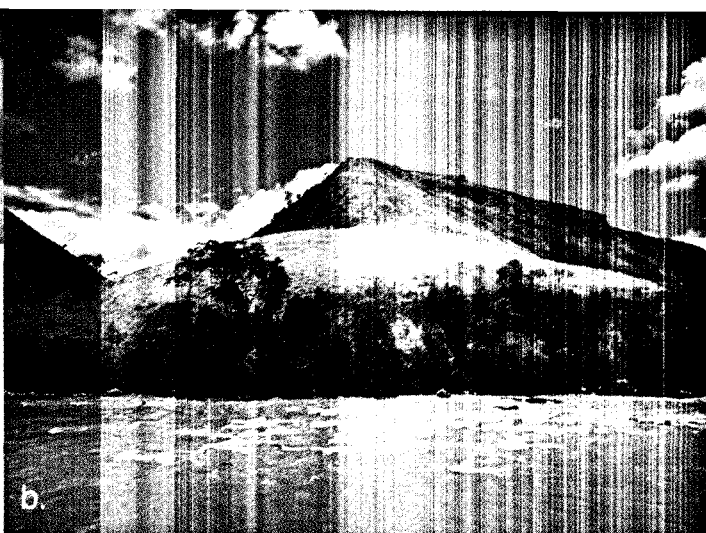


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B AND B
BENEDICTINE BRANDY
The drier liqueur



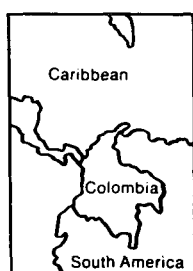
a. The island of San Andrés, once a smugglers' haven, is now a resort and duty-free port. b. The picturesque Rio Magdalena drops 13,000 feet in its 500-mile course from the Andes to the sea. c. Fortress San Felipe in the Spanish Main city of Cartagena, second oldest, and only walled city in South America. d. One of the 12-ton stone carvings at San Agustín in the Southwest. Who did them remains a mystery. e. Sunset on the Caribbean, where Colombia has a coastline over 900 miles long. f. The Amazon, where paddle-wheelers call and safaris begin. g. The stilt houses of Pueblo Nueva Venezuela (New Venice) in the central Andes. At this latitude, the meadow stays green all year.

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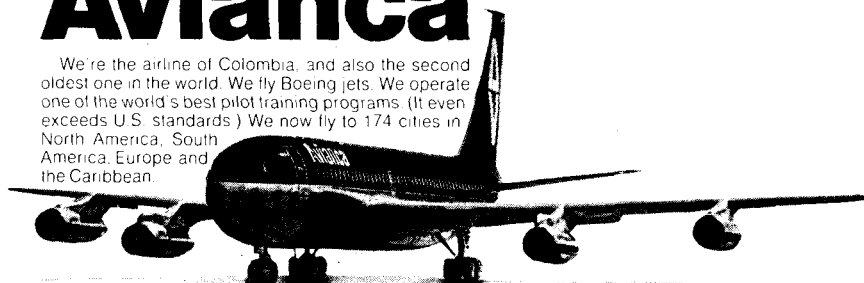
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THE MAIL

MORE ON WELFARE

SIR: I agree with Irving Kristol's conclusion in the August *Atlantic* that our welfare system is "... a vicious circle in which the best of intentions merge into the worst of results." But I disagree with Mr. Kristol's conclusion "that the 'welfare explosion' was the work, not of 'capitalism' or of any other 'ism,' but of men and women like [Frances Fox] Piven and [Richard] Cloward—in the Welfare Rights Movement, the social work profession, the office of Economic Opportunity, and so on."

Kristol blames welfare for family disorganization because welfare robs the head of the household of his economic function. But the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare reports that less than one percent of the nation's welfare recipients are able-bodied men, and these men have to be seeking jobs through their state employment agencies to be getting welfare at all. Who really is on welfare? According to HEW: 24 percent are old-age recipients, 8 percent are permanently and totally disabled, one percent are blind, 50.3 percent are children, 2.9 percent are incapacitated parents in the home, 13 percent are mothers—one fifth of these mothers are in job training or are already employed, but are making so little money that they still qualify for welfare.

People do not get rich on welfare. Mississippi pays \$59 a month for a family of four (July, 1970) and New Jersey—the most liberal—pays \$341 a month. But the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics survey shows that a family of four needs at least \$458 a month to live in minimal health and nutrition. Even New Jersey is \$117 short of what it takes simply to survive. Welfare is the "good life" only for those who have never experienced it.

REV. LARRY L. THORNTON
First United Presbyterian Church
Oakland, Calif.

SIR: I was taken aback by Irving Kristol's recent article on welfare. Public assistance is not meant to cure anything. It is intended to provide a livelihood to those who have little or no financial resources. In other words, public assistance was set up to alleviate a problem; it did not make the problem to begin with. Those concerned with the relief of the poor may bungle the job, but they can hardly be held responsible for creating poverty.

ANN W. STRATTON
Shreveport, La.

LAUGHING AT SEX

SIR: L. E. Sissman (August *Atlantic*) says he's against censorship; in fact, he says so several times. Then he goes on to propose "extralegal redress. . . . First, by working through consumerist means and consumer organizations to lodge a loud and continuing protest with the producers and purveyors of obscenity; these methods work, as some large corporations know. Second, those of us who are writers, teachers, community leaders, makers of opinion can . . . help to cramp and cripple the mass appeal of pornography by making it *démodé*, by pointing out its kitschy insipidity, by exposing its infantilism, by laughing it to scorn."

In principle, this is not a bit different from the censorship tactics of the American Legion or the old Watch & Ward Society. Note the complacent "those of us"—inseparable from proposals to patrol morals. It's always the other fellow who needs to be safeguarded, never us; we don't drink too much, screw too much, read dirty books, like naked chorus girls, or go to bullfights.

Before joining Mr. Sissman's crusade to put aprons on the native girls, his readers might reflect that private censorship is worse than public censorship because there's no appeal from it. If a policeman says that I can't read a certain book or go to a

certain movie, I can put the question to a judge. But a missionary is his own Supreme Court.

Elsewhere in his piece Mr. Sissman makes a casual and unsupported reference to Walt Disney as "the first mass marketer of measured doses of addictive cruelty." If I must have my reading or other diversions censored, I'd rather have the Postmaster General do it than hand the job to a man capable of such lunacy as that.

DIGBY WHITMAN
Wausau, Wisc.

SIR: I am repelled by L. E. Sissman's suggestion that our personal sexual conflicts, whatever their source and strength, are best solved by avoiding even the most innocent (he would substitute "sanitized") literary and artistic consideration of sex.

I regret that he and other Victorian elements in society try to make me feel guilty for enjoying the explicit sex that even a majority find tasteful. Although Mr. Sissman suggests that such enjoyment decreases my productive contribution to society and increases the likelihood of antisocial behavior, the empirical evidence does not support his belief.

In addition to expanding our sexual awareness, responsible authors and artists have traditionally sought to discover and illuminate the distinction between possible and impossible expectations. Not only does Mr. Sissman's article make no contribution to this important distinction but his suggested consumer boycott of sex in the arts would impede dissemination of any truly valuable literary-artistic understanding.

ROBERT S. WOODWARD IV
St. Louis, Mo.

OBITER DICTA

SIR: Apropos your editorial in the August, 1971, *Atlantic*: "If Marshall McLuhan is right, newspapers and magazines won't be with us much

longer," you may have noticed that:
IF IT WORKS, IT'S OBSOLETE.

(traditional business adage)

Obsolescence is obsolete, and innovation also. Such categories are the supports of the nonperceptive in any age. Obsolescence has always been the matrix of innovation, and obsolescence is never extinction. Nothing really flourishes until it is obsolete. The book and the printed word "never had it so good," and Xerox has increased the circulation of print as much as Gutenberg increased the circulation of manuscripts. Gutenberg and the typewriter made handwriting obsolete, which is to say that it has increased enormously in quantity and scope. Whenever a new form creates an environment that encompasses an older service, the older service becomes an art form. Gutenberg hushed the schoolmen but retrieved pagan antiquity on a scale unknown in the ancient world. Electric technology has turned the old industrialism, including the motor car, into an art form. Electric circuitry has obsoleted industrial hardware and extended its reign to every corner of the globe. Electric circuitry may have phased out the assembly line, but it has retrieved the inner life and the occult. Sputnik created a man-made environment for the planet and turned the planet into an art form, an old nose cone, a spaceship. The planet must now be programmed and orchestrated.

It is important to notice that none of the *effects* of technology are ever foreseen or desired. The ability to moralize about technology and the extensions of man is quite unrelated to the nature and action of technology. Unlike the Orient, the Western world has had no interest in the *effects* of technology, but only in the making of them. At electric speed, innovation and feedback are simultaneous. We have no choice but to notice effects. Sputnik was the mother of ecology. The moralist shuns the task of studying the technological processes and effects, preferring a point of view and classified data. My own interest in symbolist techniques in poetry and painting, and my concern with the poetic processes and the training of perception and awareness, have long taught me to avoid fixed positions and value judgments where *techné* is concerned.

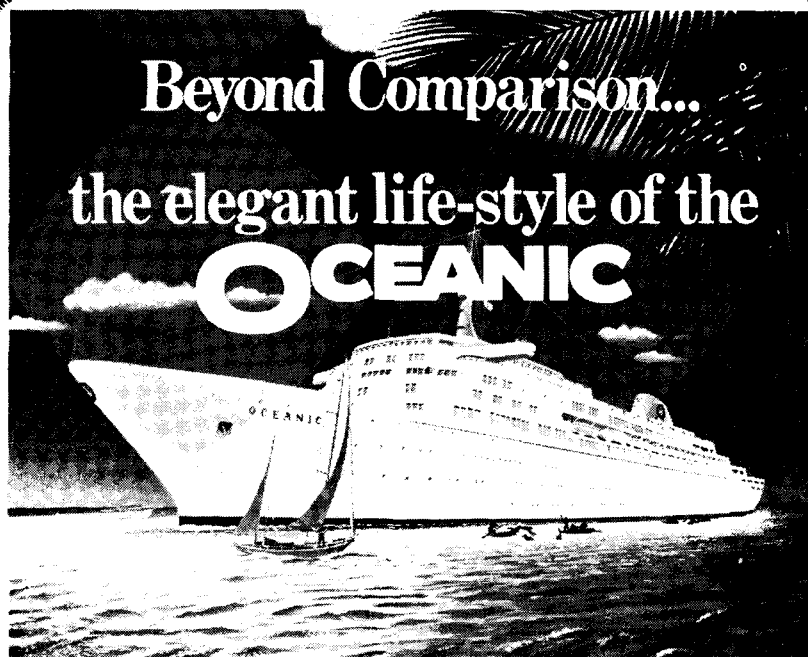
As a person who has spent his life

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teaching people how to read and enjoy books, it always seemed to me that by describing in detail the enemies of the book, I was performing the highest possible service in the defense of literacy. Had I mounted a vehement, moralistic campaign against electric technology, I would have involved myself in countless absurdities of misunderstanding. Meantime the matter is relatively simple. I turned in the fire alarm and am charged with arson! In antiquity, the messenger who brought bad news was slaughtered on the spot. In my case, I brought the bad news with aches and pains and am branded as a Utopian. If the reader utters aloud the following French words, the listener will hear an old song and dance:

*Un petit d'un petit
S'étonne aux Halles
Un petit d'un petit
Ah! degrés te fallent*

When anything unconventional or radically perceptive is uttered, the *unhappy listener* automatically translates it into the old familiar patterns. The eye of the beholder is quite capable of blotting out the *resonant* and the existential, and the average reader *makes* whatever he wishes to find: the user is the *content* of every medium, condemning the writer to move at that level.

MARSHALL MCLUHAN
Center for Culture and Technology
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

SIR: I am writing in response to the Editor's Page in the August *Atlantic*. It seems strange to me that only in the case of the single woman writer whose contribution to the issue is noted there do you feel compelled to tell the public who her husband is and to say that she is the mother of three children. Once again women are identified only in terms of other people, not in terms of their own accomplishments. You don't tell your readers the names of the wives of the male writers in the August issue; nor do you tell them how many children these men have fathered.

JILL BARNES
Roxbury, Mass.

TEXAS POLITICS

SIR: Ronnie Dugger's otherwise perceptive article "John Connally: Nixon's New Quarterback" (July *At-*

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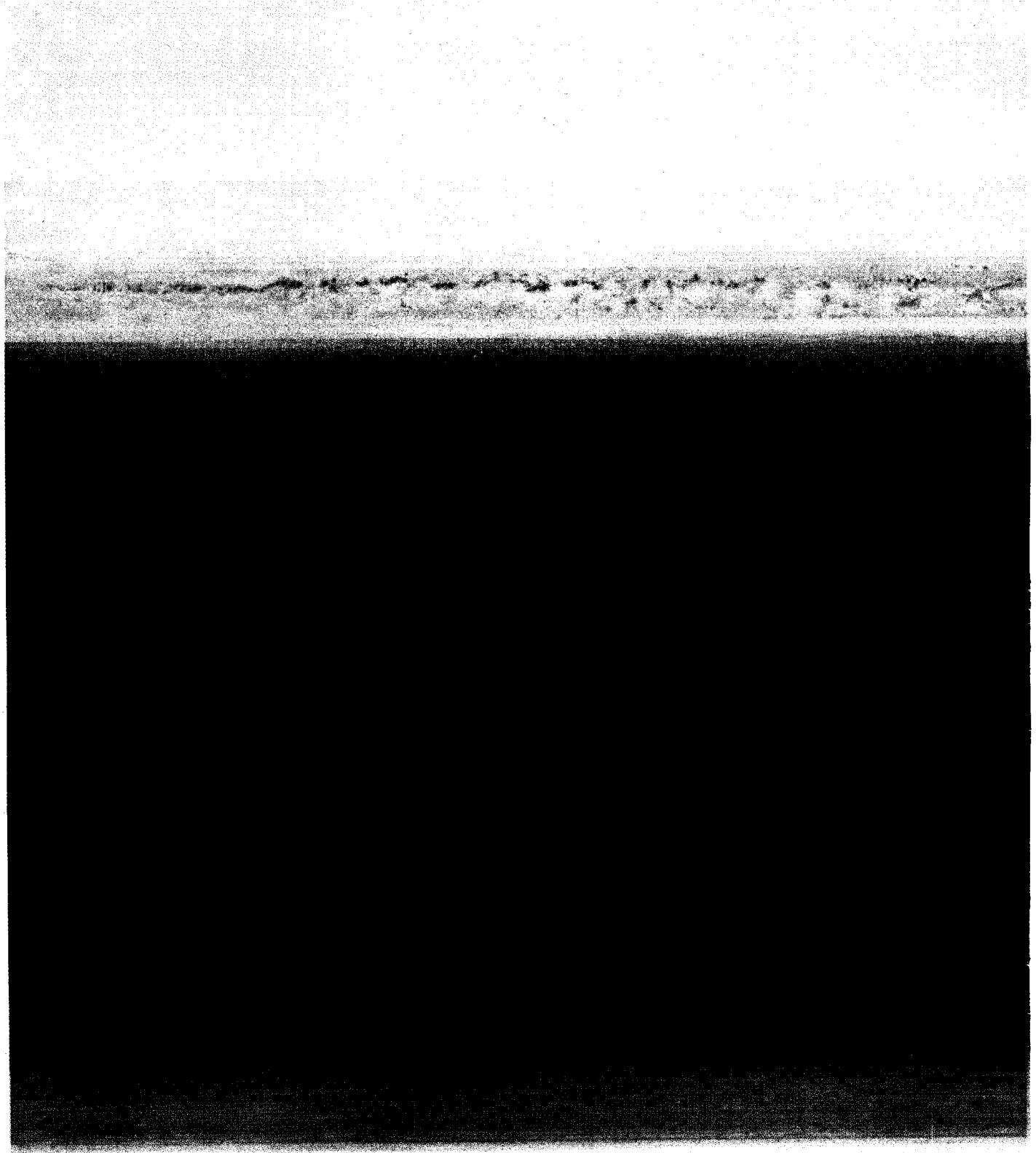
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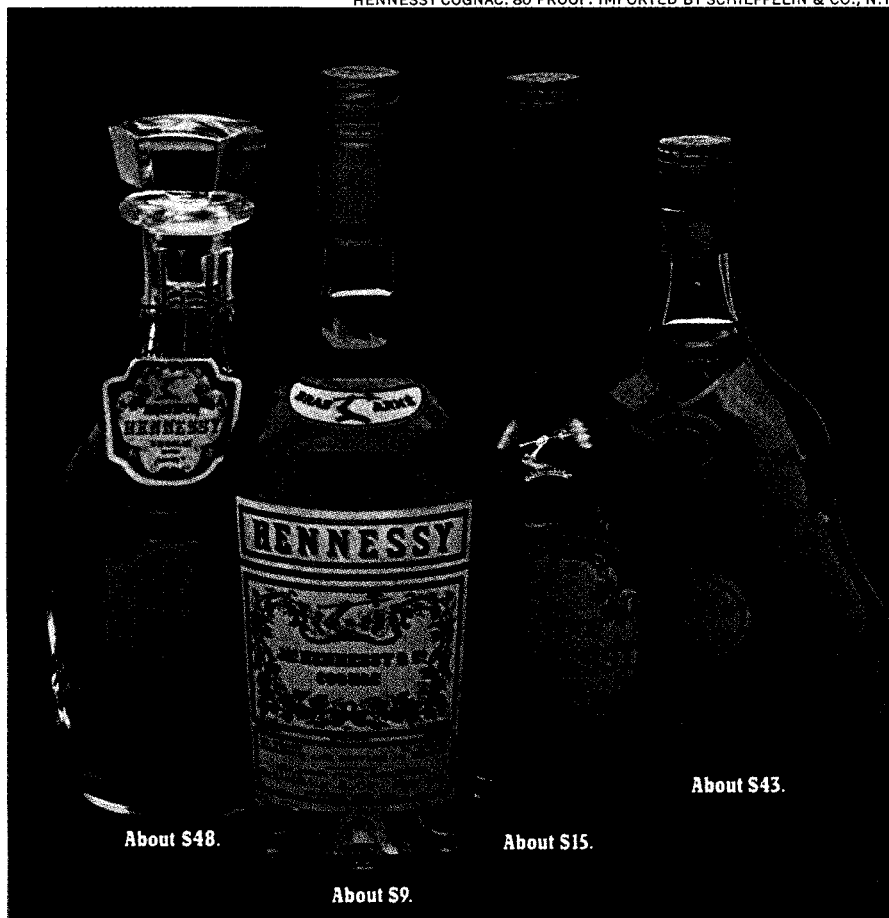
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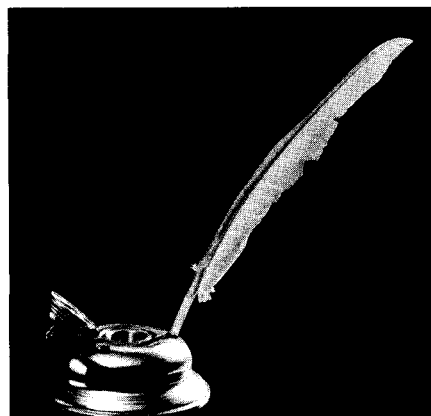


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lantic) contains one sentence which is so fundamentally off base that it paints a distorted picture of the politics of Texas. Dugger says, "In that state the Republicans and the conservative, big-money Democrats work together ingeniously to control the political apparatus and the government."

The distortion involved is that Dugger really means, I think, that those conservative voters who *would be Republicans in any two-party state*, but who are Democrats in one-party Texas, and who are presidential Republicans in most presidential election years (exceptions: 1960 and 1964), form the electoral bulwark keeping the establishment Democrats in control of our state government and our congressional delegation.

He cannot mean that the Republicans work together with the conservative Democratic establishment because the Republicans, like the liberal Democrats, are an insurgent anti-establishment force. This was the case in the last session of the Texas Legislature where Republicans and Democratic liberals teamed up in an antiestablishment coalition called "the Dirty Thirty." It was true in 1962 when some liberals supported John Connally's Republican opponent in the hottest gubernatorial general-election campaign since the end of Reconstruction (a campaign which saw Dugger's predecessor at the *Texas Observer*, Willie Morris, editorially endorse Connally, and thus help perpetuate the one-party system). Dugger himself points out in his article that Connally masterminded Democratic U.S. Senator Lloyd Bentsen's campaign, and Republican George Bush certainly did not "work together with the conservative Democratic establishment" in that hard-fought effort to elect Texas' second statewide Republican officeholder since the 1870s.

This is not nit-picking. Dugger, who should know better, is wont to write entire articles on the politics of Texas without underscoring the significance of this being the largest state in the Union with a one-party system. Republicans and some liberals, even Dugger on a few occasions, have worked together to destroy that one-party system. Dugger's judgment should be amusing to those Texas Republicans who have battled at the ramparts against Connally, who have

fought legislative and congressional reapportionment schemes devised by establishment Democrats, who struggled to elect and to re-elect John Tower to the U.S. Senate over the almost solid opposition of the Democratic conservative establishment, and who joined with liberal Democrats (including Dugger on that occasion) to defeat Connally's proposed constitutional amendment giving the governor a four-year term in 1965.

Like so many people who attempt to write about the politics of one-party states, Dugger attributes to Republicans the behavior patterns of hundreds of thousands of conservative voters who have always been conservative Democrats, albeit presidential Republicans.

In short, no single instance comes to my mind of Texas Republicans working with Texas' conservative, big-money Democrats since the second Eisenhower campaign of 1956.

DAVID L. SHAPIRO
Houston, Tex.

Ronnie Dugger replies:

Mr. Shapiro mistakes his advocacy of a set of political tactics for an accurate description of how things are in Texas politics.

I am, of course, aware of the phenomena he describes. In the overview, however, it is true that "the Republicans and the conservative, big-money Democrats work together ingeniously to control the political apparatus and the government." The decisive group at the polls are those conservatives who vote against liberals seeking the Democratic nominations in the spring and who then vote in November for Republicans against the Democratic nominees, whether conservative or liberal. The result is control of the political apparatus and the government for conservative policies.

A number of Republican leaders and some of their strategists work with liberal Democrats for such purposes as Mr. Shapiro discusses, but in any serious electoral test *the Republicans*—that is, the bulk of the Republican voters—provide the margin that keeps either the conservative Democrat or the Republican in office. Texas does not have a two-party system yet, and Mr. Shapiro cannot bring one into being by saying that the Texas Republicans are antiestablishment, except, er, that they aren't.

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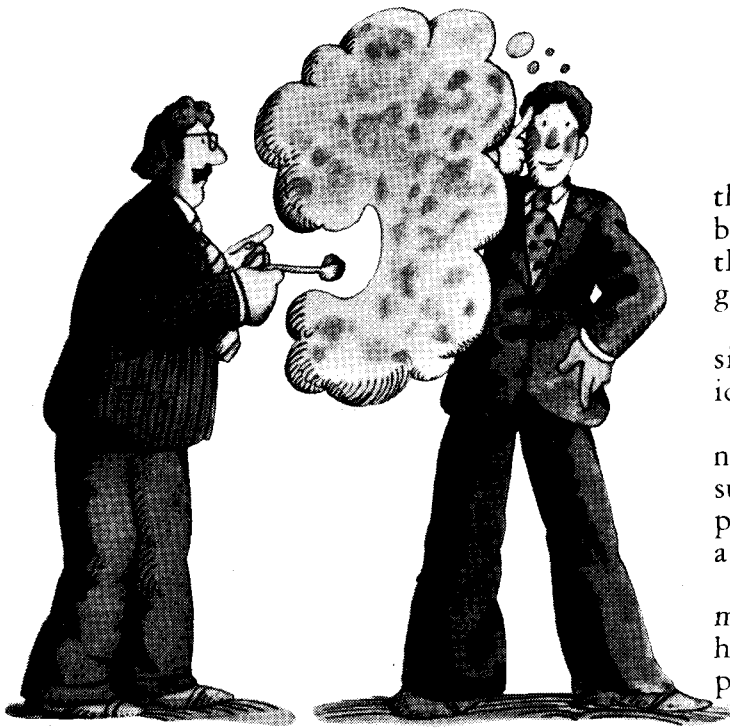
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ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: Re George Steiner's "A Future Literacy" (August *Atlantic*): science enables us to do a great many things, but it cannot tell us what is worth doing. Let us imagine that science eventually solves all of our problems, including the problem of death. Perhaps then, for the first time in the history of the human adventure, ethical and aesthetic questions can be taken seriously. Science can help us achieve the good life; but it has nothing to say about what the good life is. It can say nothing about how one ought to act to give life intrinsic meaning.

Steiner fails to take into account the most obvious characteristic of scientific method—namely its value neutrality—and consequently falls into the fallacy of extrapolating lessons of moral import from scientific achievements. I would argue that it has been precisely the influence of mathematical thinking that has abstracted modern man from the full range of human experience and been largely responsible for the problem of alienation. The eclipse of ethics is one of the prices we have paid for the "additive progress" of the sciences.

BERNARD MURCHLAND
Ohio Wesleyan University
Delaware, Ohio

SIR: I take issue with what David Denby has to say about group therapy and marathons in his review of *Saturday Morning* (July *Atlantic*): "Group therapists have really got the country by the tail; they have a jargon, a method, and they offer us paradise. . . ." They offer no such thing; only the opportunity to *begin* to learn how to be autonomous (a lifetime job) and some tools and techniques that the individual adapts and uses by himself and in his own way.

I question Mr. Denby's statement about the boy who was unable to feel love—that it was something that was done to him. Perhaps as an infant it was. But to develop fully as a human being, the person must be willing to accept responsibility for his own feelings. This "illusory 'breakthrough'" may not be as false as Denby thinks.

Finally, Mr. Denby says, "Oscy . . . probably turned out to be a fairly crazy man—a thundering male chauvinist, at the least; yet I think he is more . . . attractive in every way than the sensitized, rather sickly com-

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municants of *Saturday Morning*."

If these are the characteristics Mr. Denby finds attractive in human beings, I feel sorry for him.

PHILMERE REED
Monterey, Calif.

SIR: I am fed up with critics like Robert Evett. To say (July *Atlantic*) that because of Debussy and Bartók the course of twentieth-century music would be pretty much the same without Stravinsky is like saying that because of Monn and Clementi the course of nineteenth-century music would have been pretty much the same without Beethoven.

SOL BABITZ
Early Music Laboratory
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Re Gordon A. Craig's excellent review of *Motive for a Mission* in the August *Atlantic*: I am puzzled by Craig's statement that the motives and goals of Hess's flight have been a mystery to historians. Alan Bullock, in his *Hitler: A Study in Tyranny*, states quite clearly that Hess "hoped to be put in touch with political circles in London and to negotiate a

peace between Great Britain and Germany." Bullock goes on to show that the Führer was completely in the dark about Hess's flight to Scotland. The Bullock thesis on this "mystery" is also consistent with what Albert Speer says about the Hess incident. Hess's fear of losing influence with Hitler, which Craig brings up in his review, is also clearly mentioned in both Bullock and Speer.

In light of this, the Douglas-Hamilton book, which Craig thinks a "fascinating book and a surprising one, for it turns out that Hess, without Hitler's knowledge, was making his own attempt at personal diplomacy," is not really surprising at all.

J. TERENCE LYDEN
Saint Meinrad College
Saint Meinrad, Ind.

SIR: I have this moment finished reading "Recollections of a Cultural Imperialist (j.g.)" by James C. Thomson, Jr., in the August *Atlantic*. It is one of the best things I've read in the *Atlantic* for many years, and one of the damndest things I've ever read.

CEDRIC R. WORTH
Claremont, Calif.

Contributors

PETER SCHRAG is the author of *Out of Place in America* and other books.

JOHN GRIMOND reports from Africa for *The Economist*.

L. E. SISSMAN is the author of *Pursuit of Honor* and other books of poetry.

GEORGE MANGAKIS taught law at Athens University prior to his arrest, described on page 53.

MARTHA BACON is a poet and author of children's books.

WILLIAM SERRIN is a reporter for the *Detroit Free Press*.

KENNETH LASSON is associated with Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law.

RICHARD TODD is an associate editor of *The Atlantic*.

CAROLYN SEE, author of a novel, *The Rest Is Done with Mirrors*, is teaching at Loyola University in Los Angeles.

ROBERT COLES's most recent book is *The Middle Americans*.

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT, novelist, short-story writer, poet, and essayist, is on the faculty of Syracuse University.

R. P. LISTER is an English poet and author of a travel book, *Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness Cries*.

CLAY PUTMAN is the author of a novel, *The Ruined City*.

GEORGE BOWER teaches at Newton High School in Massachusetts.

GEORGE KATEB is professor of political science at Amherst and author of *Utopia and Its Enemies*.

JOSIAH BUNTING, an infantry major, is assistant professor of English history at West Point.

ROBERT EVETT is a Washington-based composer and critic.

EDWARD WEEKS and PHOEBE ADAMS review books regularly for *The Atlantic*.

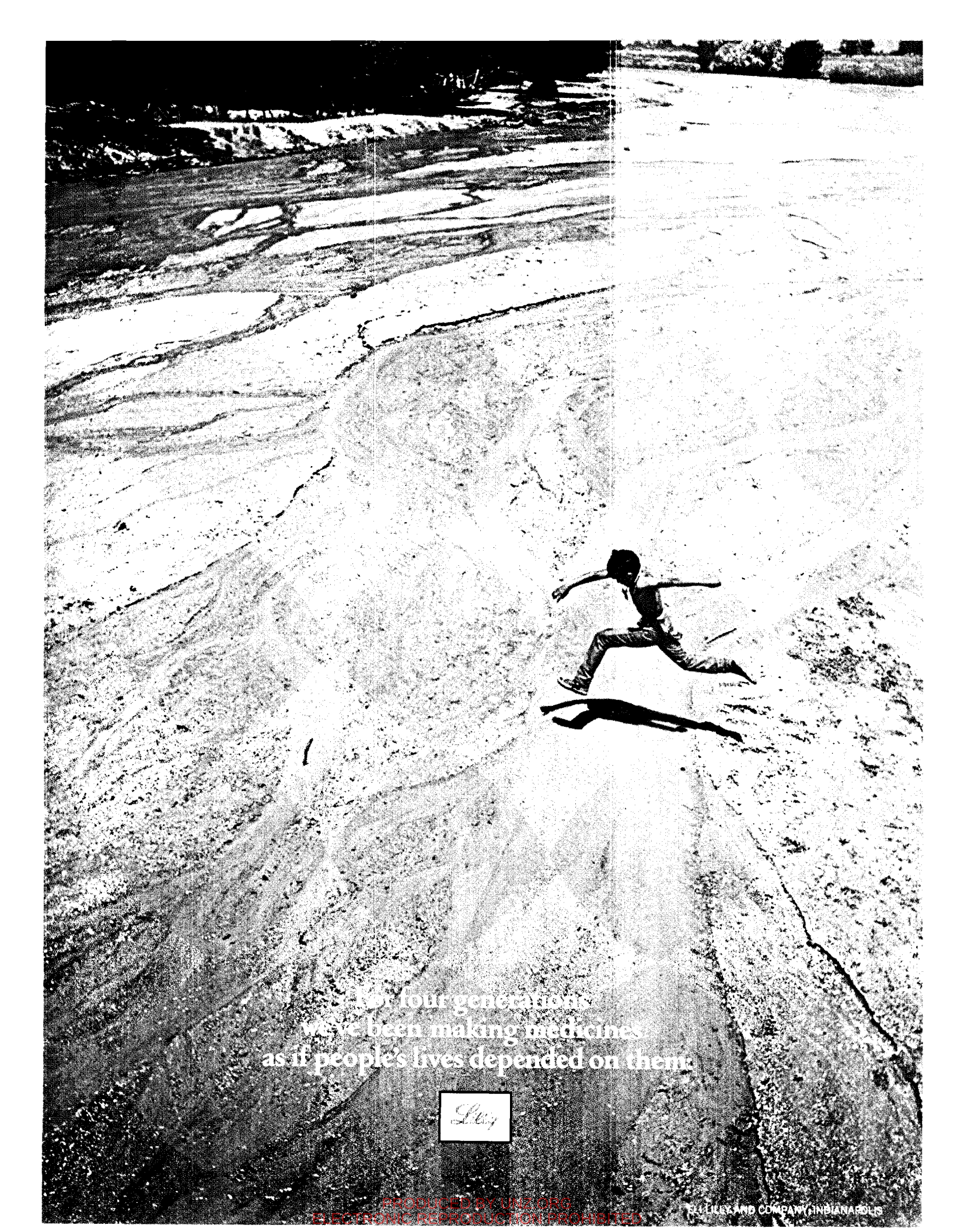


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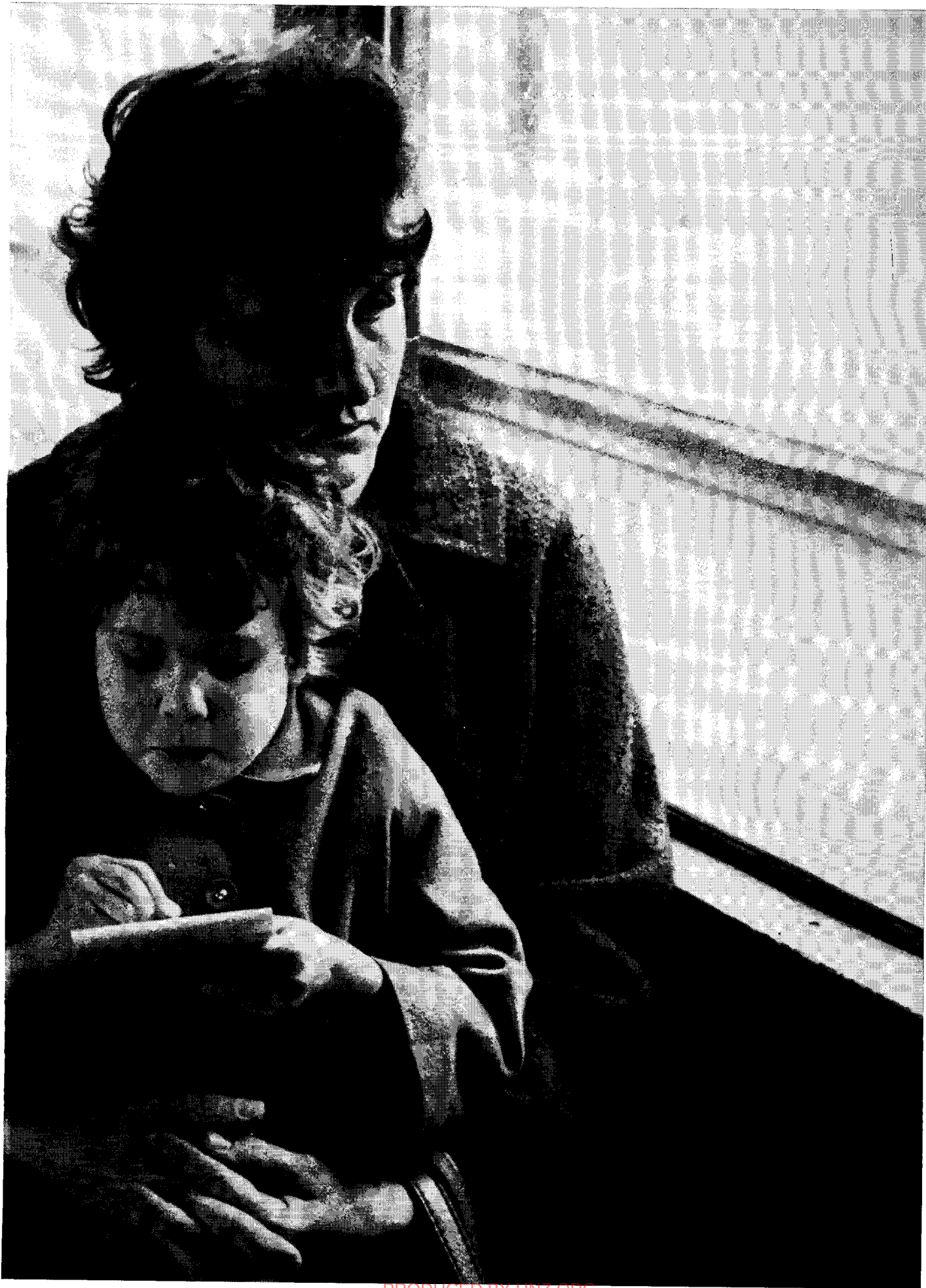
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LETTER IN A BOTTLE

From a Greek Prison

by George Mangakis

The author was unanimously elected to the Chair of Penal Law at Athens University at the age of forty-six in 1969. The Greek junta vetoed his appointment, and he was arrested in July, 1969, tortured, and tried the next year on charges of plotting to overthrow the regime and the existing "social order." Professor Mangakis was sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment, and he remains in jail. His wife was also jailed for eleven months, charged with falsely telling foreign newspaper correspondents that her husband was being brutally tortured. She was later released.

The dimensions of my cell are approximately 10 feet by 10 feet. You gradually become accustomed to this space, and even grow to like it, since, in a way, it is like a lair in which you lie hidden, licking your wounds. But in reality, its object is to annihilate you. On one side of it there is a heavy iron door, with a little round hole in the upper part. Prisoners hate this little hole; they call it the "stool pigeon." It is through this hole that the jailkeeper's eye appears every now and then—an isolated eye,

without a face. There is also a peculiar lock, on the outside only; it locks with a dry, double sound. That is one thing you never get used to, no matter how much time goes by. It gives you the daily, tangible sensation of the violence that is being done to you. Before I came here, I didn't know that violence could be expressed so completely by the dry sound of a double lock.

On the other side of my cell there is a little window, with bars. From this window you can see part of the city. And yet a prisoner rarely looks out the window. It is too painful. The prisoner, of course, has a picture of life outside the prison constantly in his mind. But it is dim, colorless, like an old photograph; it is soft and shapeless. It is bearable. So you don't dare look out the window. Its only use is to bring you some light. That is something I have studied very carefully. I have learned all the possible shades of light. I can distinguish the light that comes just before daybreak, and the light that lingers on after nightfall. This light, with its many variations, is one of the chief joys of the prisoner. It often happens that a certain shade of light coincides with your mood, with the spiritual needs of that particular moment. Looking at the light, there have been times when I hummed a song, and times when I found it relieved pain. So much, then, for the window.

Apart from the door and the window, my cell also has a temperature. That is another fundamental element of my life here. It is unbearably cold in winter and extremely hot in summer. I find this natural,

even though it brings me great discomfort. It is a symptom of the denudation of being in prison. Under such conditions, it has got to be like this; you just have to live in direct contact with the temperature of this particular world.

I live in this space, then, for endless hours of the day and night. It is like a piece of thread on which my days are strung and fall away, lifeless. This space can also be compared to a wrestling ring. Here a man struggles alone with the evil of the world.

* * *

I write these papers, and then I hide them. They let you write, but every so often they search your cell and take away your writings. They look them over, and after some time they return the ones which are considered permissible. You take them back, and suddenly you loathe them. This system is a diabolical device for annihilating your own soul. They want to make you see your thoughts through their eyes and control them yourself, from their point of view. It is like having a nail pushed into your mind, dislocating it. Against this method, which is meant to open up breaches in our defenses and split up our personality, there are two means of defense. First, we allow our jailkeepers to take away *some* of our writings—the ones that express our views unequivocally. It is a way of provoking the jailkeepers. We even derive a sort of childish satisfaction from thinking of the faces they'll make as they read. Then there are other papers which we prefer to hide—the ones we want to keep for ourselves.

* * *

My mind often goes back to the dead I have known and loved. In the vacuum of my cell, only concepts have substance. My cell is like a bottomless hole in the void. My most frequent visitor is my brother Yannis—he comes to me almost every day. He was killed in the war, but not in the act of killing others: he was a doctor. His regiment was afflicted with an epidemic of meningitis. He did not have time to cure himself. I have never been able to accept his death. I have simply managed, in time, to become reconciled to his absence. Now we are once again very close to each other. He has smiling, honey-colored eyes. He stays on for hours, and we sit there and think together. It used to be the same when he was alive. Now he often makes me think that the value of charity cannot be put into question. That is one thing which cannot be put into question, especially now that I have come to know torturers, jailkeepers, and their masters at close quarters. I know how utterly the bestiality of absolute power has degraded them. It seems that, spiritually speaking, everything stems from charity. Yannis is quite positive about that. And also courage, and love for certain concepts relevant to man, and receptivity to beauty. Everything stems from there. Sometimes Yannis gets up and takes those three paces forward, then back-

ward, on my behalf. Then I can see his strong, graceful body. In the old days he used to like sailing. Now, as he paces across my cell, he brings the sea and the wind into my flat, barren cell. As he lifts his arm, he even gives the cell a perspective in depth. The kind of depth we keep looking for, he and I. Then he begins to think to the sound of music. He always loved music. And so my cell gradually fills with music. And I sail through the hours of the night in a sea of music. Those are my most serene nights, the ones suffused with a certain intimation of the meaning of the world. Yannis still remains a human being. If he is dead, then I am dead too. I believe we are both still alive.

* * *

There are moments when I sit in my cell thinking of what would be the best way to summarize my motives, those that made me end up in this cell and those that make me endure it. These motives are certainly not a belief in a single truth—not because we no longer have any truths to believe in but because, in our world, we do not experience these truths as absolute certainties. We are no longer as simple as that; we seek something more profound than certainty, something more substantial, something that is naturally, spontaneously simple. I think, then, that the totality of my motives in this connection could best be epitomized as hope—in other words, the most fragile, but also the most spontaneous and tenacious form of human thought. A deeply rooted, indestructible hope, then, carved out the path that was to lead me, unrepentant, to this barren desert, and it is the same hope that makes me capable of enduring it, like those small, tormented desert plants which contain, inexplicably, two tiny drops of sap—drawn, I am sure, from their own substance. My hope is the equivalent of those two drops of sap. However, the intensity of my hope is equal to my difficulty in putting it into words. I might say, perhaps, that this hope concerns our humanity, which cannot be annihilated no matter how much it is persecuted on all sides; this is why there can be no purpose as serious, as noble, as to commit ourselves to its safeguard, even if we must inevitably suffer for it.

Yet I don't think that by saying this I am expressing myself as concretely as I would wish. This hope takes shape only in certain attitudes. During the past months, through all the prisons I've known, I have often come across these attitudes. When I was held at the police-station jails—those places of utter human degradation—I remember a girl who was locked in a cell next to mine. She had been there for five months. She hadn't seen the light of day once throughout that period. She had been accused of helping her fiancé to do Resistance work. At regular intervals, they would summon her for questioning and would try to make her disown him, using cunning persuasion or brutal intimidation alternately. If she disowned her fiancé, she would be set free. She



refused unflinchingly, to the very end, even though she knew that her fiancé was dying of cancer and she would probably never see him again. He died on the day of her trial. She was a pale, frail girl, with a kind of nobility about her. Every evening she used to sing in her cell in a soft, low voice. She would sing till dawn about her love, in her sad voice. The girl's attitude is my hope. And so is the attitude of the doctor whom they tried to involve in our case. There was no evidence against him. If he had adopted a noncommittal attitude at the court-martial he would certainly have been acquitted. But he was made of different mettle. When his turn came to take the stand at the trial, he got up and spoke about liberty. He defended liberty, even though he had a wife and children to support. He was sentenced to seven years in prison. This doctor's attitude is my hope. I have lived through a number of similar experiences. What I would like to say here is quite simply this: in the attitude of people like that doctor and that girl, the dominant feeling is a spontaneous knowledge that the most important thing in life is to keep one's humanity. Because life does not belong to the barbarians, even when absolute authority does belong to them. Life belongs to human beings, life goes forward because of them. This is the source of my hope.

* * *

I live with a number of ideas that I love. They fill my days and my nights. To the treacherous uniformity of my stagnant hours, I oppose this dialogue with my ideas. Now I have come to know them better and to understand them better. I have actually experienced their significance. When I was being questioned, I discovered the essence of human dignity, in both its deepest and its simplest sense. When I was court-martialed I hungered for justice, and

when I was imprisoned I thirsted for humanity. The brutal oppression which is now stifling my country has taught me a great deal, among other things the value of refusing to submit. As I sit in my cell thinking about these things, I am filled with a strange power—a power which has nothing in common with the power of my jailkeepers. It is not expressed in a loud, insolent voice. It is the power of endurance—the power that is born of a sense of being right. That is how I face the relentless attack of empty days which has been launched against me. Each time, I repulse the attack at its very start. I begin my day by uttering the word “freedom.” This usually happens at daybreak. I emerge from sleep, always feeling bitterly surprised to find myself in prison, as on the first day. Then I utter my beloved word, before the sense of being in prison has time to overpower me. This single word works like magic. And then I am reconciled to the new, empty day stretching ahead of me.

I think of my companions. The political prisoners I have come across in my various prisons. The ones who resisted and are now pacing across their cells, taking those three little jerky steps forward, then backward. They are all made of the same stuff, even though they may be very different persons in other respects. They all possess a very rare sensitivity of conscience. A truly unbelievable sensitivity. It becomes manifest in tiny details, as well as on big occasions. When they speak, they exercise the utmost delicacy with regard to the other person's feelings. They are always at your side with a glass of water, before you have time to ask for it. I want to give an example of this extraordinary sensitivity. Some days ago, one of us was about to be released. He was in the prison hospital. He could have left directly from there, but he delayed his departure for a week, so as to come and say good-bye to us. Seven days of volun-

tary prison just to say good-bye to his friends. That is what I mean. These people, then, have truly taken upon themselves the entire predicament of our times. They are consciously carrying the burden of our people's trampled honor. And in so doing they feel close to all those who are persecuted on earth. Through a fundamental unity they grasp the meaning of all that is happening in the world today. It is the unity of man's yearning to be free of oppression, no matter in what form. Whoever resists oppression is a brother to them, no matter who or where he is, scattered in the innumerable prisons of my own and other countries.

* * *

I often ask myself what it was exactly that touched our consciences in such a way as to give us all an imperatively personal motive for opposing the dictatorship and enlisting in the Resistance, putting aside all other personal obligations and pursuits. One does not enlist in the Resistance—in that mortally dangerous confrontation with the all-powerful persecution mechanism of a dictatorship, where the chances of being caught are far greater than the chances of getting away with it, where arrest will result in the most unbearable and long-term suffering—one doesn't get involved in all this without some very strong personal motive. So strong, in fact, that it must literally affect the very roots of one's being—since it makes one decide to risk falling into the clutches of the most appalling arbitrariness and barbarism, being reduced from a human being to an object, a mere receptacle of suffering, jeopardizing all the achievements and dreams of a lifetime and plunging loved ones into the most terrible agonies and deprivations.

I keep thinking, then, that this motive can be no other than the deep humiliation which the dictatorship represents for you, both as an individual and as a member of the people to whom you belong. When a dictatorship is imposed on your country, the very first thing you feel, the very first day, is humiliation. You are being deprived of the right to consider yourself worthy of responsibility for your own life and destiny. This feeling of humiliation grows day by day as a result of the oppressors' unceasing effort to force your mind to accept all the vulgarity which makes up the abortive mental world of dictators. You feel as if your reason and your human status were being deeply insulted every day. And then comes the attempt to impose on you, by fear, acceptance of their various barbarous actions—both those that you hear about and those that you actually see them commit against your fellow human beings. You begin to live with the daily humiliation of fear, and you begin to loathe yourself. And then, deeply wounded in your conscience as a citizen, you begin to feel a solidarity with the people to whom you belong. With a unique immediacy, you feel indivisibly bound to them and jointly responsible for their future fate.

Thanks to this process of identification, you acquire an extraordinary historical acuity of vision, such as you had never known before, and you can see with total clarity that humiliated nations are inevitably led either to a lethal decadence, a moral and spiritual withering, or to a passion for revenge, which results in bloodshed and upheaval. A humiliated people either take their revenge or die a moral and spiritual death. Once you realize, then, the inevitability of your people's destruction, one way or another, your personal humiliation is turned into a sense of responsibility, and you don't simply join the Resistance, you become deeply committed to the Resistance. In other words, you situate the meaning of your existence in this strangest, this most dangerous and unselfish of all struggles which is called Resistance. From that point onward, may God have mercy on you.

* * *

Morally speaking, the Resistance is the purest of all struggles. As a rule, you join it only to follow the dictates of your conscience; it affords no other satisfaction except the justification of your conscience. Not only is there no benefit to be expected from this struggle but, on the contrary, you are endangering, or rather you are exposing to a near certain catastrophe, whatever you may have achieved until now with your labors, and you enter a way of life that is full of anxiety and peril. You cannot expect immediate praise, because you have to act secretly, in darkness and silence; nor can you expect future praise, because under a dictatorship the future is always uncertain and confused. There is only your conscience to justify you, as you see it mirrored at times in the eyes of one of your companions. Yet this justification counts more than anything else. You are privileged to experience certain moments in which you feel that you too express the dignity of the human species. This is the deepest justification a man may feel for being alive. This is why the Resistance is the worthiest of all struggles: it is the most dramatic manifestation of the human conscience.

* * *

A lot of people don't understand us at all. It seems that it is difficult to understand an act that is motivated exclusively by the dictates of one's conscience, especially when the consequences of the act lead one to extreme situations. Our life is now based on values alone, not on interests. We have voluntarily placed ourselves in a position of unbearable suffering, and our main concern every day is not just to safeguard our humanity within this suffering but to transmute this suffering into a component of our humanity. Upon our suffering we try to build a personality that excludes ordinary joys, the pursuit of happiness, and that is purely conceptual. We have become incarnated concepts. This means we do not live in the present. Besides, we have no days that we can call the present, except perhaps the days when our loved

ones visit us. Then, yes, for about ten minutes, for as long as the visit lasts, we feel once again the happiness and pain that the love of another human being can bring; we rediscover in this way common human interests, the need for joy, the revulsion from suffering. But apart from those occasions, we live timelessly. We exist as a result of the justification of our conscience, and for its sake alone. Thus there is no such thing as time for us. In this sense we could reach the absolute, if it weren't for the necessity to conquer this justification every day again from the very beginning. For this incarnation of abstract concepts is by no means a static condition; we still have blood in our veins, blood that pulsates with needs and desires, hearts that insist on dreaming, memories that ruminate on past happiness. We have our personal loves, for certain particular people. That is a constant threat to us. It means we have to struggle with ourselves in order to retain our conceptual condition, to balance ourselves upon the magnetic needle of conscience in its ceaseless quivering. Because of this constant effort, we are not absolute beings. Because of this effort, we are not yet dead.

* * *

Another thing: we feel very European. This feeling does not derive primarily from political opinions, even though it does end up by becoming a fundamental political stand. It is a feeling that grows out of the immediacy and the intensity that our cultural values have acquired under dictatorship. Fortunately, these values, which have become our whole life and which help us to endure our long nights and days, are not exclusively ours. We share them with all the peoples of Europe. Or rather the European people, for Europe is one single people. Here in prison we can affirm this with complete seriousness. Suffering helps us to get down to the essence of things and to express it with perfect simplicity. We see only the deeper meaning of Europe, not the foolish borders, the petty rivalries, the unfounded fears and reservations. We see ourselves simply as one people, as a whole. It may seem strange—though only at first glance—how intensely the Greeks felt they were Europeans the very first day of the dictatorship. Our values are the values of Europe. We created them together. We felt instinctively, at the time, that nobody but a European could understand the tragedy that was taking place in our country and feel about it the way we did. And we were right.

We turned in despair to Europe, and the people of Europe did not forsake us. Now all those of us who have entered upon this ordeal, in the prisons of the dictatorship, say "Europe" as we would say "our country." And we mean exactly that: this fusion, in depth, of common historical experiences, cultural values, and human solidarity which we call "country," "fatherland." We clutch the bars of our narrow windows, we look at the world outside, and we think of those millions of people walking the streets, and

we know that if they could see us, they would raise their hands in greeting, they would give us a sign. In those moments, with our mind's eye, we embrace the whole of Europe. It is a place which includes all our own people, all the ones who would raise their hands in greeting. The headhunters have locked us up in this narrow place in order to make us shrink, like those hideous human scalps which are their trophies. But what they haven't realized is that our country has widened; it has become a whole continent. They have isolated us so as to turn us into solitary, forsaken creatures, lost in a purely individual fate. But we now live in the immense human community of European solidarity. Their power is helpless in the face of this knowledge.

* * *

We often talk about the dignity of man. It is not an abstraction; it is a thing which I have actually experienced. It exists in our very depths, like a sensitive steel spring. It has absolutely nothing to do with personal dignity. Its roots lie much deeper. Throughout the nightmare of the interrogation sessions, I lost my personal dignity; it was replaced by pure suffering. But human dignity was within me, without my knowing it. There came a moment when they touched it; the questioning had already been going on for some time. They cannot tell when this moment comes, and so they cannot plan their course accordingly. It functioned suddenly, like a hidden spring that made my scattered spiritual parts jerk upright, all of a piece. It wasn't really me who rose to my feet then, it was Everyman. The moment I began to feel this, I began to overcome the questioning ordeal. The effort was no longer only for myself. It was for all of us. Together we stood our ground.

* * *

I have experienced the fate of a victim. I have seen the torturer's face at close quarters. It was in a worse condition than my own bleeding, livid face. The torturer's face was distorted by a kind of twitching that had nothing human about it. He was in such a state of tension that he had an expression very similar to those we see on Chinese masks; I am not exaggerating. It is not an easy thing to torture people. It requires inner participation. In this situation, I turned out to be the lucky one. I was humiliated. I did not humiliate others. I was simply bearing a profoundly unhappy humanity in my aching entrails. Whereas the men who humiliate you must first humiliate the notion of humanity within themselves. Never mind if they strut around in their uniforms, swollen with the knowledge that they can control the suffering, sleeplessness, hunger, and despair of their fellow human beings, intoxicated with the power in their hands. Their intoxication is nothing other than the degradation of humanity. The ultimate degradation. They have had to pay very dearly for my torments. I wasn't the one in the worst position. I was simply a

man who moaned because he was in great pain. I prefer that. At this moment I am deprived of the joy of seeing children going to school or playing in the parks. Whereas they have to look their own children in the face. It is their own humiliation that I cannot forgive the dictators.

* * *

One of the very few things I have been able to keep here is a picture of Erasmus. It's a newspaper clipping. I cut it out some time ago, and now I often look at it. It gives me a certain sense of peace. I suppose there must be some explanation for this. But I'm not interested in explanations. It is enough that there is this magic, this strange exaltation caused by the identification of this man with our own values, this victory over my solitude, which started centuries ago and which becomes real again as I look at his face. He is shown in profile. I like that. He is not looking at me, but he is telling me where to look. He reveals a solidarity of vision between us. In prison, this solidarity is a daily necessity, like the need for water, bread, sleep. When they search my cell they come upon Erasmus' picture, but they let me keep it. They don't understand. They've no idea how dangerous a mild, wise man can be. Sometimes I wonder about the jailkeeper's eye, watching me through the hole in the door—where does *he* find solidarity of vision?

* * *

Our position as prisoners has many distinguishing features. One of them is that we sing, quite frequently. It may sound strange to people who don't know about prisons. But that's the way it is—and come to think of it, it is very natural. Singing is part of the unwritten instructions passed on by veteran prisoners to newly arrived ones: when the pain and anguish are too much for you, sing. We begin to sing precisely when the anguish becomes unbearable. On days that are free of anguish, we don't sing. Singing seems to melt away that crushing burden we carry, just when we think we can no longer carry it; and then it rises out of us like an invisible gray mist. We feel a kind of relief. *They* know this, and that is why in some prisons, the harshest ones, singing is forbidden. I often sing in my cell, or I whistle. Sometimes I sing to my wife. If she could hear me, she would be pleased, even though I sing false. She knows about singing in prison, she's been through it. In this place singing is a real, immediate need of the spirit. It is the daily bread of those who are struggling not to go insane. It softens up a harsh world and opens up the saving grace of new, wider vistas. As you sing, you feel you are traveling along these extended frontiers of the world. After all, we have our little trips too. I've got to say this: I'm grateful to songwriters, especially those who have composed sad songs. I like singing Mikis Theodorakis, for instance. In his old songs, it's as if he had a kind of foreknowledge of the

prisons he was fated to live in. So we sing. I have never heard my jailkeepers singing. Most of their time they are busy digesting their food.

* * *

We are shut away in our individual cells. In one respect we are the most helpless of creatures. They can do what they like with us. Just as we are sitting in our cell, they march in, they take us away, we don't know where, to some other prison, far away. If it weren't for their strange fear of us, I might say that they look upon us as objects. But this fear of theirs keeps our human status intact, even in their eyes. Now these helpless creatures think of nothing else but the fate of mankind. When we are taken out of our cells and meet our fellow prisoners, that is what we talk about. That is our sole concern. Like so many others, we know the meaning of this yearning for freedom that is pulsating throughout the world. And we can discern, more clearly than ever before, the enemies of freedom. We tremble for the fate of this great country which we call Europe. We know that hope hangs upon Europe, and that is the reason why it is constantly threatened. It is very dangerous to nourish the hopes of mankind. Why else should Greece have become enslaved? They built another bridgehead next to those of Spain and Portugal. They are afraid of Europe—that long-suffering fountainhead of ideas, that inexhaustible breeding ground whose ancient soil has never ceased to shelter the seeds of thinking. The simple citizens of Europe nurture these seeds, keeping them alive thanks to the restless, questing spirit which is so much a part of their being. The wealthy and the powerful are quite right to fear it. In this place, when we talk about "man," we know what we mean. We mean the quality which makes him the measure of all things. That is our oldest, our wisest, our most explosive concept. It is because of this concept that they fear Europe. We know that someday, inevitably, Europe will play her role. That is why we tremble for Europe's fate today. That is why Europe is the sole concern of people like us—the most helpless of creatures.

* * *

It has all become quite clear to me. It had to be this way. From the moment my country was humiliated, debased, it was inevitable that I should go underground. It was an inexorable spiritual imperative. My whole life had been leading me to that imperative. Since childhood, I was taught to gaze upon open horizons, to love the human face, to respect human problems, to honor free attitudes. At the time of the Second World War, I was an adolescent; I lived through the Resistance; it left its moral mark on me. Only I didn't know at the time how deep that mark was. It has now become clear that it was to be the most vital inspiration force in my life. At last I can explain many things that happened to me between then and now. And so when the dictatorship came, I

was already committed to the Resistance, without knowing it. I was carrying my own fate within me. Nothing happened by chance, by coincidence. Only the details were accidental. Diabolically accidental. But the general direction, the orientation, was rooted securely within me. Therefore it is not by mistake that I now find myself in prison. It is quite right that I should be here. What is horribly wrong is that this prison should exist at all.

I would like to write about a friendship I formed the autumn before last. I think it has some significance. It shows the solidarity that can be forged between unhappy creatures. I had been kept in solitary confinement for four months. I hadn't seen a soul throughout that period. Only uniforms—inquisitors and jailkeepers. One day, I noticed three mosquitoes in my cell. They were struggling hard to resist the cold that was just beginning. In the daytime they slept on the wall. At night they would come buzzing over me. In the beginning, they exasperated me. But fortunately I soon understood. I too was struggling hard to live through the cold spell. What were they asking from me? Something unimportant. A drop of blood—it would save them. I couldn't refuse. At nightfall I would bare my arm and wait for them. After some days they got used to me and they were no longer afraid. They would come to me quite naturally, openly. This trust is something I owe them. Thanks to them, the world was no longer merely an inquisition chamber. Then one day I was transferred to another prison. I never saw my mosquitoes again. This is how you are deprived of the presence of your friends in the arbitrary world of prisons. But you go on thinking of them, often.

* * *

During the months when I was being interrogated, alone before those men with the multiple eyes of a spider—and the instincts of a spider—one night a policeman on guard smiled at me. At that moment, the policeman was all men to me. Four months later, when the representative of the International Red Cross walked into my cell, once again I saw all men in his friendly face. When one day they finally put me in a cell with another prisoner and he began to talk to me about the thing he loved most in life—sailing and fishing boats—this man too was all men to me. It is true, then, that there are situations in which each one of us represents all mankind. And it is the same with these papers: I have entrusted them to a poor Italian prisoner who has just been released and who was willing to try to smuggle them out for me. Through him I hope they will eventually reach you. That man again is all men to me. But I think it is time I finished. I have raised my hand, made a sign. And so we exist. We over here in prison, and you out there who agree with us. So: *Freedom my love.* □

A PROSODY OF BEASTS

Buck at Tshokwane

At a bound with their brows lyre-laden,
Their counterpoint couched in the tendon,
The impala proceed from the anapest
Made flesh in immaculate fauns.

Red sentinels stir in the sunlight—
The waterbuck heaves up his antlers,
And dark in the thicket the sable,
Bred under stern Sagittarius,
Mans the defense like an archer.

And willfully, fleetingly, clean-hooved, dactylic,
The cantering zebra disturb the savannah,
With shadow and blaze, the changing and changeless.
They slash through the green, the sleek alexandrines,
Comely mare, russet foal, the trot is trochaic.

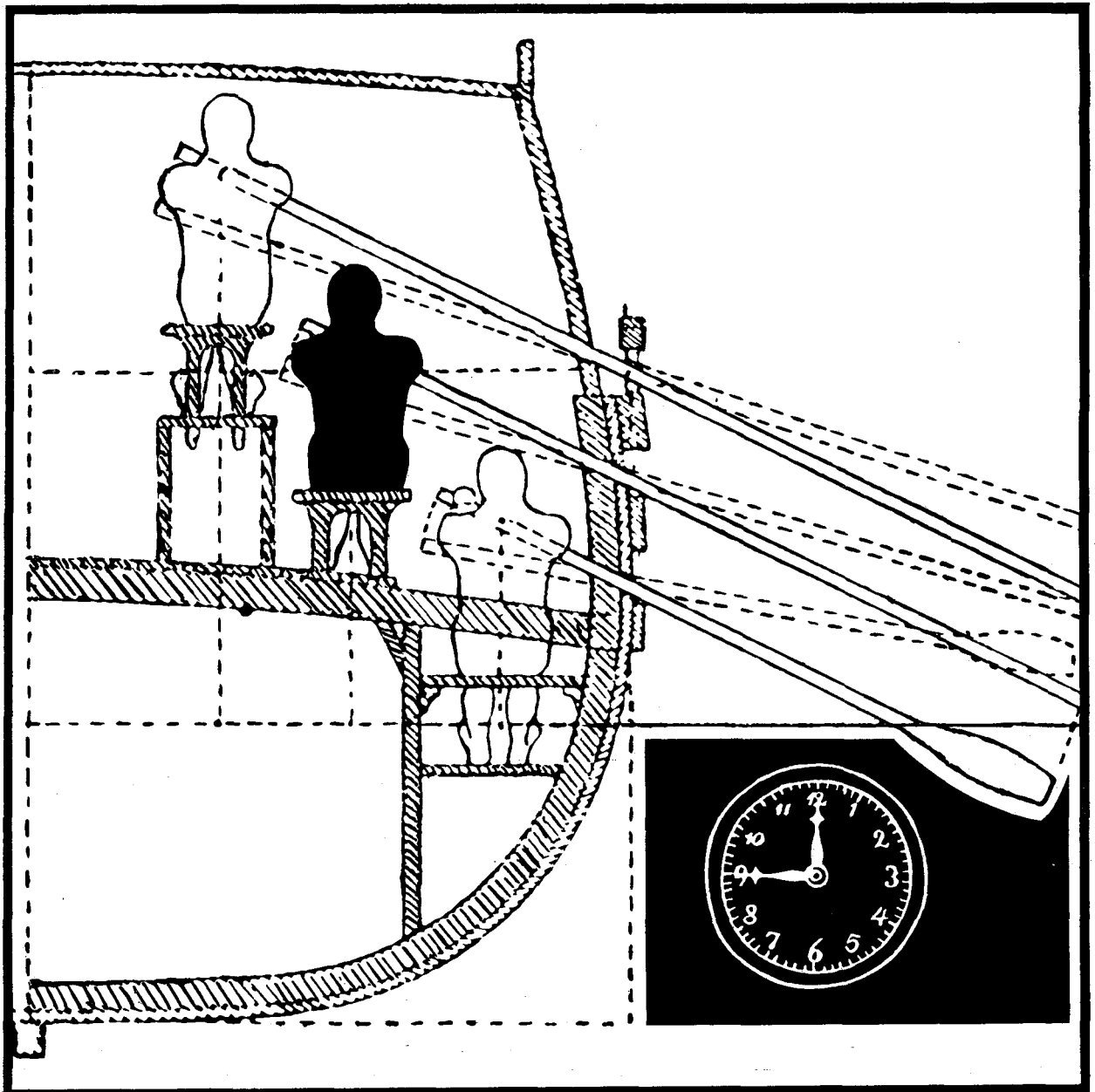
"I come," calls the leopard, "Beware!
I have borrowed the beauty of Christ,
The manifold, sweet, the constant, all-seeing."
Cloud-leopard with eyeballs of opal,
He sweetens the air with his breathing.
He is bolted with stars.

Up, antelope! Dread the iambic—
The cat with his footfall of silence descends.
His leap is the shape of a scythe: he is hunting alone.

By the fetid pool, where green as nightmare,
Bole, branch and leaf, the fever-tree sickens,
Here glides the giraffe, slowly into the wind:
A dragon's bones lodge meekly under the hide
Of a mere gazelle. His spotted head
Lifts to the vulture's height: he peers at the distant grass
Under his far-off feet
Silent as sunlight he broods above the m'pani,
Turning its thorns to honey, its sap to Cana.
The gold camelopard confounds with fact all fables,
The uttermost lily of a flowerless forest,
The bush blooms with the beast, startled, spondaic.

by Martha Bacon

WORK IN



AMERICA

A Special Section

A man at work—anywhere in “the system”—faced a perverse set of uncertainties in 1971. Wages and salaries had risen, benefits increased (the four-day week could not be far off)—but at any moment the faltering economy might choose to dissolve another job. Unemployment rose most dramatically among two groups: the lowest paid, least skilled, and the highest paid, the managers, scientists, and engineers. Inflation stole away the gains that the average family earned. Finally in August, the President declared a national state of emergency and instituted a range of measures including the first effort to control wages and prices since 1953, with unforeseeable consequences.

But even relief from inflation and renewed prosperity would leave crucial questions unanswered. How is work itself changing in our society? A few changes are plain. The office and the factory move out from the city, stand by the side of the freeway, islands of aluminum and glass. The substance of work changes; it has been about fifteen years since the balance of the economy shifted from production to services. Hundreds of thousands scurry ahead of oncoming automation, moving upward into more skilled jobs. The ratio of white-collar to blue-collar workers now stands at 5 to 4. What of the large questions—the pleasures, miseries, the significance of work? Listen to just the cultural news of the past few years—the flowering of youth, the “veritable greening of America”—and you could almost forget that work continues to exist: much of work’s traditional power to bestow dignity has disappeared. And yet, as one writer argues in the section that follows, that may mean only that we expect more from it. What is the meaning of my job? What am *I* doing that *we* need? What can be done to make work more gratifying?

These and many more questions have come to the fore in a country that grew to power in the belief that work was the engine of life. We examine some of them in the special section that follows.

—The Editors

THE ASSEMBLY LINE

by William Serrin

The line, the goddamn line. Fifty-five cars an hour, 440 cars a shift . . . two shifts a day, 4400 cars a week . . . 44 assembly plants, 9 million cars a year . . . lights, machinery, noise . . . hundreds of hustling workers, arms moving, legs moving . . . tightening bolts, fastening cables . . . using big electric wrenches and drills, the hoses stretched out behind them . . . and the colors, the brilliant goddamn colors . . . aqua, grabber lime, pewter, pinto red, sassy grass green, rosewood, ascot blue, Nevada silver, cottonwood green, in-violet, curious yellow, burgundy fire, glacial blue, Tor-Red, amber sherwood, formal black, sunflower, sandalwood, cranberry, Sno White, Bahama yellow, true blue, rallye red, yellow gold . . . The Workers, 700,000 of them across the country, 200,000 of them in the Detroit area . . . men and women, whites and blacks . . . big blacks with Afros and young dudes with processes, paunchy whites, paunchy blacks, red-necks, fathers, husbands, suburbanites . . . women, tight-skinned, almost never pretty, with hair teased in the fashion of ten years ago . . . 8 hours a day, not counting a half hour off for lunch . . . 46 minutes of relief time, when a fellow can sit down or use the toilet or have a smoke or get a Coke or a Mallo-Cup . . . workers sanding gray metal and rough spots on painted metal after the cars have come from the bake oven . . . taking windshields from a pile, slopping glue on and attaching a rubber sleeve . . . a worker attaching the windshield to a hydraulic lift with suction cups and swinging it onto the line . . . workers swinging the engine onto the line . . . workers swinging the rear axle in and laying the rear springs on the line . . . the body now automatically dropped over the rear axle, the springs, the drive shaft . . . tires inflated by machine and workers taking them off conveyors and putting them on the wheels . . . workers bolting the tires down . . . workers in the pits underneath the assembly line, like slit trenches, standing all day at Ford or GM, sitting at Chrysler . . . installing wires, fastening bolts, 8 hours a day, their arms over their heads . . . workers beating on latches with rubber mallets to make the hoods fit . . . 8 hours a day, 48 weeks a year, \$9000 or so a year, \$130 to \$150 a week in take-home pay . . . THE LINE, THE FINEST PRODUCT OF AMERICAN INVENTIVENESS

. . . 350 models to choose from . . . fascinating, absolutely fascinating, how the engines, tires, fenders, hoods are fed onto the line at the right time, a 429 CID V-8 or a 200 CID Six, the right-size tires, the right-color fenders and hood, the system run by teletype and computer . . . A WONDER OF THE WORLD . . . a few days from the time the iron ore is dug in the Mesabi Range in Minnesota, the coal in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky, the limestone in northern Michigan, the tires manufactured in Akron, Ohio . . . the ore hauled to Gary, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, or Detroit, smelted into steel . . . rolled into sheet steel at 2300 feet per minute . . . stamped into side panels, inner panels, outer panels, fenders, roofs, hoods, decks, floor pans . . . the iron cast into engines, steel forged into axles, rolled into frames . . . the body welded together . . . painted with zinc phosphate . . . painted with two coats of primer, wet-sanded, painted with three coats of acrylic enamel, baked for one hour at 250 degrees . . . dollied onto the line . . . the doors and deck hung . . . dropped over the engine and transmission . . . windshield, instrument panel, and upholstery installed . . . then down the final line . . . rear axle, rear springs, drive shaft, gas line, tires, fenders . . . six gallons of gasoline injected into the gas tank . . . battery hooked up . . . a worker gets in, moving fast, turns the key, and this tremendous noise . . . rrrrrrrRRRRRRRRrrrrRRRRR . . . the car starts up . . . Mustangs, Cougars, Torinos, Dusters, Bonneville, GTO's, Firebirds, Caprices, Mavericks, Pintos, Monterays, Imperials, Furrys, El Dorados, Galaxies, LTD's, Thunderbirds, Challengers, Darts, Barracudas, Valiants, New Yorkers, Chevelles, Novas . . . off the line . . . lights aligned, acceleration and brakes tested . . . washed . . . waxed . . . and onto haulaway trucks or railroad cars, 15 to the car, and hauled across America.

In 1933, at the height of the Great Depression, Diego Rivera, the Mexican painter, completed a nine-month project: an awesome set of murals in the garden court of the Detroit Institute of Arts. The soaring murals, depicting life in the auto plants, caused a furor. Rivera did not celebrate life in the

plants as the civic leaders would have had it: he painted the workers as grim-faced robots locked in dreary jobs. Automatons. The city was beside itself. Meetings were held; letters poured in to the papers. Rivera was reviled. Two august institutions, the *Detroit News* and the Archdiocese of Detroit, demanded that the murals be whitewashed. Reason prevailed, however, and the murals remain. So too, of course, do the automobile plants which Rivera painted. And now, more than three decades later, this is clear: in many cases, in many plants, life for automobile workers remains as monotonous and full of drudgery as Rivera painted it. It is preferable, for any number of them, to the mines, the military, or clerical paper pushing. But for many of America's auto workers—the very heart of the working class—life is dull, brutish, weary, stuporous.

This is ironic, of course, for the automobile worker is the beneficiary of the best that America has to offer. It was nothing less than the American Dream that brought the automobile workers to Detroit, the promise that hard work would bring the good life.

First the immigrants came: English, Italians, Swedes, Slavs, Hungarians, Scottish, Poles, Irish, to make big money, to cash in on the \$5 day. Then the white Southerners from Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, to make big money in *Dee*-troit. And then—originally because they worked cheaply, sometimes as scabs, and now because they provide a low-skill, close-at-hand labor force—the blacks. Leonard Woodcock, president of the United Automobile Workers, says, "If there ever was a melting pot, I think it's the automobile industry."

In the 1930s, in the stormy strikes in Toledo, Cleveland, Atlanta, Detroit, and Flint, the workers formed the United Automobile Workers. Today they profit from the UAW's liberalism and aggressiveness. They are, moreover, beneficiaries of the fruits of mass production, the assembly line—this is the industry that brought the assembly line to American life.

These days there is unrest in the auto plants once again. Roughly 40 percent of the automotive work force is under thirty. And many of these young men and women say that their jobs, and their lives, are dull and unrewarding. Nearly 35 percent of the work force is black, and this figure often rises to 60 or 70 percent in low-skill jobs—laborers and production workers in the inner-city plants. Many of the older workers, largely whites in their forties and fifties, are also angry and dissatisfied. They want to quit but say that they can't afford to; they wait to retire.

A sizable number of automobile workers, of course, have reached a level of affluence—an accumulation of goods—unmatched in the history of the working class.

A year ago, after a ten-week strike at the General Motors Corporation, the United Automobile Workers won what was one of the most lucrative contracts in the history of industrial negotiations—a package that GM said would cost it more than \$2.4 billion in

wages alone. Cost-of-living allowances could push the total figures much higher. The settlement, later matched at the Ford Motor Company and Chrysler Corporation, could, according to GM, raise the salary of many GM workers to some \$12,000 a year by 1973. (In his initial reaction to the Administration's anti-inflation moves, the UAW's Woodcock threatened termination of the 1970 contracts and the possibility of new strikes if the ninety-day wage-price freeze, or extension of it, interfered with wage increases and cost-of-living adjustments negotiated with the industry last year.)

In a booklet which General Motors Corporation sent to all its 440,000 hourly employees, GM workers were told that they are "well up on the income ladder—in the TOP THIRD income group in the nation!" Earl Bramblett, a GM vice president for personnel and director of its negotiation team, says that it is incorrect even to think of auto workers as the *working class*. Auto workers have achieved *affluence*, Bramblett argues, and there is "a long difference between affluence and the working class." Sidney McKenna, director of labor relations at the Ford Motor Company, says, "I can scarcely believe that [the auto worker] could be identified as working-class poor."

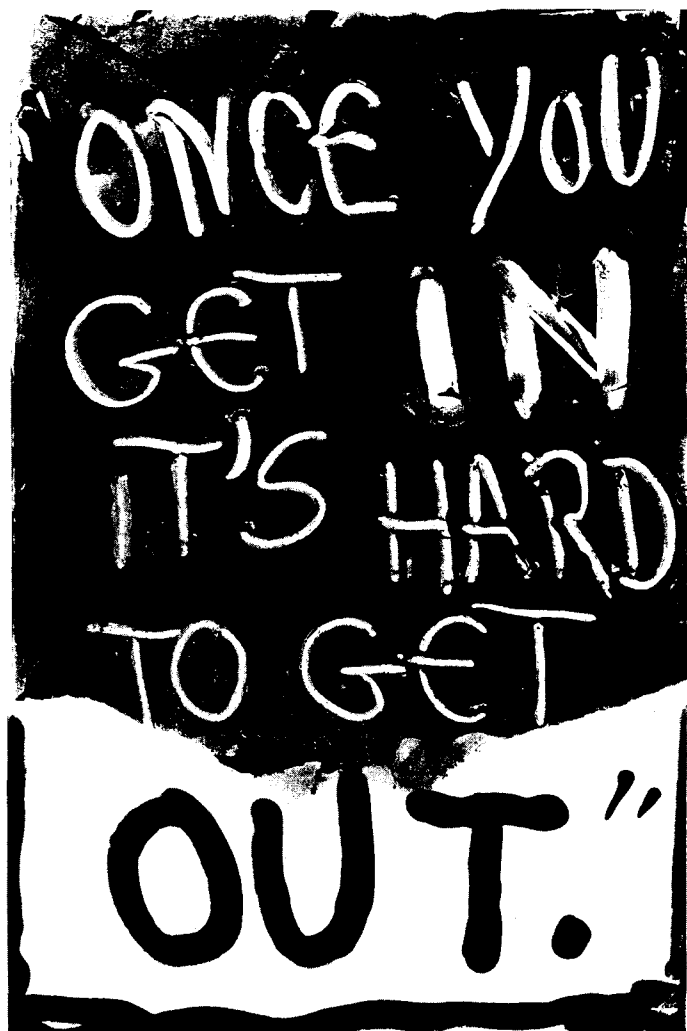
A woman at GM's Fisher Body plant in Livonia: "We're different people than we were. I've worked in the plant since 1928 . . . then we were just a bunch of blue-collar workers who didn't amount to a hill of beans. . . . Now, well, look, a lot of us can afford summer cottages, some of us can afford boats, two cars, things like that."

A black who works at a GM Fisher Body plant in Detroit: "Auto workers have achieved the more comfortable things in life."

Immense strides have also been made in improving shop conditions since the 1930s. Workers now have seniority and job security. They have 23 minutes of relief time in the first four hours of their shift, 23 minutes in the second four hours. Plants are cleaner; toilets now have doors; there are more fans for ventilation. GM's Bramblett: "We have more than 15,000 vending machines in the plants." Automation has eliminated many difficult, backbreaking tasks. Workers can no longer be told there is no work and sent home with no pay; if they *are* sent home, which almost never happens, they must receive four hours' salary.

When plants are shut down for annual model changeover, workers draw 95 percent of their take-home pay. They have paid holidays. The 1970 UAW settlements provided unlimited cost-of-living protection and a new retirement plan, which would allow thirty-year workers to retire at a pension of \$500 a month at age fifty-eight beginning this month. A year later, the retirement age drops to fifty-six. Many of the employer attitudes that helped bring on unionization are gone.

A retired Ford worker: "You know what they done at Ford's? And this is the truth. They had the service



man follow you into the rest rooms, and you're sitting in there, and he made you get up and lift the toilet seat to see if you were doing something. And if you wasn't, you was fired."

A widow of a Ford worker: "Before the UAW came in, why, we never knew when our husbands would come home and say, 'I'm fired.' Here you may have been pregnant, had a doctor bill to take care of, a sick child . . . besides you maybe had parents to take care of, and your bills piled up. And sometimes the husband would get another job under an assumed name, and the lousy spies, factory spies, would come in and spy him and say, 'Your name is John. How come your name is Al?' And he was fired. And that kept on until after the union had organized."

A GM worker who belongs to UAW Local 174, which Walter Reuther led on the historic Kelsey-Hayes sit-down strike in 1936: "You were just a badge number, years ago."

Workers running through the parking lots of the Ford Rouge plant; lined up two- and three-deep in the bars across from the GM plants in Hamtramck, Flint, or Pontiac; shots of

whiskey and beer chasers lined up one after another down the bar. The A & P . . . Krogers, K-Mart, the tract suburb . . . dinky houses with aluminum siding, the Lombardy poplars, the Page fences . . . big jets blasting overhead . . . white brick cocktail lounges . . . cinder parking lots . . . big water towers . . . drive-in movies. One sees the auto worker, if he is white, lined up in the traffic jams headed toward the suburbs or the fringes of the big cities . . . at the grocery stores and discount houses on Saturday mornings . . . drinking Seagrams Seven in paper cups at the Lions games . . . roaring up to deer season . . . whole families at the cramped campsites of northern Michigan, camper trucks wheel-to-wheel, the men in T-shirts and drinking Strohs, the wives in hair curlers and smoking Kools.

If he is black he comes the other way—to drink Strohs and smoke Kools on the busted porches of the inner city, or to live, mile after mile, in the black middle-class neighborhoods.

Many people have become rich in the automobile industry: scores, if not hundreds, are millionaires—Fords, Sloans, Ketterings, Motts, Wilsons, Roches, Knudsens. Thousands of middle- and top-level executives make good money, as do many skilled tradesmen and foremen. But despite the cheerful phrases of the GM brochure, despite new contract gains, many of the workers in the shops are still pressed to make ends meet. A worker at GM's Fisher Fleetwood plant says: "It takes *two* checks for a family to live comfortably in this day and age."

It is said that no one goes into the shop intending to stay there. This was true thirty-five or forty-five years ago, and it is true today. Always the workers intend to work a year or two, put some money away, and get out. Many dream of going into business for themselves. But many stay in the plants. "Once you get in, it's hard to get out, you know," says a Ford worker, "because you have a wife and a family and this is your means of support." A GM worker: "You get about ten or twelve years in, and you get to thinking about getting out. But like myself, I don't have any training for any other kind of job."

Irving Bluestone, director of the UAW's GM Department: "I just can't imagine that a worker [on the assembly line] can take pride in what he's doing. Just putting on nuts and bolts, you know, what the hell kind of pride can you take in that?"

Ken Bannon, head of the UAW's Ford Department: "You're fighting this iron tiger. You're handcuffed to it. You don't get a fair chance at it. And every so often the big man comes over with his key, and unhandcuffs you, and then you can go get a cup of coffee or have a little break." Pounding the table, Bannon says, "You're actually handcuffed there . . . when that car comes down you better be there; you can't be at the water fountain, you can't be on the

john, you can't be having a snack. You are handcuffed to that line because when that product comes to you, brother, you better be there."

A Cadillac worker: "You walk in the plant in the morning, and the *smell*. As soon as you get to the door, you say, 'What am I coming here for? I'm crazy.'" A fellow worker: "You follow that iron horse"—the assembly line—"all day, and your ass is dragging when you walk out." A supervisor at a GM Pontiac plant says of the assembly-line worker: "You don't think . . . you're just an automated puppet." Another GM worker: "That's all I'm working for—my paycheck and retirement."

At Chrysler Corporation's Dodge Main plant, a member of a militant black union group: "Black workers, they work on the dirtiest, greasiest, nastiest, filthiest, noisiest jobs. You go find the dirtiest, greasiest, nastiest, filthiest jobs, and that's where you'll find the black man." The UAW's Bannon says of the assembly line: "It's a beast. It's an ugly, ugly, ugly beast." Frank Runnels, president of the UAW Local 22: "A guy would have to be a freak to enjoy a life like this."

One UAW woman says she enjoyed the several years she worked on a transmission assembly line: "It was the cleanest place in our plant. It was air-conditioned . . . the floors were cleaner too. Some people say just standing there day after day can be terribly monotonous, which it is—if you think about it. The only thing I found . . . was you can't stand there and think about what you're doing. . . . But after you've once become accustomed to the job you can plan your vacation, you can plan your children's college, you can plan your housework, you can plan all your outside activities . . . while you are working away."

Automation has certainly eased some of the work. Irving Bluestone, who for years served as Walter Reuther's intellectual-in-residence: "In the machine shops, the feeder plants, the stamping plants, you would recognize the difference over the past generation of workers . . . because here the major technological advances have taken place."

GM's Bramblett, who worked on an engine assembly line at GM from 1928 to 1934: "We have engineered out of existence a lot of disagreeable jobs. When I worked on the line we handled the crankshaft by hand, and in a six-cylinder engine that weighed sixty-nine pounds. We had no lifting devices. We picked them up in our hands, moved them to a fixture for checking, and put them in. Nowadays all the cranks are handled with lifting devices, counterbalances. So you can tiptoe them around, and you don't really have to exert a lot of physical energy."

Bramblett goes on: "Another thing that comes to mind is the polishing of paint on a finished car. You

had a big rag wheel and an electric motor that was quite heavy . . . it turned, rotated. There was polish on it. This created wind, dust. It was quite a hard physical job. Modern-day paint techniques do not require that anymore. . . . I'm not suggesting that a factory is a lounge. It's a workplace. But I would say there are a lot of heavy lifting jobs, disagreeable jobs, nasty jobs, that have been improved."

And William Connelly, a member of UAW Local 598 at Flint, a man who participated in the 1936-1937 UAW sit-down strike, remembers: "We was spitting tacks. We used to take a handful of tacks, put them in our mouths to do our work with. And kids would come in there, breaking in, and whoops, they'd swallow a tack. And first thing the old-timers would do is tell them, 'Take a handful of cotton and swallow it right away.' The theory was that the cotton would wrap itself around the head of the tack and protect the stomach. I don't know if it worked or not. But we used to do it anyhow."

Windshields, which weigh about thirty pounds, are now moved into place on automatic lifting arms, the windshields attached to the arms on huge suction cups. Mechanical hoists are used for swinging seats onto the line for installation, and there are now mechanical roof loaders which place roof sections on top of the bodies for welding; mechanical door positioners; machines which place floor pans in position for welding to the underbody; and devices which transfer the completed underbody to what is called the "body build truck," the wheeled platform on which the body is constructed. Side frame fixtures, large as half the side of a car, are moved into place mechanically. All these machines now perform jobs previously done by hand or with hoists which still required much physical effort. In addition, automatic welders have eliminated many demanding welding jobs, and safety in the plants is remarkably improved. GM says that its jobs "are the safest in industry," and that "the most hazardous thing an employee does is to leave the plant."

It is clear that most changes in the auto plants have come about in order to increase productivity, because the UAW hounded the companies into changes such as the present forty-six minutes a day of relief time. As many people see it, the UAW, for all its power to gain higher wages and fringe benefits, can do little to change the working environment.

To many workers, automation is an enemy. Not, as it was once feared, because it eliminates jobs but because, they say, it increases production and gives workers more tasks. Van Brooks, a worker at Chrysler Corporation's Jefferson Assembly plant: "I'll say up until 1958, when you got up in the morning—under the work standards and the system we were working under—it was a pleasure to come out here and meet the fellows and work. You didn't have to work under a strain. But after the recession, and they commenced to drive you and putting in automation . . . putting on so much pressure and adding so

many jobs to you, that when you get up in the morning now, you say, 'Oh, man, I wish I didn't have to go to the plant today.'"

The auto industry—almost seventy years old now—has millions of dollars invested in its tools and machines; the complete automation that some theorists talk about is, from the economic standpoint, impractical. Many assembly lines are not suited to extensive automation. Only men and women, not machines, can perform many of the tasks—crawling in and out of automobile chassis, for example, to install trim. UAW vice president Douglas Fraser believes that many of the tasks eliminated by automation were tasks that required at least some degree of dexterity—tasks that gave the worker some challenge. Says Fraser: "In an auto plant fifteen years ago, there used to be some very fine jobs, what we called semiskills. The internal-external grinder, the trimmer, jobs like this where you can use a little ingenuity and individuality and some skill, and you could sort of beat the game by finding shortcuts. Now . . . I suspect when all these jobs were automated out of existence, some of the most interesting jobs disappeared. And this has hurt the system."

There are, of course, ways a worker can improve his lot. If he performs well and is nominated by his supervisors, he can be promoted to foreman and earn a 25 percent increase in pay. He can apply to become a skilled tradesman. Under the new contract, for example, millwrights earn about \$5.41 an hour, die-makers about \$5.67, as compared with the average assembler's pay of about \$4.30 an hour. Yet few workers show interest in becoming foremen, despite the fact that it seems a natural goal. "The tension is too great," says the UAW's Fraser. "The kids are extremely difficult to discipline, if not impossible. They're afraid of confrontation with the blacks . . . there are all sorts of pressures." And the skilled trades are often closed trades, especially to blacks.

The easiest and most frequently used way to get out of the shops is to quit. There is another, more aimless method: staying home, or at least off the line.

Absenteeism, which traditionally ran at a rate of about 2.5 percent of the work force, has soared in the last five years to more than 5.5 percent, an all-time high. On Fridays and Mondays, says GM's Bramblett, "it's not wild to have 10 percent of the people absent." In April, 1970, on the second shift on a Friday, more than 200 workers of the 2700-man work force (about 8 percent) were absent at a GM Chevrolet assembly plant in Baltimore. GM shut the plant down. The plant manager sent letters to the families of each worker urging employees to be "at work every day on time: to avoid the necessity of harsh disciplinary measures."

In a Chrysler glass plant, a place the UAW's Fraser calls "scrupulously clean, very quiet, by the na-

ture of the operation," absenteeism averages 8 to 9 percent on midweekdays, and around 15 percent on Fridays and Mondays. A great many of the workers who stay off the job are younger workers who feel that they can make enough money in three or four days to meet their needs. Black workers contribute heavily to the absenteeism rate: on Friday afternoons, after payday, they sit in cars in a parking lot behind a block-long string of bars across the street from Chrysler's Dodge Main plant drinking beer, whiskey, and Boone's Farm Apple Wine. Often they don't return to work those Friday afternoons. Fraser says: "I would say that the young people are rebelling against the system."

In July, 1970, at 4:55 on a Wednesday afternoon shift, a thirty-six-year-old black employee of the Chrysler Corporation, James Johnson, Jr., walked into the Eldon Avenue Axle plant, pulled an M-1 carbine from his pant leg, loaded it with a 30-round banana clip, and went on a wild killing spree. "He's firing at everybody in white shirts," a worker cried. Within minutes, three men were dead: a foreman, Hugh M. Jones, who had suspended Johnson for insubordination an hour before, plus another foreman and a job setter. Johnson told a UAW committeeman who captured him, "They took me off the job I had held for two years and put a man with less seniority in my place."

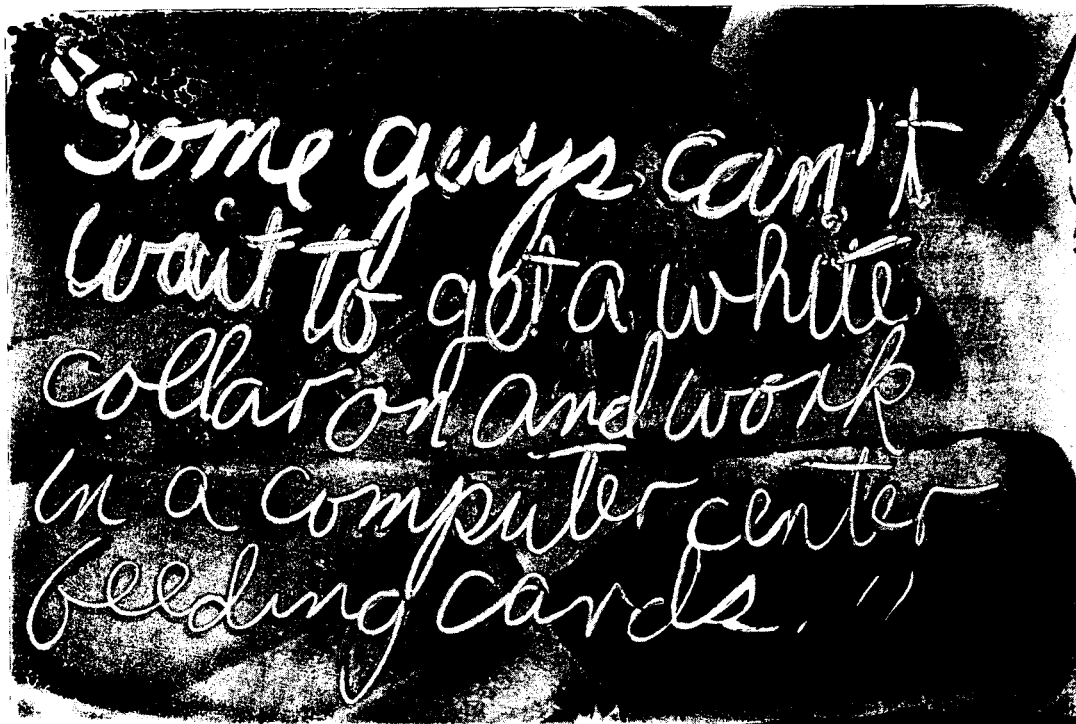
That shooting made banner headlines, but was only one of several violent incidents in the plants. A man was killed in a shooting in a Chrysler plant the same month, and there have been other shootings, as well as cases involving the display of weapons.

According to James McGahey, president of the 23,000-member United Plant Guards, "there has been an extensive increase in incidents of assault with deadly weapons, the use of narcotics, and a complete breakdown of respect for plant guards." He thinks—although the estimate is high—that probably as many as 60 percent of the automobile workers have guns on their persons or in their cars or lockers.

Nelson Jack Edwards, a UAW board member and its highest-ranking black, says of the Johnson incident in heavy understatement, "We're not in sympathy with that kind of action." A majority of black workers agree with Edwards; they see themselves making progress and remain allied with the UAW. But other blacks see it differently.

For the fact is that blacks are still making only small inroads into the skilled trades and foreman ranks. They tend to have the lowest-paid, most disagreeable and difficult assembly-line jobs. With no seniority, they are also the first laid off (hundreds of hard-core "unemployables," hired in a well-publicized recruiting drive after the Detroit riot, were let go last year).

A member of a black union group, an affiliate of the League of Revolutionary Black Workers: "The



morning the *Free Press* came out with the front-page headline of the shooting in the Eldon plant, this blood came in that had been off for two days, see, and the foreman said to the blood, real tough, see, 'Come here. Where you been?' I took the front page of the *Free Press* and I went over there and held it up to his face. He turned his back."

Last May, in a stunning decision, a Recorder's Court jury found Johnson innocent because of temporary insanity. The jury held that two conditions were responsible for the insanity: Johnson's early life as a sharecropper in the South and the conditions of factory life, including violence, unsafe practices, harassment from foremen. "Did you see that cement room in the plant?" a juror was heard to ask during a four-hour deliberation. "Working there would drive anyone crazy."

More than a year ago, Malcolm Denise, vice president for labor relations of the Ford Motor Company, addressed a group of management executives privately. (The UAW pirated a copy of the speech and made it public.) Denise declared: "Employees in the seventies . . . will be even less willing [than they have been in recent years] to put up with dirty and uncomfortable working conditions, even less likely to accept the unvarying pace and functions on moving lines." He went on: "Large numbers of those we hire find factory life so distasteful that they quit after only a brief exposure."

Auto executives' statements on these subjects tend largely to be reserved for confidential talks. Many of them echo GM Chairman James M. Roche, speaking out with rare bluntness a year ago in an address in

St. Louis in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the General Motors Corporation. His subject was absenteeism. Roche declared, "Management and the public have lately been shortchanged. We have a right to more than we are receiving." He said that GM had an investment of \$24,000 in each of its hourly employees, but that "tools and technology mean nothing if the worker is absent from his job. We must receive the fair day's work for which we pay the fair day's wage."

Two questions come to mind: Must factories always be distasteful places to work? Will men who work in them always be looked down upon?

The new GM plant at Lordstown, Ohio, is the most automated plant in automotive history, capable of producing 100 Chevrolet Vegas (GM's new subcompact) each hour, compared with the usual production rate of 50 to 60. Many difficult welding jobs have been eliminated, with huge robots replacing workers. GM's John DeLorean, general manager of the Chevrolet division, insists, "Every tedious job [at Lordstown] has been eliminated from the assembly line."

The Ford Motor Company has produced a film called *Don't Paint It Like Disneyland*, which attempts to give the employee an accurate picture of the drudgery of factory life. It is perhaps the most candid look that a company has given its employees, and viewers are told, "It's a drag at first, but you realize you got to do it, so you do it." Chrysler Corporation experimented with S & H Green Stamps at its Mound Road plant, giving trading stamps each month to workers with perfect attendance records. And some foremen have been given sensitivity training.

But UAW demands for voluntary overtime and in-

verse seniority, for example, went by the boards in the 1970 negotiations as the talks got down to money. And even when progressive proposals are enacted, they do not get to the heart of the matter: the system. Auto and union men alike say that it is the system—the assembly line, and emphasis on productivity—that makes the auto industry, for better or worse, what it is.

Says Douglas Fraser of the ground swell of support for the UAW's 30-and-out, a contract proposal that workers be allowed to retire after 30 years "in service": "Fellows my age, and I would not want to say this in a mass meeting because it's so regrettable, these fellows—fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three—guys I had worked with, would be calling me up and saying, 'Doug, you got to get this 30-and-out. We got to get out of here.'"

The UAW has made some specific proposals: voluntary overtime, so that only those workers who want additional hours will have to work them; inverse seniority, so that older employees with more seniority can be home during layoffs and new employees (this would be especially beneficial to hardcore unemployed—the blacks) can earn more. The UAW's Nelson Jack Edwards would allow employees to declare how many days a week they wish to work. This would permit the younger employees, who add so much to absentee rates, to take off the time they wish, and allow the companies to plan for this as well. If, as John Kenneth Galbraith writes, overtime broke the "barbarous uniformity of the weekly wage" that assumed that "all families have the same tastes, needs," this "undertime" proposal would go far toward meeting particular needs of individuals and families. Frank Runnels, the UAW Local 22 president, proposes installing service centers in plants so that blue-collar employees can share the opportunities of white-collar workers who do not punch time clocks: purchase of stamps and money orders, haircuts, check cashing, paying of utility bills. Blue-collar workers, for example, ought to have as much right to air conditioning as white-collar workers. Air conditioning remains a white-collar amenity.

The UAW's Ken Bannon has proposed abandoning the present assembly line for a system in which cars would be built by teams: a team would take an automobile—or a major component—and follow it down the line, assembling it entirely by themselves. "The average guy wants to do a decent job, I don't give a damn what walk of life he's in." His proposal, Bannon argues, would "give men dignity" and pride in their work. But neither management nor the UAW took the proposal seriously.

The auto executives know there is discontent in the shops: the staff psychologists and psychiatrists say so. The company reports say so

too, when they tell the number of toilet seats ripped off toilets, the absenteeism rates, the vandalism, the parking-lot crime, the turnover, the sabotage.

Yet the executives point out that millions of American workers, white- and blue-collar, are unhappy. Lee A. Iacocca, president of Ford: "What the hell. *I* have tough days. It's boring as hell up here sometimes." He says: "Some guys . . . can't wait to get a white collar on and work in a computer center feeding cards. And *that's* monotonous. That's *really* monotonous."

Most auto executives believe that while, in the words of Ford's McKenna, "we're frank to admit that working on the line is different than working in a bank or supermarket," the drudgery, the physical exertion, the monotony of the shop are exaggerated. Or they believe, at the least, that many jobs are tough—that it is time that workers, and the work philosophers, accept this. That it is time that workers start showing up on time, start giving their jobs their all—and stop complaining.

"The truth of the matter," says Earl Bramblett, "is that GM jobs are good jobs."

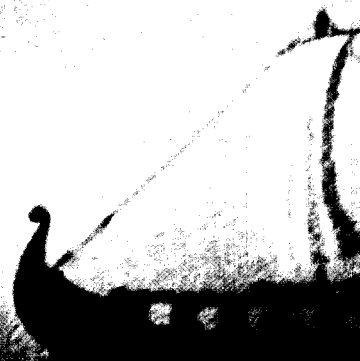
To many people, however, the assembly line—which Daniel Bell has said represents the "distinctive ethos" of twentieth-century America—is a cruel, dehumanizing place, one that should not, need not, be tolerated in a nation as rich and technologically advanced, as professedly concerned with human dignity as America.

Through the years, critics have proposed many reforms: job rotation, job enlargement, participatory management. Charles R. Walker and Robert H. Guest, using suggestions of the workers themselves, proposed in their book, *The Man on the Assembly Line*, increased rest periods and, where possible, that the companies allow workers to create "banks" and to "work up the line"—that is, to work as fast as they wish so that they can get ahead of their job—say, build up a stack of fenders or tires, and then rest. They called for "real communication," arguing that "both groups"—management and labor—had "much of mutual interest to tell each other about the assembly of automobiles."

Daniel Bell, in his short book, *Work and its Discontents*, recommended extensive use of multipurpose automatic machinery which, he said, would bring about "decentralization of the industry . . . [construction of] new plants away from major cities." He declared: "If one hopes to consider the worker as more than a part of 'human relations' . . . his job must not only feed his body; it must sustain his spirit."

Dr. Stanley Seashore, a psychologist with the Institute for Social Research at the University of Michigan, says that auto companies must learn to "minimize status differences and maximize learning." He says changes will come not by increasing salaries and fringe benefits—normal results of company-union negotiations—but when "some manufacturer takes a

But the Vikings discovered America.





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In 1972 A.D. America discovers the Vikings.

One day next summer, America will discover what the sea is really all about.

From people who have known for over a thousand years: The Vikings of Norway.

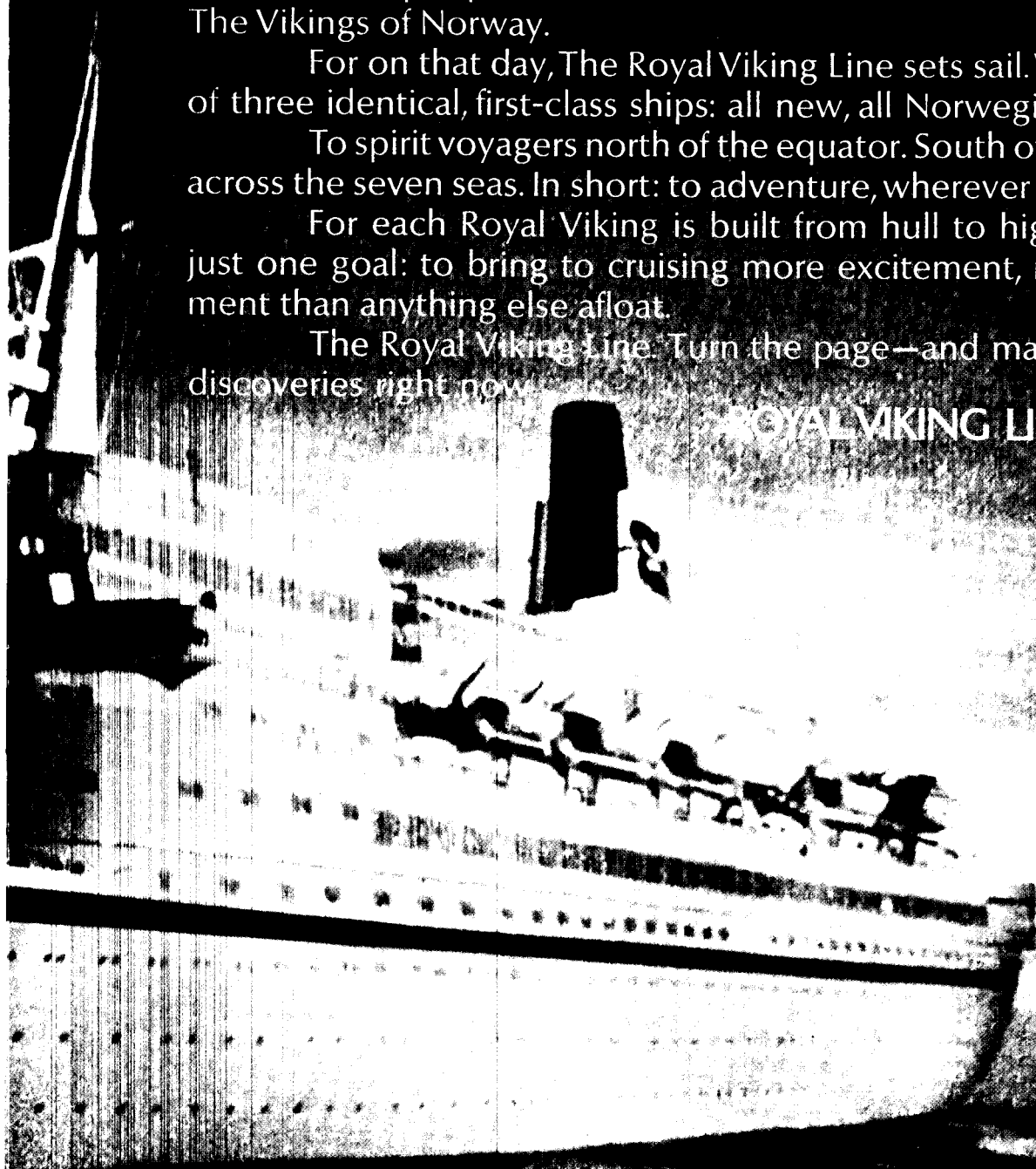
For on that day, The Royal Viking Line sets sail. With the first of three identical, first-class ships: all new, all Norwegian, all *now*.

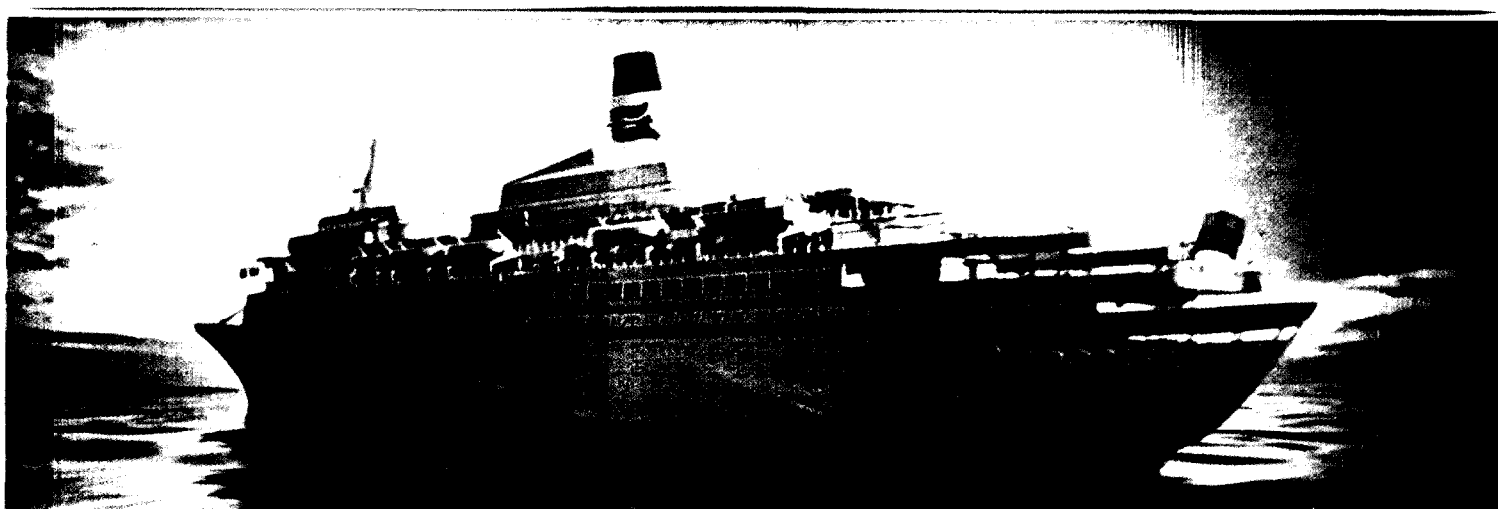
To spirit voyagers north of the equator. South of it. East, west, across the seven seas. In short: to adventure, wherever it awaits.

For each Royal Viking is built from hull to high mast with just one goal: to bring to cruising more excitement, more enrichment than anything else afloat.

The Royal Viking Line. Turn the page—and make your own discoveries right now.

ROYAL VIKING LINE





When will the Royal Vikings sail?

The Royal Viking Star, first of three identical sister ships, hoists anchor on July 21, 1972. Maiden voyage: a 14-day odyssey from Copenhagen to Norway's North Cape (while the sun is wide awake at midnight). Ships two and three complete the fleet in 1973.

How long are the voyages?

Very brief.

And also very leisurely.

Royal Viking will offer you the widest range of journeys in the business—from four-day look-see's to Mexico, to Around the World in 90 Days.

Where will they sail from?

And where will they go?

Here's the chart we've charted for the first year:

1. Two North Cape cruises, from Copenhagen to Copenhagen, 14 days, 7/21/72 and 8/4/72
2. Russia/Europe, from Copenhagen to New York, 26 days, 8/19/72
3. Mediterranean, round trip from New York, 35 days, 9/15/72
4. Intercoastal/Caribbean, from N.Y. and Ft. Lauderdale to L.A. and S.F., 21 days, 10/21/72
5. West Coast/Caribbean, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 32 days, 11/12/72
6. California Coast, round trip from S.F., 4 days, 12/14/72
7. Mexico Holiday, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 16 days, 12/18/72
8. South Seas, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 46 days, 1/4/73
9. Circle Pacific, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 66 days, 2/20/73
10. Caribbean/Europe, from S.F., L.A. and Ft. Lauderdale to Copenhagen, 37 days, 4/28/73

What about sea/air and fly-cruise combinations?

You name them, we'll have them for every single cruise we've shown above.

What makes your cruises extra see-worthy?

In addition to all the popular ports, we'll go to places like Tahiti's legendary neighbor, Moorea. The Jet Set's Mediterranean hideaway, Sardinia. The Great Barrier Reef. Siberia's Vladivostok. (Wherever needed, we'll launch our own launches—to go where cruise ships can't!)

We'll keep our schedules *flexible*. (If the weather turns bad we'll turn away—in search of sunnier climes.) And wherever we wander, lecturers, artists, other stimulating people will entertain, inform, *enrich* you.

What do the Royal Vikings cost?

They cost *us* over \$70 million.

But in 52 of our outside double state-rooms, for example, the cost to you is only \$65 per person per day. Others more or less. Including all meals, facilities, entertainment.

How many staterooms in all?

289—including four suites, 35 deluxes, 209 doubles, 37 singles. Room aplenty for 541 adventurers in all, all in lower beds. *And 94% can see the sea!*

What about stateroom flexibility?

58 rooms convert—via connecting doors—into two-bedroom staterooms.

What are the staterooms like?

Like fabulous. Every cabin has a built-in bar. Closed circuit TV, installed or available. A private phone. A shower and/or tub. Scandinavian crystal, china, wall ceramics.

And the public rooms?

Like a seagoing exhibit of Scandinavian design—with pure clean colors, bold textures, strong lines.

There's a lounge as warm and welcoming as the poshest private club.

A dining room as fabulous as our Royal Viking food.

A night spot where you can skø!—or rock-and-roll.

A sky bar with a crow's nest kind of view.

A brace of boutiques, a widescreen cinema, a seagoing gym.

Even a Viking-style sauna—complete with Scandinavian masseuse!

And, on the outside looking in, a dance floor with the stars for a ceiling. Tennis courts and places to perfect your golfing drive. The kind of heated pool a movie star might envy.

Who's who in the crew?

Temperamental chefs, tactful maitre d's, discreet attendants from the entire continent of Europe. And the men who man the ships? *Norwegian* through and through.

Who's behind The Royal Viking Line?

The Old World. And the New.

In Europe, the ships are being built by three of Norway's largest shipping firms. In America, they're being managed by experts who know what today's voyagers want. *And how to deliver it.*

Then is Royal Viking "Norwegian"? Or "American"? Or what?

The ships themselves are Norwegian in spirit and style. But the shipboard life is international in appeal. Food, drink, decor—all are geared to the best in global taste.

How do I book Royal Viking?

Just see your travel agent. (When it comes to facts and figures, he's very seaworthy!) Or call 800-227-4246. Toll free, anywhere in the continental U.S. (From Northern California or Canada, 415-398-8000. Southern California, 213-627-1365. Collect.)

To: Cruise Consultant
Royal Viking Line
Department A-14
One Embarcadero Center
San Francisco, CA 94111

ROYAL VIKING LINE 

The Vikings sound to my liking. Please send your 1972-73 Cruise and Fare Schedule and these folders: ☐ North Cape, ☐ Russia/Europe, ☐ Mediterranean, ☐ Intercoastal/Caribbean, ☐ West Coast/Caribbean, ☐ California Coast, ☐ Mexico Holiday, ☐ South Seas, ☐ Circle Pacific, ☐ Caribbean/Europe.

Name

Street

City State Zip

My travel agent's name

All Royal Viking Line vessels will be of Norwegian registry. And spirit.

hell of a big risk and makes a dramatic change in the whole philosophy of the organization—the conception of the relations between the management and the employees, between the employer and the community.”

Dr. Christopher Argyris, a Yale University psychologist, warns that people “must stop assuming that the humdrum, programmed life that a worker now leads is going to be changed” drastically, no matter what a company might do. But he says that while there are limits to change, much change can come. He says: “You can make jobs attractive enough so that the worker has the chance to experience some meaningfulness, some growth in his life.”

Dr. Edward Lawler, a Yale psychologist, says that a “sort of class racism—classism” exists in which managers say, “‘Those guys don’t have anything to offer and therefore we don’t ask. And when we do ask they don’t really say very much.’ Well, there are a lot of reasons why they don’t say very much, including the fact that they’re rarely asked.” Ross Stegner, a psychologist at Wayne State University, says: “We may have to abandon some of the efficiencies of assembly line production and go back to small factories where people work as a congenial group.”

Dr. David Whittert, vice president of a Manhattan industrial consulting firm and a consultant to General Motors, says: “I always tell them [GM] that there are two things they ought to do. They ought to automate those jobs as fast as possible—and they’re doing that, really—no human being should be required to do that kind of work. . . . And the other thing—something I tell them not to do—is to stop kidding these people by giving them the big picture, this kind of nonsense where you go down and tell a guy he’s building America, that kind of bullshit. The poor bastard ought to be left alone and not tortured with that kind of nonsense. He knows better. He puts bolts on wheels, that’s what he does. Let’s not kid him by calling it something else.”

Victor Reuther, brother of the late UAW president and director of the UAW’s international office, suggests that union and management join as partners to improve work conditions. “If the union is to be forced solely into a position of a negative attack on the corporate structure . . . then it will constantly remain in a combative position. If the trade union, however, is invited to play a constructive role in these areas—in the problem of absenteeism, the problem of drugs, the problem of joint participation in the training of workers—then I think the whole relationship between the union and management can undergo a significant change.”

To automobile executives—top men like Henry Ford II, Iacocca, James M. Roche, Edward N. Cole, Lynn Townsend—to thousands of middle-echelon executives, division managers, plant

managers, sales managers, superintendents, accountants, engineers, the men from whose ranks the future generation of automobile leaders will come—to these men such criticisms and proposals are, at minimum, impractical. At the extreme, they are Utopian claptrap.

The intellectuals, of course, say the executives are difficult to work with. Dr. Louis Davis, a UCLA psychologist, says that one of the difficulties of working with management “is to try and convince them that what they are seeing is a consequence of what they have asked for.”

The executives, in reply, say they are doing what they can to improve plant life—new plants, noise-abatement programs, elimination of unpleasant jobs—within limits of practicality, their obligations as employers, and the finances they feel they can address to the problem.

General Motors has commissioned the Institute for Social Research at the University of Michigan to conduct a three-year survey of its blue-collar workers to see exactly what complaints exist and, it is hoped, to chart a course to combat them. The study, if for no other reason than GM’s gigantic size, will likely be one of the largest, most significant studies to come from American industry.

Critics condemn the companies for negligence in improving factory conditions, but they also have harsh words for the unions—including the UAW, despite the fact that it is probably the most socially concerned of the major unions in the country.

Most unions, says Louis Davis of UCLA, see jobs only “in terms of the number of people who can be working and the amount of money per hour that can be gotten.” Companies strive to reach accommodation with the unions, he says, and as a result both sides help inflate wages and the cost of fringe benefits, and do little toward improving work environments.

Dr. Whittert says that what the workers say is: “OK, if you’re going to make me do something this stupid, if you’re going to torture me this badly all day long, then I’m going to make you pay through the nose . . . because all I can get from you is money.” He says: “Then management looks at them and says, ‘Look, what money grubbers—all they want is money.’” He says: “That isn’t all they want; it’s all they can get.”

Auto officials often imply—they never say it outright, only suggest it in private conversations—that the men and women who work in auto plants are unambitious, that if they had the characteristic American drive to get ahead, to better themselves, they wouldn’t be in the plants. To this, the UAW’s Douglas Fraser replies, “When a guy tells you the workers are not like you and me, that’s nonsense. It’s precisely because they are like you and me that the companies are having the goddamn problem. The workers are thinking, ‘What the hell am I doing here?’” □

TWO WORKERS

by Kenneth Lasson



I.

A Telephone Operator

The way the company used to be, that's how I liked it. Service was more personal then—you could talk to the customer, help him—and the girls had pride. Working for the Telephone Company was a good job in those days.

"Now the girls aren't interested, they don't like information. Everything is speed. My supervisor told me, 'You give very good service, but you go into too many unnecessary questions.' I feel if I can help the customer better by asking another question, I will. Telephone Company policy is to look up what the customer gives you, and that's it. I don't like that if you're not helping."

Five signal lights flash and buzz simultaneously on the front board. It is nine thirty in the morning. Dotty Neal turns into her station, adjusts her headset, and plugs in. *Directory Assistance, may I help you?* No answer. Seven seconds later, she repeats it: *Directory Assistance, may I help you?* For her they are words wired together and delivered by rote, hundreds of times every day. The speaker on the line

asks for a number. Dotty Neal punches at the page corners of the telephone book, pushing through layers of K with a pencil eraser. Kean, Keane, L. Keane. *The number is listed in your directory as six four three, nine eight oh nine.* Pause. *You're welcome.* Dancing like bumblebees, her fingers move in a rhythm trained to locate and relay information rapidly and accurately. She can get to a residential listing in under ten seconds. She's been timed.

Despite the continuous look-alike rows of women plugged into their answering stations, Dorothy Patricia Neal stands out in the crowd. At fifty-one she is thirty years older than the average information operator. Five-eleven, big-boned, a hundred and sixty-two pounds, her frame dwarfs the three-sided stall she occupies, attached to the station by a two-foot umbilical wire connecting her headset with incoming calls.

For the past twenty-three years, Dotty Neal has been an operator with the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company. That length of service was not

unusual when she began working at C & P. The company's turnover rate now approaches 51 percent every six months. Only four workers in this office have been employed here for over one year. But seniority offers the usual advantages: Dotty Neal is allowed to choose her hours and work regular shifts.

Ten years ago her husband bought a large wooden frame building situated in a lower-middle-class section of Baltimore near a major artery leading into the downtown area. She was born and raised in the city, and though she's traveled to parts far and wide on vacations, she's spent most of her life here. Her second husband is another native; he works for the advertising department of a local newspaper. Her kids are all out of school: three girls and two boys.

"When I first came to the company, I couldn't get day work. The only shift open was the ten o'clock swing, so I ended up working all night. I couldn't go back and forth or afford to pay someone to mind the children. Both my mother and dad worked at the time. I started at twenty-eight dollars a week. After a hundred dollars a week at the war factory, that was quite a drop. I'd be coming in in the morning just as my mother would be leaving. I'd be home to eat and look after the children, and then leave in the dark for work. I didn't get much sleep, but I guess I got used to it. I didn't have much choice then. It was one of those things you had to do.

"'Course this was when they still had what they call manual-and-dial. I used to love that. People dialing would come up on the board, and the operator would press a button and a light would appear on like a little window frame. Where I was, I would get the local operator and plug in the call. That was much faster; I could handle four calls at a time in that position. And at ten o'clock when I came on, I used to take over the whole board. All the day girls would go, and the night girls would just be coming on. After twelve o'clock there weren't that many calls coming through.

"I worked at the old Gilmore Building where there were only three operators, and what you did was wear a headset with a cord that stretched the length of the room. There was a board on one side and a board on the other. They used to have what they call patchcords all along the board, and I'd go down when the light would appear and I'd plug my patchcord into this huge board. That would throw it up to the center where another girl would answer the calls. Then she'd transfer it back to me and I'd find the exchange and take one of those big trunks and plug it into the right exchange number. At that time there were about three thousand possibilities.

"I still like information best. I love talking to people, and each call is a challenge. It's sometimes hard to understand people and get out of them what they really want. Information service is one job where I think a girl has to know what she's doing more than any other. You get customers on information that don't know themselves what they want, and you're there to try to help them. Common sense is

really all that's necessary, but we've had girls with college educations that weren't as good as girls that were only sixteen years old. They had common sense and knew how to go around and ask these people questions, to pull out of them what they really wanted. If you put a girl on information who doesn't understand the system, you're bound for trouble. How can she possibly help others if she doesn't understand?

"I like it busy. I always find something to do. Usually I check reprints—they're new listings that get posted and inserted every day. Sometimes the girls really mess them up. They'll use their fingers when they're actually supposed to use their erasers to turn the pages, and they tear pages. We have extra ones, and I go around and check positions, to change classifieds if they're torn, take them off and put new ones on. There's always something to do. Every hour on the hour I take the pay count for the girls who get paid by the hour. I subtract it and I average it out for the supervisors. And any little thing like Xeroxing and typing they have, I do that too.

"'Course, anytime it's busy I stay on the board. Each office has an answering average it has to maintain—this many girls to do that many calls. So if it's busy, I answer."

The group chief operator or the supervisor checks in all the girls. They usually start two minutes after the hour, or the half hour, because there are girls coming in every half hour. The supervisors check to see if everyone is in her proper place, and if she's not, they check to see if she has changed with anybody. They check in Dotty Neal at eight o'clock every morning.

At the entrance to the Telephone Company building, she stops to chat for a minute with Alfred Baker, a security officer for thirty years. He knows all of the regular operators, even the new ones, but he won't let people pass unless he sees their official company badges. He checks visitors' bags and briefcases carefully. Sabotage is a very real word to the company. (*Things aren't getting any better, you know.*)

Every day Dotty Neal takes the elevator to the third floor, passes through a thick wooden door which opens to two large rooms enclosed by glass panels. In one of them there is a large array of machinery, blinking lights, multicolored wires. In the other are two long rows of switchboard stations, a young girl connected to each of thirty-five stalls. Dotty hangs up her coat on the rack outside, and withdraws her headset from one of the pigeonholes lining the wall.

Around eight forty this morning, the flow of incoming calls begins to increase. Dotty Neal gets on the board then and stays until the nine o'clock girls come. About five minutes before nine, when the businesses start opening up, the stations begin to flicker and beep. Most stores don't open until ten o'clock, but a lot of the businesses open earlier. At

nine she moves over to watch the master box for a few minutes. As soon as there are more than three lights at one time, she returns to her board. Except when she does the hourly counts, she remains there.

Two years ago a mild stroke forced her first extended absence from the company in eighteen years. For a time the right side of her face was partially paralyzed. She recovered, but the line of her mouth was left slightly asymmetrical, catching and freezing an unintentionally winsome smile on her large, pleasant face. She wears her age well under a frosted black hairdo, always well kept, and looks almost studious behind horn-rimmed spectacles. She's grateful to have recuperated and returned to work, and she shows it through a continuing cheerfulness. The only thing that bothers her face now is an extreme in temperature.

"It's an outlet for me to go to work. When I was out sick and I wanted to go back to work, my boss said, 'Are you sure?' I said, 'If you don't mind looking at me I'd *better* come back to work. It's getting on my nerves staying at home.' At work I have something to do.

"The company was good to me then. Sometimes I get irritated, but it's not the company, it's the office. When I was out for six months, I got my full salary every week, and then after I went back I had to go to the doctor's four times a week to take treatments. I had laid the money out myself, and it came to about four hundred dollars. The company reimbursed me 80 percent of that. They have group insurance for us.

"It was especially good to get back to this office—it's just like a family here. In some offices it's different. If you're in personnel, it's like your nose is up in the air because you make a few more dollars than others. But in this office, it isn't. Everyone is treated alike, and I think that's the reason I enjoy it."

Today Dotty Neal is operating at the end of one of the two long rows of stations. The room is organized carefully. Two extended panels, each divided into seventeen stalls, form the general switchboard areas. Special-service operators are situated at a center table, and in the back corner a small glassed-in space encloses the group chief operator's office. Smaller, open desks along the wall serve as supervisory stations. There's no excessive camaraderie, mainly because of the nature of the work—operators talk to their boards. Yet the constant shift of personnel and position creates an informal atmosphere. Girls get up and walk around as they please, always carrying their plugs and wires and wearing their headsets. As in a Chinese school, everyone is reciting. The voices vary, but the words and the routine are identical: a steady chorus—constant, repetitious, chattering—contradicting the visual image of a quiet office. Here the human voice, not the clack-clack of a typewriter or the drone of Muzak, competes with the silence. Somewhere beyond the surface pleas-

antness—the efficient, programmed responses in thirty-five different tones—the voice pays unconscious tribute to the winking, flashing, buzzing board it addresses.

"I don't really notice the noise. You get used to it. You're calling out numbers just like everybody else. But I remember when things used to be different. I hated it with a passion when they first changed from letters and numbers to all numbers. It sounds silly, but if there's two letters in a listing you can remember it better than all these numbers. They just stick in your head. And now if you have a problem you have to flip the call over to the supervisor. You can't call out; you used to be able to call out yourself and it was quicker and more personal. You can't help as much now.

"I remember once (this was before we had integration in the office) when people if they were colored couldn't get help. I mean nobody—police departments, taxicabs—no one would help. This particular night—it was about two or three o'clock in the morning—I had a call from a colored guy. He was so excited I could just barely understand him. He was on a street corner, his wife was expecting a baby, and she was in labor, and he had called three different cabs. Because he was colored they wouldn't come. He told me this. I said, mister, where are you, what corner are you on, and where's your house? He told me. I said, you stay right there and I'll call you back. So I called the Diamond cab and I said, look, I'm burning up, can you help me? The dispatcher there asks why, and I told her I have a colored man calling for a taxi and he can't get one and his wife is in labor. And I said, I don't care if she's white, black, pink, or what color, she's expecting a baby and she has to get to the hospital. Can you get me a cab? She said, where do you want it, honey? I told her and said, would you please call me back when your driver gets there, because I thought they probably wouldn't do it. She said yes she would, and she did. Later the man called back. He was so thankful, and I was still sorry for him because he had been waiting at that phone so long."

Dotty Neal glances at the clock again. It's twelve noon. She gets up, unplugs her headset, takes it off, and walks out of the room for lunch in the company cafeteria.

"I can't deny some good things come with these changes. Today we have room, and we can relax and even talk, if there's a lull in calls. Where I used to work, in the Light Street office, it was real bad. The board where you were stationed was no wider than the telephone book. You would sit right by the next girl, so that her book would actually hit your book, she sat that close; and when you had to look down the corner, your head was in her book. This particular office, they had something like forty-four positions on one side and forty positions on the other

side. The girls worked that close together all the time. We had a lot of trouble, but we still use that office.

"I guess I miss the working together as a team. There're so many different people working nowadays that you can't say you have a bond. In the old days, there weren't as many people, and there was a closer group. Telephone operators just aren't like they used to be, especially with the bigger offices. We used to do so many things together.

"This was before we had integrated offices. I think the company started hiring blacks about thirteen years ago. We haven't had any trouble here, and everyone works fine together. Some of the older women resent them, but the office generally is OK. Of course, now it's more black than white, but to me this doesn't mean a thing. The only thing that I do resent, and one of the reasons that I gave up supervising, is that they hire blacks because they *have* to hire them, whether the girl knows what she's doing or not. This I don't believe in. I believe in integration and I think that everybody is entitled to a job, *if* they can do the job. But to push it just because they say you must, because she's colored and she must be given a chance—that doesn't work. I say give them a chance; but to me information is a job where you're helping people that can't help themselves, and if you put someone in here who doesn't know as much as her customer knows, she can't help him at all.

"Not all the problem is hiring. I think it has a lot to do with everything being so scientific nowadays. For instance, people who are coming in now, younger people, they just don't take the interest in the job which I took. When I get a customer, I like to go all out to help him. But a lot of young people nowadays—well, not only young people, older, too—think to themselves, I'm going to give just what they ask for—if it's not there, then that's their tough luck.

"Even people working in other public service jobs are reacting irresponsibly. All these strikes in public services, I just don't believe in it. That's the reason I belong to the union that I belong to and why I don't belong to the CIO. There are other ways of settling things, especially when it's a public utility. Actually the Telephone Company has three or four different labor groups. But in Maryland we have this independent union, and I think that we have just about as much influence as the others. We had one strike when I first went with the company, but that was really just to be recognized.

"I still think that we need unions, because if you don't, then the everyday person doesn't have a chance. The boss can bring his favorites in and they get all the good jobs. I just took a test for a new position; I passed, but I didn't get it because they decided that the Telephone Company's not making enough money, and the new boss wants to cut down on expenses. So I took up a grievance.

"The union representative said, after all, you have a good fight, because you were promised the job, they weren't just talking about it. You took a test and you



passed and you were told that you had it. So right now I'm waiting to hear, because all our bigger bosses have just gotten a promotion. They had enough money to pay *them*—that was going to be our argument."

Dotty Neal catches the light-buzzer a split second after it sounds, her arm and fingers and mind coordinated by reflex. *Directory Assistance, may I help you?* Pause. *There are a number of different A. Freemans listed. Could it be F-r-e-e-d-m-a-n?* Pause. *What about F-r-i-e-d-m-a-n?* Pause. *Two n's? Yes, there is an Aaron Friedmann on Redwood Street. The number in your directory is seven two seven, three five one six.* Pause. *You're welcome.*

All the directory-assistance operators are trained to pick up names with alternative spellings. The older women know them by rote, as well as numbers for airlines, hotels, train stations. During April, when five hundred callers a day ask for "the income tax bureau" or "the tax people," the right listing is taped on each station's board. In other months the operators know to look under "U.S. Government—Treasury Department—Director of Internal Revenue." There are a few more clues for quick search, but most of the shortcuts are learned by experience—which is why it sometimes takes customers a long while to get information. By the time the younger girls master technique, they're ready to quit.

Wandering supervisors monitor calls at random, testing for courtesy, voice tone, efficiency, length of conversation. Company policy is for "a minimum of fanfare." There's little glamour to being an operator; Dotty Neal can tell you that. She's been at it a long time now and can count on the fingers of one hand the number of calls that have been out of the ordinary.

"Used to be women could only do information, then secretary work. Now, we even have some male operators. Not many, but a few. Really throws me to see a man doin' this job. The customers always comment on hearing a man's voice. Of course nowadays women can do men's work too. Before, it was just something that women never did—we just had to teach these men that we could do it. And eventually they're going to learn.

"We have our first girl wireman—what do they call them down there?—frame hops. This girl wanted this particular job and they said no, it was a man's job. She went to the union about it, and she got it. It's the wiring part that men always do, but she was ca-

pable—she had had an engineering course—and they hired her."

Dotty puts down her pay count, takes her headset and tucks it into the pigeonhole marked *D. Neal*, and leaves; the other girls still on the boards gaze good-bye. Down the elevator. On the ground floor, Alfred Baker nods farewell. Nine hours earlier he'd checked her in. That was one hour after she used to leave, twenty-three years ago, when she worked the night shift. Eight o'clock is an important hour at the information office. Pay counts, addenda, the morning rush. But all the hours, days, and weeks seem to blend together. Twenty-three years. Dotty Neal sometimes finds them hard to add up.

"Now we have a room, we can talk when there's a lull in the calls, and we can even stand or sit while we're working. We used to have to wear gloves, and we had to have on a hat and stockings when we came in. Then you had to be a lady; everything was just so. Now we can wear anything. Today it's all speed and organization: just look up what the customer asks and tell him a number. But I still like information."

II. A Garbageman

Not long after Dick Cavett waves good-night to Boston's television insomniacs and the national anthem ends Channel 7's broadcast day, an alarm clock buzzes on the table next to Ray Murdock's bed. He has lived through two harsh decades of premature reveilles, but Murdock still needs the clock to shake him out of slumber. On the double bed beside him, his wife sleeps through the commotion. She learned a long time ago to ignore the noise that brings her husband to the bathroom at three o'clock every morning; a clock radio and two noisy daughters will wake her four hours later.

Murdock lets the water run cold, then splashes himself awake with a facecloth. He is thin, a prematurely gray Art Carney of a man, with hair flecked white and cropped into the short beginnings of a wave in front. His heavy blue eyes are small but expressive. One tooth protrudes from under his top lip, which gives the impression that he's always grinning.

Getting into gray coveralls and grabbing his black baseball hat from the bedpost, Murdock steps downstairs to the kitchen, where he shaves quickly and without a mirror. He is never without his baseball cap. Even indoors he keeps it hanging from a back pocket, like some lanky kid almost forty years old. Soon he is out the door. It's getting on to half past three in the morning, and dark. He pulls yesterday's garbage from one of the barrels in the backyard, slides the bag onto the rear seat of a 1966 maroon Chevrolet sedan, and drives off.

Usually Murdock's are the only headlights to be seen at this hour coming in on Route 138 through suburban

Stoughton. Seven years ago he brought his wife and four kids here, to a small white six-room house which he got on a twenty-year mortgage with no down payment.

Murdock cuts down the Southeast Expressway. At 3:45 A.M. he reaches the venerable Irish ghetto of South Boston and pulls into an all-night diner for coffee. Fifteen minutes later he leaves and makes the short drive to the fenced-in yard of Walter A. Digby, Inc., the city's largest refuse contractor. It is a chilly morning for midsummer. Murdock puts on a pitcher's jacket over his coveralls, leaves the key under the floor mat in case they have to move his car during the day, grabs the garbage bag from the back seat, and walks across the lot. He tosses the bag into the hopper of a very big truck. There are over two hundred very big garbage trucks in the yard, most of them still half full from yesterday's collection. Murdock punches his time card and checks with the dispatcher to see if he'll have to change his route today to cover any called-in orders for refuse removal. There have been two calls. With his own route engraved in his mind, he figures that this will be an above-average day: thirty-two stops.

"When I started shakin' barrels as a kid, they made me join the Teamsters. 'Course they never asked how old you were. In them days it was only 'get it up.' It wouldn't matter if you were twelve years old. I had a friend in the business and the money was pretty good, so I went in. That was around 1947. It wasn't a bad job in them days. You started at six, and the longest day we ever had was till noon. You

worked hard but the time wasn't bad, even if it was with the barrels. Me and another guy would ride on the back of a truck and jump off when we hit the alleys where the trash was. You were young then and you had the rest of the day to yourself. You could go out and play ball in the afternoons and you weren't tired. I think in those days I must have been making, for five and a half days, sixty or sixty-five bucks a week. It was good pay, and my father wasn't working, so that more or less kept the family fed. There was my parents and two sisters and me. I was the only boy. I shook barrels for another company for a while, and then I went into the service. It was 1950 and I was eighteen—just young and foolish enough to go gung-ho into the Marine Corps. Korea broke out and I enlisted. I wanted to get over there real bad. I came home a sergeant after three years in the Corps, with two meritorious decorations. I thought I owed the country something.

"When I got back I felt like a pretty big shot. I began driving a truck this time, dumping at construction sites. Dumping was still all I wanted to do. Eventually I went to work for Digby. I could have worked for him sooner, but in about '62 I had wanted to get out of trash and get into the police force. I was on the waiting list, and Mayor Collins was runnin' at the time. They just took, say, the top ten guys and used them. I was fifteenth at the time, but there was colored on my list and they didn't want to make them policemen, so they ripped up the list I was on, and I suffered. They just took, say, the top ten guys. I really wanted the job at the time."

Murdock dodges the black spots on the ground as he walks over to the trucks and steps up onto the fender of his to unlatch the hood covering the massive power plant. Then, removing the four-foot-long dipstick and holding it out of the shadows and in the light of big arc lamps above the garage, he reads the oil level. Company mechanics maintain and feed the trucks with high-octane gas, but it is up to each driver to see that his vehicle is well oiled. Murdock climbs six feet to get into his cab, which is a small compartment in relation to the entire rig. There is just enough room for a passenger's seat next to the driver's cockpit. When he's not pitching, he's piloting; and he views this rig, less than a few months old, more as an airplane than a garbage truck.

Actually, it's a Brockway Huskey dumper-compressor with a Leach body and two sets of gears. One stick controls the double-H pattern of five forward speeds and a single reverse; an auxiliary transmission moves in phase with the first, for difficult grades, with HI, LO, and INTERMEDIATE gears. Through the shatterproof windshield Murdock looks out over a four-foot hood fronted with a chrome statuette of the Huskey dog. On Mack trucks, it would be a Bulldog. Steel rods, for perspective on difficult steering

maneuvers, rise from each fender near the headlights. On the dash inside there is a series of safety switches, among them a solenoid toggle to power the hydraulic compressing mechanism which squashes waste material into the truck's huge stomach. A two-way radio sits on top of the dashboard, waiting for any last-minute call-in jobs. The seat is springy, upholstered in dark brown vinyl.

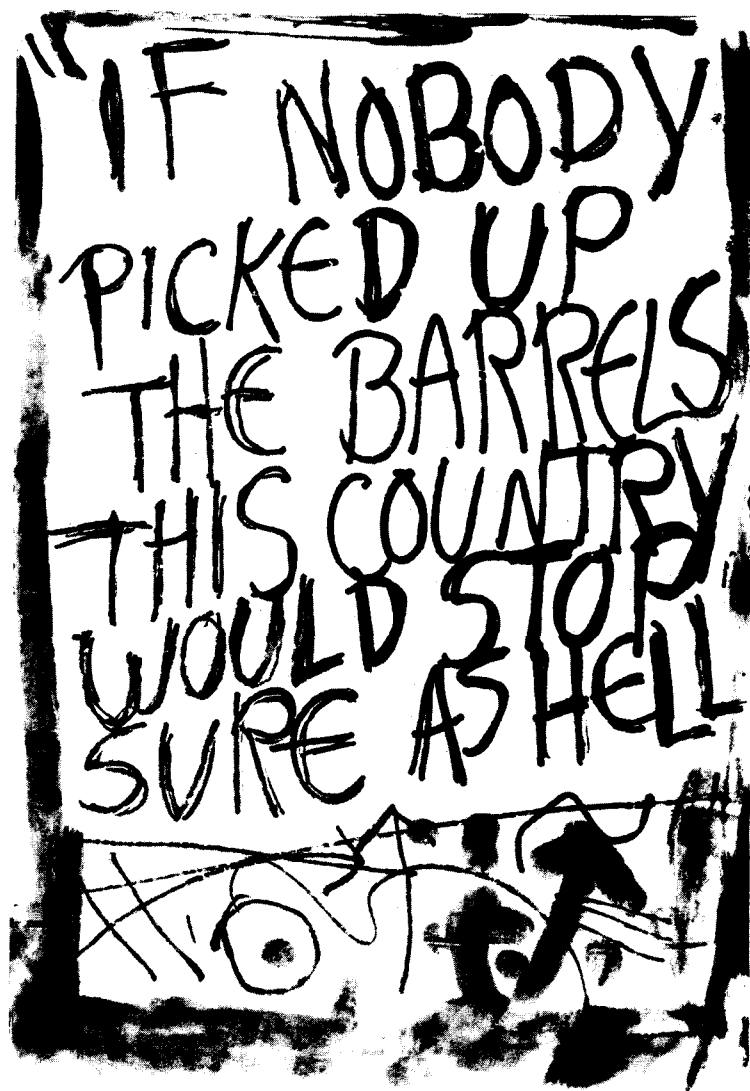
Murdock switches on the ignition. It takes a full minute for the air pressure in the brakes to build up to sixty pounds; Brockway Huskeys do not move until the sixty mark shows on the pressure gauge. Then he turns on his headlamps, releases the hand brakes, and lets the big gray elephant roll slowly out of its place toward the gate.

Ray Murdock drives solo on his daily runs. He has graduated from cans to containers—huge trapezoidal dumpsters rented and filled by large industrial concerns. In addition to a monthly service charge, it costs \$1.40 for each cubic yard of trash removed, and the size of each dumpster and the frequency of collection vary according to the needs of individual firms.

Murdock rolls out of the Digby yard and turns toward the expressway and his payloads. The massive grasshopper-like arms behind his cab reach to steel lips above the back fender, which bite the edges of the dumpster-container and lift it up with the help of a winch-driven hook and wire. The driver must position his truck and flick a switch, and then the winch pulls and raises the rear of the container skyward. The garbage is momentarily displayed to the heavens, as the dumpster teeters for an instant on the rear lip of the truck, and a mass of sticky garbage spills out into the hopper. All the while during the dumpster's rise, the driver must work the controls that set off the hydraulic compressor, so that his truck can eat up the rubbish as the container is feeding it. The job is simple, and dangerous.

"Dumpsters have become money-makers for the refuse collectors because it takes only one man to run a route, and you can pick up more yardage than if you were messing around with barrels. On a barrel setup the driver carries his lumpers with him, usually young guys who ride the back of the truck and dump the barrels by hand into the hopper. That's the way I started. Even though lumpers get paid the same hourly rate as I do, they hardly ever get overtime, and overtime is what makes this job for me. Lumping's all right for a young guy. You don't mind riding outside in the cold or rain. You don't mind the danger of maybe falling off. But when you get older you like to be able to ride inside.

"With these jobs you can lose a finger if you're not watching and the lid of the container slams down. But if you're careful the danger part of it doesn't scare you. The tough part is working the containers in cold weather. These trucks can be bitches to handle. You have to back up to the container just right, and in the winter, with the snow, you're un-



even. Sometimes you dump and you miss the hopper with some of the shit, which you have to pick up by hand. And you can never get warm. You're in the cab three minutes, then you're out again. If you think it's cold at noon in the winter, try driving at four in the morning. Then you have to watch out for the frozen container tops. I feel it in the ears first, the cold. Then after seven or eight hours, I get the pain in the groin. Thank God I don't smoke, because it's easy to get short of breath on the very cold days."

At 4:15 in the morning Ray Murdock, alone and riding high in the Brockway rig, feels like a king of the road. The noise in the cab while his truck moves is deafening—if Murdock could talk to someone he'd have to shout. Murdock pilots the big rig out over the expressway that cuts off South Boston from the city proper. Howard Johnson's restaurant in Dorchester is his first stop. Two containers. Murdock dumps one on Tuesdays and the other on his heavy days—Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays. He checks to see if the other dumpster might not have filled up on him, which happens sometimes on an off day, and sees that it is only half full. He fits his truck around the lip

of the second container. Riding the curves of the expressway, changing speeds on and off the ramps, passing through the causeway tunnels and over the bridges requires one kind of perception. But Murdock's skills must be applied just as carefully in order to negotiate the parking lots, back alleys, and construction sites of industry, or to maneuver his ten-ton loader into the cloisters where men hide their garbage.

Murdock takes off his black baseball cap to wipe his forehead. He has begun to sweat, and the sun isn't yet in the sky. He is of medium build, solid and slender, weighing maybe one hundred eighty pounds for his six feet. Years of moving barrels have given him a weight lifter's arms. The job requires that he have a half dozen pairs of gray coveralls, each of which his wife must launder after one wearing, or the smell of stale perspiration will stay in the material. On his black cap, there's an orange Teamsters pin.

"The unions have helped a lot. When I first came on, the pension was only \$150 a month for retirement. Now it's up to \$330, if you went out with full time in service. We've got the dental benefits now. That just started. They pay for every dentist's bill, say, over ten dollars. If you went to the dentist and he said you got about \$300 worth of work there, I think it would only cost you ten dollars. I've got Blue Cross, too. A lot of these benefits came through our negotiations. Instead of giving us a one-dollar raise they would give us fifty cents on benefits and fifty cents on the check.

"When I was young I couldn't see the benefits; I just wanted the money. Now I can see the importance. Hell, I retire at forty-eight. I'll still be young enough to work at something else, and I'll have a thirty-years' pension. When my first kid came, we had nothin'. Now, with the union benefits, we get help on that kind of thing."

When he rolls into the rear parking lot of Carney Hospital in Dorchester, at 4:40 in the morning, the sky is still dark. He brakes carefully to let the big rig rumble slowly down the earth road, around the new hospital wing under construction, to the dumpster in the rear.

"The air pollution stuff has increased my work. When they used to burn here, I would dump a five-yard container twice a week. Now that the state has come down on them about burning trash, I dump a ten-yarder twice a day. I'm not complaining though. This pollution shit is real bad."

On the loading platform near the container, there are three dozen large corrugated medicine boxes, which Murdock pitches into the hopper. He leaves Carney and heads out through Dorchester onto Route 138 extended, the same road he came in on this morning. At 5:50 A.M. he enters the Howard Johnson's in suburban Milton, with its six-yard dumpster. The load is light today. On other morn-

ings, the container overflows with half-chewed chicken bones and fly-infested fishfry bags.

Five fifty-five. The sky is lightening to a pale orange-gray as Murdock pulls into the driveway of Nimstron Electronics, one of the sixty or so government contract plants that have sprung up in the industrial settlements sprawling along Route 128. He dumps one of the company's two containers, half full. Business must be bad. He used to empty two full dumpsters daily.

Out onto the beltway again. Murdock floors the gas pedal, but the rig won't go any faster than fifty-seven miles an hour. He takes the exit toward Interstate Route 95, switching headlights on and off in silent greeting to the freight trucks passing opposite. By the time he lumbers off the Wrentham exit, fifteen miles from Boston, the sky has gray-angled to the point where he can tell that it will be a good day. The truck pulls into the driveway of a chain pancake house which, with the Foxboro Raceway open, has been busy enough for Murdock to check three times a week. Its container is in the rear, hidden by a grove of evergreens. The stench of rotten garbage makes Murdock breathe through his mouth.

"I been working around garbage all my life and it still makes me puke. If I have too much of it on a hot day, with the bouncing in the truck, I puke my guts out sure as hell by noontime."

He clips on the dumpster, and spoiled food slides slowly into his truck. The loose mass is dotted with throwaway colors: banana-peel yellow, watermelon-rind green-and-red, apple-core brown. Garbage here has not been packed in plastic bags, and some of it sticks to the bottom of the container. As it is squeezed into the truck, a puddle spills out of the loading section and forms on the ground. The big vehicle is not watertight, and excess liquid squishes onto the fenders and drips alongside the capless hubs. Murdock grabs the hose off the side of the truck and switches on the compressor to flush wet paper and peels out of the container. He knows that if he leaves any offal sticking, it will be swarming with flies on his next trip.

"The younger fellas today, I've found, shy away from our kind of work. I guess they figure, why should I do that stuff when I can work in a factory for the same pay? 'Course somebody's got to do it—it's vital for the people. What would happen if nobody picked up the barrels? This country would stop sure as hell. I'm glad to be working containers. You've got your low points, like winter and dumping garbage on hot days, but if we didn't do it, who would? It's crucial."

Now the sun is visible through the haze. Murdock heads back down Route 95 to the beltway, taking the Walpole exit to the Spring Valley Country Club, and rolls in past the dew-covered fairways. The course is deserted. Many mornings here, Ray Murdock becomes Walter Mitty. Some hot mornings he tells himself he'll strip and take a quick swim in the green

oval pool. But he knows there's no time. He has another twenty-four stops to make, and if he wants to beat the commuter traffic he has to keep hustling.

Moving past a large suburban shopping center, Murdock drives the truck over to the side of the road, shifts to neutral, pulls the handbrake, and goes into a paper store. He nods hello to the man behind the counter as he hands him a dime for the *Boston Record American*, and a small package. It is a piece of paper folded around some coins. On the inside of the paper there are three numbers. The man behind the counter chaws into his cigar, reads the numbers, and writes them on a small pad. He also jots down Murdock's name and the amount of money inside the paper.

Murdock began playing the numbers as a young man. Now, every morning, he lays out a quarter or a half-dollar—depending on his mood that day—and plays a different combination of three digits. He chooses his numbers from everywhere: business addresses, phone listings, the date, his children's birthdays. Last year he played three dollars on his phone number and almost won \$3000. The money would have financed two weeks for his son at a basketball camp and a vacation for the family next year. Murdock doesn't smoke, drinks sparingly, and turns over his entire paycheck to his wife. He considers the numbers game a modest vice.

"Working, say, sixty-five hours a week, I make about \$275, but I take home just over \$200 after union dues, taxes, social security, and Blue Cross. I take out \$50 for food right away, so that's \$150 left. Then I can start figuring other expenses, like city taxes. Last year the taxes for the house were about \$750. We pay \$134 a month for the rent, including the mortgage and the interest and taxes. The life insurance for the kids and me plus the insurance for the house mounts up, close to three hundred a year. Electricity, the phone, water, oil—it all adds up pretty quick. I try to save something every week to pay off the bills, like for the two cars and the car insurance. But look at clothes for the kids. It costs my wife like \$100 each just to get the two girls set for high school. The two boys are still in grammar school, but they have to wear something decent too. Five years ago on the same job we were a lot better off. We could save like \$40 a week for the bills. Now things are bad as far as money goes."

Murdock makes no stops between his number writer's place and the Boston College High School in Dorchester, off the expressway. The school cafeteria uses a big eight-yard container, and there's another the same size for general waste. In the summer, only a handful of Jesuit priests live on campus.

When the container is clean, he turns off the engine and goes into the cafeteria. He has been dumping BC High for six years now and has become friendly with the white-shirted cooks. Back in 1965, he started

trading ball scores with them, and before long they were serving him breakfast. Murdock pauses just long enough over his ham and eggs to check the headlines in the *Record American*.

It's eight twenty A.M. Murdock scrapes off his dishes, sets them in the stainless steel washer, and says good-bye to the cook. His toughest haul of the day is coming up, and if he wants to stay on schedule he's got to move. He cuts back across the expressway, makes one wide sweeping turn, and after about two more miles, drives into the rear lot of the D. H. Thoreau Company. Murdock dumps Thoreau twice a week. Each time, in addition to an eight-yard container, he empties fifteen or twenty barrels filled with damaged labels and rolls of paper. The container is easy, but the printing work is done on the second floor of a warehouse. Once Murdock empties the dumpster, a routine job, he backs the truck up to the rear of the warehouse. He then signals to two men upstairs on the second floor, and they begin to drop big galvanized aluminum cans from an open loft fifteen feet above the ground. After the barrels are turned over and dumped, Murdock must toss them back to the men in the loft. He feels his back wrench when he hurls the cans up. He grits his teeth and lets the pain subside. Things could be worse—he's only got to do this twice a week now. It's a living.

Eight forty-five. Murdock looks back from the driver's seat and sees that his truck is full, with a good hundred yards. He sets out for Quincy Dump.

Quincy is a suburban town filled with old quarries which, years after the seams of stone became exhausted, the city fathers, in their wisdom, decided to use for landfill refuse dumps. The pits have a natural lining of granite, and they fill up slowly with metropolitan waste. Until last year, Quincy let the collectors dump for free. Now the town charges twenty-six dollars to vent the contents of a full one-hundred-yard truck. At nine A.M. Murdock passes through the dump's black iron gates, hands the guard a credit slip, and takes a receipt of payment.

The burial ground at Quincy greets the eyes and nose with a stomach-turning kind of moveable feast. It is a placid enough setting, in a natural amphitheater of granite around whose walls are spray-painted fraternity letters and lovers' initials—remembrances of a time past, when the quarry's clean water basin was a gathering place for teeny-boppers. Squadrons of seagulls line the rocks, gobbling down scraps of garbage pillaged from the rubble. The dumpster trucks have to back in slowly to the area being filled. The drivers trip switches that open rear doors, and the trucks moving forward, they spill the offal onto the ground. Almost immediately bulldozers smooth a thick layer of topsoil over the garbage. Meanwhile other trucks idle their engines, waiting their turns to excrete the waste of Greater Boston.

With his hopper empty at nine fifteen, he still has seven more stops to make. Before two P.M., when he retires for the day, he will drive another twenty-five miles in and around metropolitan Boston.

Murdock begins to feel the effects of the hours of driving and dumping. After riding in the noisy cab, he finds it difficult to talk without shouting. His ears start to throb and his stomach feels queasy. At twelve noon the truck is three-quarters full, and he has one more stop.

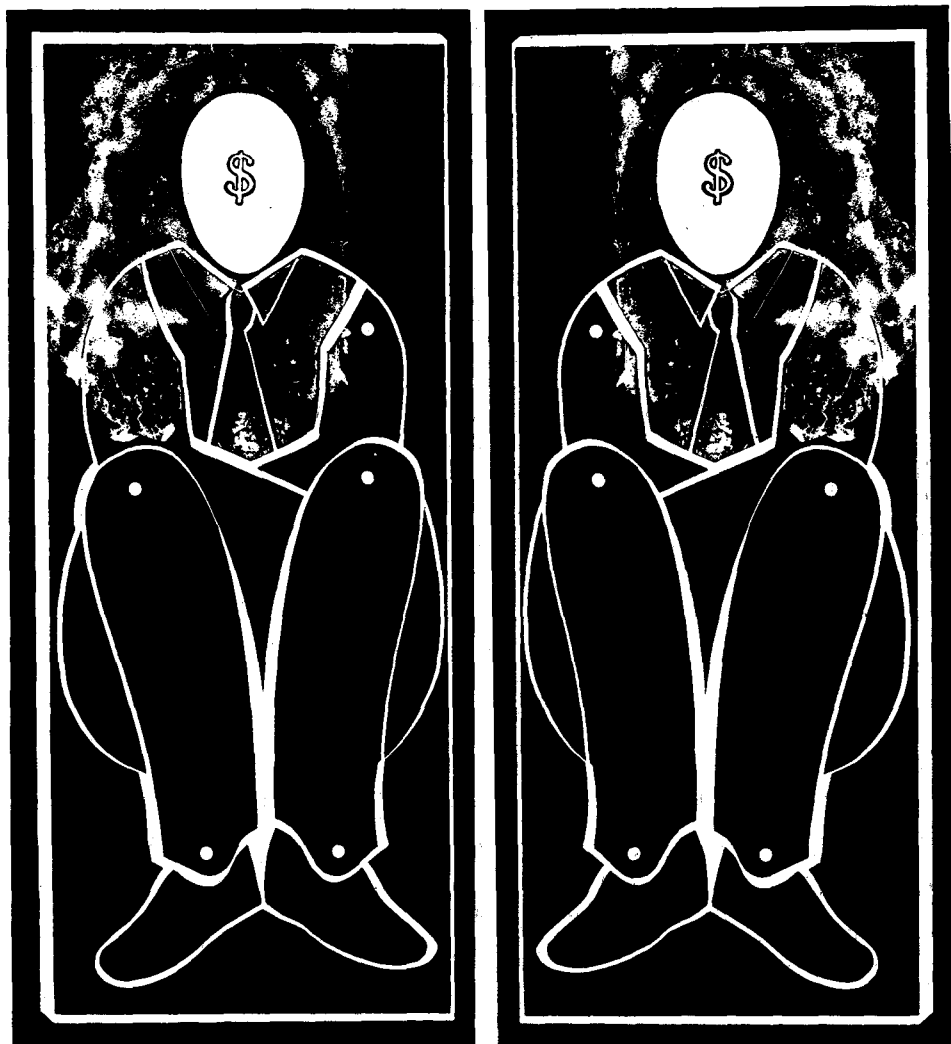
Carney Hospital, first visited in the dead of morning, has by now served two more meals. This time Murdock holds his breath while he dumps the leftover food and washes out the container. As he heads out of the parking lot, he turns the truck away from Boston toward Quincy, and the second big dumping of the day.

At the iron gate he picks up another receipt and spills out another load. It is one twenty-five in the afternoon. So far today the Digby Company has collected \$280 worth of refuse on this run, and Quincy's municipal deficit has been reduced by \$52. Murdock turns the truck back toward Boston.

Two in the afternoon. Murdock returns to his own car after he punches out, and for the first few moments at the smaller wheel he finds the driving difficult. A Biscayne feels like a kiddie-car after ten hours in a Brockway Huskey. When he gets home a half hour later, he is ready for a beer. The heat has turned into humidity. He takes a king-sized can of Narragansett Lager from the refrigerator and drinks it. Then, slowly, he peels off his clothes and shuffles into the shower. His wife has left reminders about the work around the house. She is out shopping with the kids. Front and rear steps need scraping and painting. There is a broken window in one of the bedrooms, and the oil filter should be changed in the car. After showering, Murdock slips into bermudas and a jersey and flops into the kitchen for another beer. The pace of things is a lot slower at home. The work can wait. Murdock's wife is embarrassed about her husband's job, or at least what other people think of it. (The kids sometimes have trouble filling in the school-registration card blank which asks for "Father's Occupation.") But she knows how hard he works. She is used to his putting off the household chores.

After a meat loaf dinner with the family, Murdock pours himself a shot of rye and sits in front of the TV to watch the news. Halfway through the first situation comedy, his eyes close and he is asleep. He stays on the couch until his wife wakes him. It is eleven P.M. He talks briefly with her, mostly about the bills and the kids, and checks in with each of them, the two boys and two girls, then goes to bed.

Before falling off to sleep again, he reaches over to the table next to the bed and sets the alarm clock that will buzz him awake, four hours later. □



NOTES ON CORPORATE MAN

by Richard Todd

**Are you "making your age"?
If so, you're paying a price.**

1

Some of the men are on the floor on their hands and knees, and others are standing around them. The men on the floor are pushing small toy cars. The cars are yellow. Silence as a car is pushed. The men are mostly in their thirties, dressed in nylon and knitwear, as if for golf; most have incomes of over \$25,000 a year. No one is smiling. But when one of the toy cars rolls more than eight feet, there are whoops of pleasure and rich applause. Not at all clear what's happening, if you are walking in on this scene, but one thing you cannot miss is the

intensity of it all; heads and innards, we're wholly absorbed.

I am in the ring of cheering men, and this is the midpoint of my week at Osage House, a "resort motel" on the shore of the Lake of the Ozarks in Missouri, site of an Executive Development Laboratory. The experience usually goes under the name "sensitivity training"—it's designed not for random citizens or the avowedly disturbed but for business executives, in this case middle managers, an elusive term itself ("At my place it's somebody who's making at least thirty," one participant says). Not a manager of any kind, I am here as an observer; but under the rules of sensitivity training, observers also participate.

The session, one of several conducted around the country by the National Training Laboratories

(NTL), aims to open men to new styles of management, new modes of behavior. "Competition and status is bred into these men," one of the NTL associates remarks, "and we try to show them there's a different way." Another says, "They come here as managers who are also people, and hopefully they leave as managers in search of the people they are."

As is appropriate to the corporate nature of things, some organizational structure needs to be explained. We are divided into two groups. Phase I (mine) contains about twenty men who have come to sensitivity training for the first time. The Phase II men are veterans of a session held six months earlier. The first night, in the motel dining room, you might be able to tell the difference. Most people are still talking, with the odd courtliness of corporate men, about home. "Do you know Darrell Welles? Don Lazer? . . . I'm in IBM Valley, but not in Armonk. Armonk's Mecca . . . I have a cockapoo: it's a cross between a cocker and a poodle. . . . But Phase II talk occasionally strikes a new note, suggests that something unusual lies ahead: "I used to be perceived as very threatening . . . I thought interpersonal relations were a luxury; now I realize they're pivotal. . . . This has changed my life. . . ."

The experience turns on two sorts of activities: "T-groups," in which the participants simply confront one another and speak of their response to the situation and to each other; and mock business competitions, in which they form model companies and enact the industrial process. Our group is directed by a "trainer," Herb, a small man with leonine gray hair, a meerschau pipe, a slow, noncommitted, elegantly deep voice that lends extraverbal weight to his guidance: "This is, uh, just a suggestion, but one thing we've found is that it, uh, helps to concentrate on the here and now." We paw the ground, uncertain what to expect or to do. Mike, a tall, ruddy man with short blond hair, moves his gaze about the room and regards every speaker—a motion that appears to be made of tiny individual movements that are barely invisible—as if he were an artillery piece scanning the sky smoothly but only by dint of the furious efforts of a gun crew spinning wheels beneath him. His voice rises and falls in carefully formed syllables, a remarkable, automated sound.

"Someone has used the word *artificial* about me. I'm looking for further input. How can *you* help me here?" (He is told that it's hard to imagine him losing his temper, but that the temper seems somewhere to exist. Mike says: "I believe that a *temper* is a *luxury* a *manager* can't afford.") We gaze out the window to the miniature motor yachts that ruffle the surface of the silted lake.

It is two days into the laboratory before a certain intense purity seems to overtake us: the occasion is the beginning of the competition; our T-group becomes a company, Cohesion, Inc. We'll be competing with the other T-group, manufacturing and selling mock products. I hadn't understood the seriousness

with which this would be taken. First task was to choose a president, and I had incorrectly expected some foot-shuffling and demurrals.

The exercise began with a twenty-minute period in which all communication was written. At the end, I received such notes as these: "I think I can offer some guidance to our group as your spokesman. Will you support me?" . . . "Let's consider Tom for president—team man, good communicator—forceful, can delegate. Production-oriented. What we need to win."

Tom, the team man, was our ultimate choice: a man of about thirty-one who is in his real life a "production supervisor" in a printing operation; he is in charge of a thousand men.

Next, to work. We are to manufacture—out of paper, paste, pipe cleaners, colored yarn—products for the "youth market." We buy the materials from "the store," sell the products in "the marketplace"—both of these functions performed by the trainers, men from NTL. The company with the most sales at the end of the morning wins. Moments after the competition is announced, Tom addresses us. Improbably, a flush colors his neck, and his voice strains, his syntax is mildly garbled: "All right, now Fred will run through the marketing situation, and after Fred is finished running, let's all put on our creative caps and get a product out. . . ."

Sadly, chaos overtakes Cohesion; it is more than an hour before we produce our first prototype, a paper medallion with pipe-cleaner peace sign. Our competitors have beaten us to the punch; men with similar medallions decorating their golf shirts are now strolling at poolside. Eventually we sell some medallions and some posters with slogans on them. Our president is the creative energizer: "How about 'Love is Green'? It's got love, it's got ecology." Fred, the marketing man, who is starkly bald and has perfect teeth and a constant wry smile, sells with some energy: "This"—holding up a frail paper sculpture—"is the finest product in our company's history." But we are beaten badly.

"We had too many philosophers."

"We spent too much time groping initially."

"We were too cerebral."

"We didn't make a commitment to win."

(From Tom) "I thought I could pull this group together, but I blew it."

By the evening following the game, our mood has turned toward a renewed urge for victory. ("Well, how are we going to whip their ass tomorrow?") But at this moment we discover that the rules have changed. A group of strangers appear in our motel room. They are men of Phase II. They announce that a "merger" is about to occur. The Phase II people have been observing us these past few days; for purposes of "feedback," we felt, but now we learn that they had additional motives.

The "take-over" exercise (this thought must appear in some corner of every mind) is one of the National Training Laboratories' cleverest devices, though it is a bit hard to follow. Under the rules, each of the Phase I groups must be split up; how they are divided is up to the Phase II people. "At Winco," our visitors say, "we believe in participative management; we believe in it because we think it's the way to *win*." Our group is told to decide ourselves how we'll divide; but first we are told the choices of our visitors. (A true pang: I am not among them.) Elsewhere in the motel—we learn later—the rival corporation, Penta, has chosen a more ingenious method: they tell their mergees that it seems important only that the change be comfortable for everyone; why not just divide into pairs of compatible people, and Penta will choose among these two-man teams. (Ah, but—this too will emerge later—Penta was covertly choosing, through this pairing device, the people they wanted.)

At length, I am among Penta's new employees, and the welcome we receive into this new part of mock corporate life is a marvelous thing. Met outside the door; a rapid series of handshakes, exclamations of disbelief over those of us who were "let go." ("Just the people we would have chosen! Fantastic!") It occurs to me that I have not had such a warm welcome anywhere since I joined the Phi Alpha Psi fraternity, and it is not a dissimilar situation: the same sense of being loved by people who don't know you. We settle down to a meeting in a neatly arranged circle of chairs.

Penta's president, Steve, is a man of about thirty-five, who in the real world is new products manager of a pharmaceutical firm. (A realization: we tend to think of the Phase II people as older; they are not, but they are our seniors.) Steve is a dark-haired fellow with a thick, low voice and a habitual hand in his pocket: when he was growing up in the fifties he must have earned the longed-for accolade "casual." (Perhaps not; his face is scarred by adolescent acne. Now it gives him a winning vulnerability.)

He commands the meeting with an impressive consensus-building style. "Everything is open to discussion. I'm assuming that we all are relatively task-oriented and that we want to win, and we want to make *team* objectives compatible with individual objectives. . . ." We easily slip into our roles ("Don't solve *our* problem if it doesn't solve *your* problem I hear you saying . . . We need a QC man. . . . Need a communications coordinator").

The next day begins with a "working breakfast" at seven thirty for the men of Penta, which serves to reinforce the spirit of the night before. At eight thirty we learn that the competition today involves automobiles: sedans, self-powered models, "jalopies," "dune buggies," "drag racers" are being bought by the marketplace; the available materials are rubber bands, paper, plastic wheel and axle assemblies. Not two minutes after the game is announced scissors are

flying. Assigned to a "creative" post, I am suffering, unable to think of a way to make paper into a plausible automobile body. (Meanwhile, breakthroughs: "I've solved the axle friction problem." "That's great.")

I am rescued by a fresh assignment. The marketplace has invited a statement of the company's policy on pollution control and minority employment, opportunities for women. The president asks me to undertake "this pollution thing." A remarkable quiet descends on the room. In a few minutes we have a prototype sedan six inches long. A "test driver" is dispatched to the marketplace. Moments later he returns with a lambent face. We have an order. I warm to the job of creating our social policy: we will begin spending our R and D money on mass transit products; will build a factory and training center in the Mississippi Delta, day-care centers, a pilot experiment in the purely democratic factory. . . . I believe in these projects with a ghastly conviction.

The excitement occurs in the final minutes of the game. Judging of the last-minute entries will decide the contest; each company has sold a fleet of sedans. We cluster about the proving ground. Men on their hands and knees with murderous intent pushing the models. Our yellow dragster rolls in a straight line the requisite eight feet and beyond. The opposition's entry veers off course. Penta wins going away. Our entries take the top dollar. My social statement wins a prize of \$13.50. There is a burst of denuding applause. My president's hand on my shoulder: "It was our biggest sale all day."

Afterward, pre-lunch drinks with my president and others in someone's motel room.

"I couldn't sleep last night."

"You either?"

"We won it."

"We won it last night."

"You did a great job, Steve."

"We all did a great job."

"It was a team-building exercise and we built a great team."

"The take-over plan was brilliant."

"It worked all right, didn't it?"

"Brilliant."

And we go off to lunch in a mild ecstasy of victory and Canadian Club.

And now it is Tuesday evening, twenty-four hours since the formation of the Penta company, and about eight hours since its success. We are discussing our individual contributions, providing "feedback" for one another on our performance. But a kind of malaise has crept over the room.

Linda, the sole woman, finally says, in a voice that edges on hysteria, "I don't like what's going on here. I'm not comfortable with this. I don't like this *at all*."

She will not say what upsets her, but the subject fluttering in and out of our conversation is the

"take-over" of the night before: How were the people *really* chosen? Someone observes that they seem to be the most reticent, easygoing of the group.

"If I were the people you're talking about, I'd resent the hell out of this," Steve says.

Someone says, "Are you speaking about them or you?" (Curious things are happening to voices; they crack and falter.)

"We have a good team here and now it's being torn apart and I don't like it."

"Who are you?" someone asks Steve. "Still president?"

And Steve says, "Yes."

I cannot say what has happened to Steve's face: it is blank, ruined. The word "manipulation" appears, and Steve and a couple of others are further angered by it. What is going on here? How can we conceivably be so concerned?

Corrective images come to mind: the toy cars. Balance that against the surety that not ten miles from here some pure misery exists—this is all a game. But about now, to my surprise and dismay, I look down and see that the top of my pen is wavering slightly, am alarmed a moment later to hear that my own voice is unsure. What I say is mild enough, that there's an "interesting" question on the floor, can't see why we don't discuss it.

A "moral" question is what I felt—still do. It is an infinitesimal, Jamesian moment, and a make-believe setting, and yet it is possible to apprehend the truth—that our institutions, our teams, issue us feelings as relentlessly as a supply sergeant hands out boots. But there is no way of talking about it tonight.

A day later, I speak to Steve. His face has not recovered. I ask him how he feels about our session. He says, "I still don't see it. It's just what happens in the real world every day; you're just buying people."

The competitions ended, we experience a day of T-grouping and "feedback" in small groups. We share our evaluations of one another on personal rating forms. It is all lulling, bathlike, surprisingly untentious: what one participant calls "a reverie of feedback."

At the close, we meet as a group in the "ballroom" sitting around in a circle of folding chairs. The leader of the session asks for names of others who we think might profit from sensitivity training. A sheet of paper is passed. This seems to violate the mood, which is extraordinary, unstated, but nearly universal good will. The leader of the laboratory asks if anyone has anything to say.

A silence. Across the room is Tom (my first president); his face is disorganized by a distant smile. All of our faces seem softened. The effect is that the men look like boys. At length a voice:

"I'll give you one word: Fan-tastic."

(From the opposite side of the circle) "Wonderful."

"Flyin' high."

"Thank you."

"I'll echo that: thank you."

"Thank you."

"Thank you."

Then handshakes, shoulder pats, and we disperse across the green country in planes.

2

Laboratory training is a way (just one) in which members of the corporate upper middle class edge toward a confrontation with the meaning of their work. It's a question born of luxury, of course (airplanes, motels, New York sirloins), but not trivial: where the managers are, others long to be, and will be—upward bound in the organization.

A corporate manager in 1971 lives in a peculiar, contradictory web of cultural circumstance. Until recently, the expanding economy, the generous corporations were providing unheard-of sums of money, and the money counts; a mark of corporate success now, at least for young men, is to "make your age," that is, to earn a salary in thousands of dollars equal to your age in years. Thirty-two is felt to be a nice moment at which to hit this stride. *I am standing in a crowded singles bar in Minneapolis, talking with two thirtyish executives. We're discussing what gets lost, what sacrifices you make in the corporate struggle. "Well, sensitivity," one of them says. "You lose your sensitivity toward other people. That's not necessarily bad in business. Put it another way: you develop a selective sensitivity." A thought with murky implications. A moment later he brightens. "When can you expect to make your age in your field?" he asks, and adds, "We talk a lot about that."*

Despite the largesse of the companies, it was not news that the economy had a back to its hand. According to one estimate, unemployment among men earning more than \$25,000 a year reached 11 percent in 1971; and mimeoed announcements of "early retirement" proliferate in the interoffice mail. The coolness with which the benevolent corporation can "terminate" is, for those who watch it, who feel the passing shadow, a thing of wonder. *The sales manager said: "I flew to a sales conference one day with a guy who I always thought had it made. He was a distinguished-looking, Walter Cronkite sort of guy. On the way he said, just mentioned calmly, that he thought he was in trouble with the company. I couldn't believe it. Later—it was in New Orleans—I was standing with him at the cocktail party, and the president came up. The president said, 'Bill, how is everything, how's your wife?' Bill said she'd been ill but was entirely recovered. 'And you, Bill?' Bill said he was feeling fine. 'Well, I've been wondering if you wouldn't want to have some time to just sit on the beach and get some rest.' Bill said no, he was happier at work. 'Well, real fine, Bill,' the president said, 'I'll have someone put the numbers together and fly out to see you.' The president left, and Bill turned to me and said, 'Well, I've just been fired.'"*

"NO MATTER
WHO YOU ARE,
YOU'RE SOMEBODY
ELSE'S PEON. //

Awesome, unthinkable to lose your job: but contrarily every voice outside the corporation seems to be saying, drop out. Fifteen years ago, to work in the corporate setting was to risk only being called a "conformist," an "Organization Man." (And the accusation was laced with self-congratulation; the society, discovering that it was rich, had the headaches of success.) All changed now: the easily available indictments are stiffer. Dip into the literature of the other culture, and the message confronts you at once. You exist in something called the "technocracy." Theodore Roszak in *The Making of a Counter Culture* says:

By technocracy, I mean that social form in which industrial society reaches the peak of its organizational integration. It is the ideal men usually have in mind when they speak of modernizing, up-dating, rationalizing, planning. . . . So we arrive at the era of social engineering in which entrepreneurial talent broadens its province to orchestrate the total human context which surrounds the industrial complex. Politics, education, leisure, entertainment, culture as a whole, the unconscious drives, and even protest against the technocracy itself: all these become the subjects of purely technical scrutiny and of purely technical manipulation.

The passage is surely unfair, assigns monolithic motives, forgets the existence of troubled or ironic minds within the "technocracy." *"What do you do?" the engineer is asked. "I live in a big wooden box, get into a tin box, and go make little black boxes."* But the indictment goes on. In a word, work is meaningless, competition hateful, gain empty. Charles Reich in *The Greening of America* remarks, as if it's obvious:

American society no longer has any viable concept of work. A Father's Day ad for corduroy slacks says: "For a man's happiest hours"—meaning, for the hours when he is not at work. We are no longer expected to

find work happy or satisfying. There is, for example, no advertising designed to create pride in craftsmanship or in a worker's self-discipline. Nor is anyone convinced that he should work for the good of the community. Instead the belief is created that one works only for money and status. This puts a heavy burden on money and status, a burden they are no longer able to carry.

On the television and in the papers in spring, young Henry Adams, Harvard '71, enjoyed a brief run: in the news because he was a descendant of the Colonial Adamses and because he spurned traditional work, was not going to be a lawyer or a scholar but a craftsman, a worker in stained glass. Others in the class aspired to be carpenters, subsistence farmers, taxi drivers. Some 20 percent had no plans at all. Kingman Brewster won the assent of incoming freshmen by remarking that they no longer wanted the "success" for which their education traditionally prepared them. All a social class phenomenon, it can be argued: the whims of children of privilege. Peter and Brigitte Berger, sociologists, suggest that what's happening is not the greening but the "blueing" of America; that is, the children of the blue-collar workers will rise in ever greater numbers to fill the jobs the upper-middle-class child disdains. But then, if you are among the corporate-ascendant, it is your children who are the likeliest dropouts. The internal litany that has dignified the worst and best of work—*My son won't have to do this. He'll have an education. He'll move a rung up the ladder. His son will climb higher—who can have confidence in that now?* The progress of generations is too easily shortcircuited.

On the airlines, so recently a sanctuary of homogeneity, the street people are traveling youth fare, and their mild, parodic gaze turns on you, their costume makes a costume of your clothes. The em-

blems of class affiliation count for less. In the ranks below you, the bookkeepers, office personnel (no longer content with the faint dignity that the white collar confers) are reported festering with the discontent of labor. A *Harvard Business Review* article cites a marked rise, since 1966, in dissatisfaction among clerical workers, warns that they are "ripe for unionization."

This much is plain, surely: the cultural situation is stealing away the sanctity of work. And yet—not really a contradiction at all—this means merely that we expect not less but more from work. For those in "the system" (which is only a subsystem in the tangled, confused society), it—work—is the dispenser of identity; it has the power to give meaning to your life or take it away. What do the system's beneficiaries, its managers, want from their work? A stopping question, one might think. But if you ask it of managers, you are likely to discover that a ready (if not a satisfying) response exists. "Well, first of all, your compensation, your remuneration, and responsibility. And beyond that, there's the most important thing: growth. Self-actualization." It is an answer with a history.

3

While the quantifiable side of business has recently undergone considerable sophistication—with systems analysis, decision theory, Bayesian math—so has what is commonly called "the human side." In 1899 (a moment to mark the beginning of formalized ideas of management) a man named Taylor taught a man named Schmidt how to do his job, which was shoveling pig iron, with such efficiency that he could increase the amount of pig iron he shoveled in a day from twelve to forty-seven tons. As Daniel Bell recounts in his book, *Work and its Discontents*, Frederick Taylor's time-and-motion studies were joined by others; Frank Gilbreth thought he had broken down the physical motions of work into their basic components, which he named anagrammatically "therbligs." The phrase "wasted motion" appeared in the language, and everywhere one looked, more work could be done with less effort, surely to the universal good. People began to speak knowingly of "scientific management," but it was not long before a certain popular horror also sprang up: dismay at the stark vision of industrial man that "efficiency" implied.

Within the field of business administration, the first strong reaction to the Taylor view occurred in the form of studies by Elton Mayo of the Harvard Business School at a Western Electric factory in Hawthorne, Illinois. With one group of factory workers, Mayo improved the physical environment to promote efficiency; a control group was aware of the changes but did not benefit from them. Oddly, the control group increased its productivity in step with the experimental group. The poignant lesson seemed to be that the sheer attention paid the subjects of the

experiment had as much effect as did material improvement of their lot. The Hawthorne project revealed in scores of ways the importance of camaraderie, pride in craftsmanship—in short, a sense of significance, which was often defeated by putatively efficient planning.

The Mayo view embodies certain plain attractions over the Taylor one, but there's nevertheless a rub. If happiness is what is required for production, then let's make them happy: so the "enlightened" manager might reason, an upside-down moral stance at best. For C. Wright Mills (and others), this was the characteristic fact of modern industry: it conditions the employee to accept what is inherently unacceptable. In *White Collar*, Mills wrote: "Many whips are inside men, who do not know how they got there, or indeed that they are there. In the movement from authority to manipulation, power shifts from the visible to the invisible, from the known to the anonymous. And with rising material standards, exploitation becomes less material and more psychological."

Something hollow about this argument when it's applied to management-labor relations: there's little doubt that the needs of production take precedence over the inner lives of the worker, and little credibility to the idea that "conditioning" is successful. But the argument assumes a different cast when you consider management's relationships with itself. (Although the labor-management division is central to the social experience of the country, it's hard to think that it occupies the minds of most executives: most managers manage other managers.) The assumption in the Mayo studies, that meeting the needs of the employee meets the needs of the organization, is at the center of the subsequent literature of management.

One system of interpreting managerial styles provides a visual device: the "Managerial Grid." One axis of the grid represents "output," the other "people." Each has values from 1 to 9. The manager ranks himself (or is ranked) on these axes according to how important each factor is to him; the resulting coordinates provide a way of talking about his managerial character. So for a time (now passed) it was fashionable among executives to say such things as "I'm a 9,1 manager" or "I'm a 9,9 manager." In point of fact, given the choice, most managers would call themselves "9,9," which means oriented toward *both* people and production. To state this choice is in some way to make it. And the great tendency in the literature of management is toward "people-orientation," toward an ever-heightened awareness of humanistic values always in the faith that you could "get the job done better" that way. Authoritarianism, hierarchy, a single-minded concern with the observable performance of the employee—these have yielded (in theory) to increased participation, "teamwork," a concern for the employee's happiness.

There are a couple of documents that most man-



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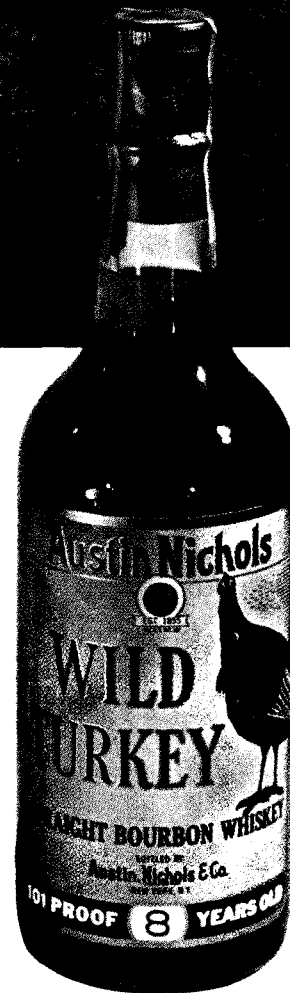
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agers who intellectualize their roles will have read, landmarks in this optimistic progression. One is A.H. Maslow's "A Theory of Motivation," which was published in 1943. Maslow spoke of a "hierarchy of human needs," which ascends from the primitive (shelter, food) to "social needs" (a sense of belonging) and "ego needs" (self-esteem), culminating in the "needs of self-actualization." He remarked that it is in the nature of human beings to long for the fulfillment of ever-more abstruse needs with equal intensity: "What a man can be, he must be."

In 1957, Douglas McGregor, a behavioral theorist who had been a president of Antioch College, published a book called *The Human Side of Enterprise*, whose ideas built upon and complemented Maslow's. McGregor used the concept of the need-hierarchy to suggest that companies could not rely on "satisfied needs" to motivate their employees. For example, it was unreasonable to expect that a man earning what he himself considered a generous salary would be moved to continual hard work on account of it; the salary might be necessary, but it was not sufficient.

In several conversations with managers, I asked in various ways how important money was among the rewards of their jobs. "Money" is a word that managers on the whole avoid; if they are not being specific—"25K"—they tend to say "remuneration." "Really I think remuneration is a *de-motivator*," I was told. The response, though delivered with spontaneity, comes straight out of McGregor.

McGregor suggested that there were two grand rationales for the managerial role, which he called Theory X and Theory Y. Theory X, rooted ultimately in some dour views of human nature, held that a manager must *control* his subordinates, motivate them through fear. According to McGregor, Theory X was the style that dominated business, whereas more productive results could be obtained through Theory Y. Theory Y, unsurprisingly, takes into account the "higher needs." It argues that the manager's job is to lead subordinates toward greater self-development, which in turn will mean greater productivity. McGregor urged managers "to arrange organizational conditions and methods of operation so that people can achieve their own goals *best* by directing *their own* efforts toward organizational objectives." That sentence is close to the essence of contemporary managerial style. It is believed and repeated. "The concept of providing an enriching and self-fulfilling environment for our people to work and grow is our goal at Xerox," a member of the company's corporate staff said. And it is not at all uncommon for a man to say of himself, "I guess you could call me a Theory Y manager."

The theories proliferate and yield systems of management. The one that currently prevails among large American organizations goes under the phrase "management by objectives." Under "management by objectives," managers and their superiors and subordinates up and down the corporate hierarchy

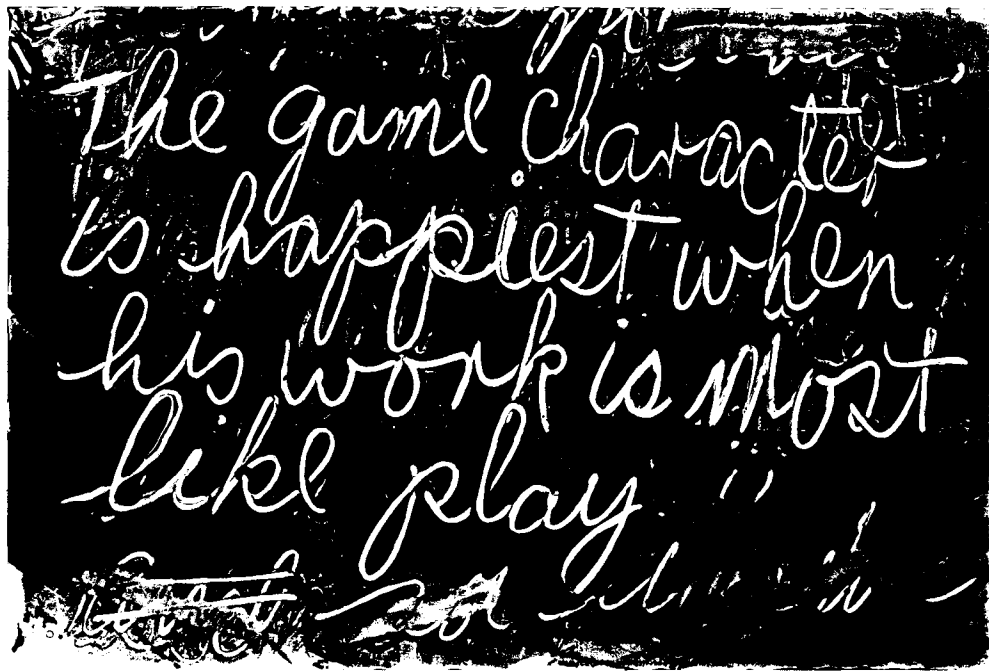
meet to "discuss their goals." Broad company-wide goals come from above, but individuals also are expected to propose what they themselves intend to accomplish. The objectives, large and small, are then meshed into a presumably coherent plan.

In the past few years, management philosophizing has turned away somewhat from theories of individual motivation toward techniques of team-building. The effort is to change organization structures in a way that facilitates personal growth. "Organization Development" (or OD, as this movement is also called) stresses "interpersonal skills," "group membership competence," and works ideally toward the achievement of an organization where form follows function: teams coalesce around a project; they break up when the job is done; expertise is drafted from all over the organization without regard to formal hierarchies. (OD lends itself to companies such as management consulting and advanced technology firms, where projects are highly complex and continually changing, and where a great number of people with varied skills in fact exist on the same hierarchical level. That is a practical reason for the existence of OD: interesting also, though, that its principles dimly echo the concerns of the general culture. Whereas fifteen years ago, popular critics such as William H. Whyte and David Riesman lamented the submersion of the individual in the group, we today characteristically hunger for "a sense of community.")

The good done by these experiments in managerial practice shouldn't be lightly considered. To appreciate it you have to appreciate the rigidity of the bureaucratic norm. (About a place where OD has been successfully applied, it's said with some wonder, "At TRW systems, with only some minor exceptions, middle- and top-level executives as well as key scientists and engineers are typically available for consultation with anyone in the organization on matters of functional relevance to the organization. There is no need . . . to obtain permission for the consultation from one's boss.") And it's necessary, too, to think of the fear, the silent throes of uncertainty with which life in a tightly structured organization is sometimes lived. *"It's sad," the management consultant said. "Sometimes I wish I were a novelist, when I see what these people go through. It's not uncommon to have men hiding in a stall in the men's room, with their feet up off the ground, hoping to overhear someone talking about them."*

And yet there is something troublesome about these hopeful ventures toward "self-actualization." Consider, for instance, the GO (Growth Opportunity) Plan, an organizational scheme that makes growth itself the explicit subject of team play:

. . . it is recommended that each functional head initiate Growth Teams with his group on a voluntary basis. A Growth Team is composed of: 1) a key man who wishes to develop, 2) the supervisor of that key man, 3) the manager over that supervisor if feasible,



plus another manager (or managers) on the same or higher level as the supervisor who are well acquainted with the key man and his activities. The Growth Team can also include a peer of the individual if he feels strongly about the contribution the person will make. A coach from the company's management development staff should also be included.

Or, dwell on the future organization wholly liberated from hierarchy. Here one organizational expert (Chris Argyris) recounts the vision of another (Jay Forrester):

If we may extrapolate the probable matrix organization of the future, Forrester suggests that the organization will eventually eliminate the superior-subordinate relationship and substitute for it the individual self-discipline arising from self-interest created by a competitive market mechanism within the system. The individual would negotiate continuously changing relationships. Each individual would be a profit center whose objective would be to produce the most value for the least activity; who would have the freedom to terminate as well as to create new activity, who would have access to all the necessary information. The organization of the future would be rid of internal monopolies which is the usual status of most traditional departments.

Surely we are entitled to some skepticism here. The hollowness, the mechanicality of the talk. The trouble, one might say, derives from the presumed disinterest, the scientific air: management theory is in service of something distinct from inquiry; it's in the service of management. Tempting to see it all as just a skillful form of manipulation. But that is, no doubt, too easy. *"If it were just deceit," said a skeptical engineer, "it wouldn't be so bad somehow. But they believe in this stuff. You have to believe in it, and the higher you go the more you have to believe, because otherwise you'd have to face the truth."* "Which is?" "Well, ob-

viously: that no matter who you are, you're somebody else's peon."

Vague, pompous, the rhetoric of management development seems often to ask to be forgotten, but it's probably a mistake to treat it dismissively. There is, after all, a theme continually sounded: attending to human needs solves corporate problems . . . attending to corporate needs solves human problems . . . what you can be, you must be: under this roof. People heed this message, men truly do participate in "growth teams." And, in the simplicity and piety, some things of worth get obscured. You listen in vain, for instance, for acknowledgment of the moral ambiguity implicit in reconciling the needs of human beings and the needs of their offices. So much is promised, nothing less than selfhood; and the extravagance of the promise trivializes the very idea of self. Among other things, what is forgotten is the absolute interdependence of self and others, the way in which human growth depends not on the conscientious honing of the personality, or on immersion in the "team," but on the crucial, infinitely complex relationship between a single identity and those that surround it. Benjamin DeMott has said this with force (while suggesting that the poverty of our sense of growth stretches beyond the corporation, is culture-wide):

The nation prates of self-realization, and rests in near obliviousness that my humanness depends on my capacity and my desire to make real to myself the inward life, the subjective reality, of the lives that are lived beyond me. The nation . . . possesses little knowledge, if any, of the steps by which the human being becomes itself, the separate, private acts of imagination on which the achievement of personhood depends.

You don't have to spend much time in the interior of a large contemporary organization to realize that

such concepts as Organization Development are only a fragile handle on what occurs there. But they are emblems of the peculiar situation in which this army of men finds itself, abstracted to a great degree from the nominal function of the organization, existing in the middle of a seemingly infinite chain of command, managing, but being managed, and longing for a dignified rationale for work, the center of which is too often the continual sophistication of styles of obeying, and of commanding obedience.

4

Picture a ball-point pen. It is unusual, made not of plastic but wood, with gold ornamentation; the wood has come from an exotic jungle tree—rosewood, I think, or teak. The pen is held before your eyes between the thumb and index finger of a man whose firm produces it. He complains of things that have gone wrong. The pen, an expensive item, twenty or twenty-five dollars, isn't selling; the plant is idle. *"The marketing guys blew it. Now my people are stuffing envelopes."* He's explaining to me the importance of "communications" and "team-work."

But the pen itself has caught your interest. What about the pen: how does he feel about the thing; should it have been made? He says that you have misunderstood. The pen is just an example. *"The product is irrelevant."*

Lunch at a Midwestern country club. Across the linen tablecloth, a marketing man, about thirty-five, with responsibility for several food products. *"I have a friend who asks me, after a couple these," he nods toward a martini, "How can you devote your life to selling cereal?" Well, it's a real question. But we have bright people here who can talk about anything: books (my favorite author is Norman Mailer), politics. If I'm interviewing somebody for a job, I ask him, 'Who's the senior senator from Mississippi?' And there is family, community. Your life goes out in concentric circles, like a stone dropped in a pond, and . . ."* Stopping, he seems, we both seem, to hear the accuracy of this old image: the emptiness where the stone drops, at the center of the circles.

It is curious how far one can read in the literature of management, or even in criticism of the corporate existence, and how long one can talk to managers, without really hearing about a product. Distanced from the end of his labor, an end that is in itself often trivial or something more ominous than trivial, the manager finds it appropriate to think of himself in terms of role, not function, as A Manager, not as someone who assists in the manufacture of this or that.

There are over 8000 items in the average supermarket; our arsenals of cosmetics, our weaponry shelves are famous: in how many products might a man find the merest symbolic concomitant to his dig-

nity and worth? To how many products may a man even feel close?

The price of sophisticated production is that the fragmentation of jobs moves upward from the assembly line; it's not at all uncommon now for a man to hold a Ph.D., earn \$30,000 a year, and speak of "my boss's boss's boss's boss." On top-secret projects engineers are forbidden to talk to the man in the next office about what they're doing, or even to know the nature of the whole project of which they are designing a part.

But the mind has a strategy to deal with the corporate situation: it uses its talent for abstraction. In the organization one likes to speak metaphorically about scenes of greater glory: empires, stadia, the forest and the jungle. A writer and executive named Antony Jay, in his new book *Corporation Man*, explains that the key to understanding life in the corporation lies with prehistoric man: we all in our genes long to participate in what Jay calls the "ten-group," a small, closely knit team of men that derives from ancient hunting bands. An electronics industry executive recently in the *New York Times* described his ideal associates: "guys who are tigers, who approach their jobs like tigers on the prowl. Hungry guys, motivated guys. The kind of guy who'd be a great executive or inventive scientist because he has to prove something to himself or his wife. These are the guys I want working for me."

A psychoanalyst named Michael Maccoby, studying managers in technological industries, has reported to the Harvard Program on Technology and Society that he sees the emergence of a certain new "social character" in these firms on the leading edge of corporate change. (The term "social character" is originally Erich Fromm's, meaning the sort of ideal personality that a society encourages and values; the main determinant is the society's mode of work.) Its elements, in Maccoby's view, include a meticulously controlled aggression, flexibility, detachment, fairness, coolness under stress, an aptitude for teamwork, and—transcendently—an ability to see and feel in competitive terms and to experience the continued urge to win. Maccoby's name for the syndrome he sees is *game character*:

Perhaps the most graphic way to describe the American organizational character is by examining the American's favorite spectator game: professional football. At the risk of some exaggeration, football can be considered a paradigm and symbolic expression of the organizational character in operation, which may be one reason why this sport has increased in popularity during the past generation. . . . What is required of a professional football player. . . ? His aggressiveness and competitiveness . . . must be controlled; he must be able to turn himself on and off, so to speak. Even though he must maintain a high state of tension and alertness, he must be cool and detached.

Game character is composed of some obvious vir-

tues, but virtues for which their owner pays a price. Maccoby's psychoanalytic interviews with successful managers yield a richness of game imagery and unconscious violence. Their Rorschach tests abound in ferocious jungle beasts and scenes of turmoil, on occasion surmounted by a figure ascending from the strife, emblem of the subject's victory. Asked to describe his character, the executive is likely to respond in the familiar language of winning: "What I like most is the big win. I like goading others on to greater triumphs, developing competitors."

One way of viewing game character is as a highly successful psychological strategy in a situation where reality lies some distance from one's work; "the game character is happiest when his work is most like play."

A curious idea. In a way, it represents some considerable cultural growth: the end of the hated Protestant ethic, the emergence of the idea that work needn't be noxious to be good. And yet, work isn't play—it is not a diversion from life; it is life, has consequences. The abstraction of work from its product, process from content, is the heart of corporate experience. It's the adaptive trick that makes life OK, sanity of a kind, a costly kind. "Game character is a character without a center, without strong beliefs, sense of identity, and goals." That part of the man that is successfully competing tends to lose touch with the rest of his personality, with items of spiritual or intellectual importance that once mattered; the end of this process is the alienation of the player from himself.

5

"I'm an admiral," Stan said, "so why don't we go to the Admirals Club?" It is a few hours now after the close of the Executive Development Lab at Osage House. Four or five of us, between planes in St. Louis, are waiting in the Danish modern lounge that American Airlines provides for its preferred customers. (Randomly one man says: "I have a problem and I wonder if anybody can help me. I'm tearing my teeth apart, grinding them in my sleep. The dentist says I'll need caps in a year if I don't stop." Trust, a freighted word in sensitivity training, prevails.) Only time for a half drink, and the American Airlines attendant appears at our table to announce Stan's flight. "We ask our admirals to go down fifteen minutes early," she says. My flight too; we're going home together.

Stan's a tall, pale engineer (MIT '60) with a pink circle appearing at the crown of his head, a compensatory blond moustache started. On board, he's anxious to talk about the last few days.

"This has changed my life. I used to be universally regarded as a son of a bitch. Would you like to see my last DOEB?"

DOEB: that's the name of the rating form we've all filled out for one another—"Dimensions of Executive Behavior." ("Place an M at the alternative which

is *Most* like that individual's behavior. . . . Place an L at the statement which is *Least* like his typical behavior. . . .")

"Look," Stan says, "I went from three M's to three L's on this, 'insensitive to feelings of others.' I find that very exciting. It's exciting to be a nice guy. I'm beginning to experience joy. Not just contentment but joy."

Our conversation, though informed by Stan's happiness, is shapeless. He asks me what surprised me about the session. I tell him two things did: *this*, this conversation, this openness, the changes he says have been wrought in him. ("I'm one of their success stories, I guess; I'd be at the top of the curve, but then I had a long way to go.") And the other thing: the competition. I hadn't been prepared for it, didn't know how quickly, automatically people would accept the terms of the game and fiercely play.

Stan smiles, suggesting that not to understand this is to understand nothing: "I wanted to win. I wanted to be president very badly. People like me need a club called Winners Anonymous, for people who still want to win but don't want to be compulsive about it."

Over Pennsylvania, Stan recalls his T-group's last session. Their assignment was to write a newspaper account of themselves as they hoped to be five years hence. Stan showed me his: "Flash, Stanley— (Nice Guy Stan) experienced his 500th successful interpersonal encounter today. His wife and a few close friends joined in the celebration at home. NGS's comfortable salary is sufficient to meet expenses."

Stan said, "I thought it would be good to put in some humor. Some of the others surprised me. Howard read his and it said just, 'Howard Tompkins received the Father of the Year Award today. The judges were his wife and children.' And Bob started to read and couldn't finish. His report said: 'Robert Cramer was appointed professor of corporate law . . . And his lower lip began to tremble and he said, 'I don't think I can read this.'"

Stan pauses; his eyes cloud.

I'm moved too. Look out the window, am silent. The modesty of these wishes. Some subsurface river runs in us all, where there is a longing to do the small and decent thing. Surely this, beyond "the win," is what we all, corporate men or not, want out of work. But the sentiment turns inward on itself. These tears I could spill, they're McNamara tears: recall the Secretary of Defense weeping improbably in public? I think I understand that: not the fullness of feeling that's being experienced, only a reminder of how rare is feeling itself. Can we abruptly experience joy, change our lives, learn to triumph generously? Isn't this wash of emotion evidence of the distance we keep between our lives and ourselves? I sense Stan next to me, full of possibility, but that is not my condition at all. The moment passes unarticulated; and as the plane descends into the Northeast, we turn again to "Dimensions of Executive Behavior." □



A VETERINARIAN

by Carolyn See

Tom Mehlhoff knew that he did a lot of things for reasons which were obscure even to himself. He feared that he did things for style; the "in thing to do" was the way his mind phrased it, in some leftover cliché which underlined all the things he was trying to avoid.

He'd had a beard as soon as he could grow one; but when it became the style to be hirsute, he'd cut his beard and hair—mercilessly—so that now in the morning as he shaved or tended one or another of the cuts and scratches which were the stock in trade of his profession, he saw entirely too much to suit himself. His face came from a long line of Andy Hardys and Van Johnsons, and made no room anywhere for passion or spite or sorrow or fear.

He was too young to be grown-up, and he leaned away from everything his parents believed, but too

old too for the street people; he missed them not by years (twenty-eight is not old) but by that mindless ease, that slack relaxing into sloughs of nonaccomplishment and dumbness. To demonstrate, say, to walk, jostling and hugging, indiscriminate, and wave a sign imprinted with yet another easy cliché, and chant words which had been done, and done, and done . . .

Like many people who consider themselves between generations, he divided himself between two jobs. He was a veterinarian, which he vaguely considered to be his justification to all things living: the stamp (if anybody should ask) of a good man. He was also from time to time a clinical pathologist, a specialist in exfoliative cytology, in what he liked to call a human hospital: the long, thin prongs are pushed deep into some poor dog or cat—or human—and re-

moved, bearing a dot of blood and flesh, which is stained and examined for any of those diseases which plague the living world. He had seen cancer in them all. At a cocktail party his wife, Ann, had once dragged him to (their friends, as everyone's now, were divided into stand-up drinkers and lying-down dopers; he felt uneasy with both), he had tried to tell some woman about his depression when, for two or three weeks, almost every slide he looked at had shown malignancy. Her face had gone blank with sympathy; then she remembered: "Well, they're only dogs and cats!"

He was thinking about cancer as he drove home. There were theories that not only was it a virus but that you were born with it walled up in secret cells. As you grew older and more tired, the walls crumbled; all it took was one crack in the millions and billions of cells and it escaped, beautiful and silent, the way fog sprinted silently and at tremendous speed under the Golden Gate Bridge into the harbor. The walls broke because of cigarette smoke, or smog, or the chemicals they put in restaurant pies. Maybe they broke because of fluorescent lights or synthetic fabrics, and cancer was only one thing. Mehlhoff had worked with germs so awful that they had no names, much less a cure. What man could do with them was little, little; put up some more clapboard walls, that's all, and make camp, however tentative, in the land of the living.

He lived in San Francisco, and crossed the Golden Gate Bridge every day to his work in San Rafael. If his life was satisfactory now, it had started off in much the same way: plain living and square-shooting family life in Thief River Falls, Minnesota. He worked his way through St. Olaf College, the most elegant private college around. It had left its strict Lutheran stamp on him. He'd worked his way through romance too, with a combination of idealism and drudgery. The very first day at St. Olaf he'd met a wholesome beauty and circled her name in the list of incoming freshmen. Two years later on their first date he was still secure enough in his beliefs to ask her to marry him. It took her months to make up her mind. And by that time she was as necessary to him as baskets of oranges and buckets of cream.

His gains by now were modest, but his own. A nice upstairs apartment (the downstairs neighbors never complained about the kids), his degree as a veterinarian from the University of Minnesota. He'd only recently set up his own small practice. After taxes he was making \$700 a month. He and Ann had been married for seven years. You man the barricades with a wife who knows you, and the exemplary two children (he'd had a vasectomy right after the second; if everyone did that, and no one brought home vegetables from the market in plastic bags, the world might be saved; anything is possible, even something good).

And a best friend (Dave) is next to you, who looks like you and lives your life. You hire a glamorous

secretary—although he shook his head when he thought of Peggy. She was pretty and plain and quiz-zical, and there were snags in her stockings. She'd been a nurse, but she couldn't stand watching people die. Now she held doped and stupid puppies while Mehlhoff probed in their throats for eternal lost fox-tails. He could hold out, maybe, with his wife, his children, his friend, and his secretary.

One night a week he took care of the kids while Ann went out with her girl friends. It was a benign if distant gesture. He was still young; so was she.

He heard about the collision of the two Standard Oil of California tankers almost, he supposed, as it happened. January 18, 1971, was a terribly foggy morning, and he craned as he made his slow way across the Golden Gate to see the ships beneath the bridge. The two tankers had collided, spilling more than 800,000 gallons of bunker oil into San Francisco Bay. It was news, a real event, but this morning he couldn't even see the bright orange spokes of the bridge itself. Once at work he forgot it. He worked on a mountain lion that day, and an English sheep dog that had nervously bitten its paw to a bloody pulp. A colleague of his brought in a Weimaraner dead from an interesting form of distemper. Mehlhoff wanted to take a slide from its brain. He'd just ordered a new power saw for trepanning, which lay, still wrapped, on one of his stainless steel counters. He put the Weimaraner, patient beyond the grave, on clean newspaper in the last cage in the corner.

His secretary's girl friend came over for lunch. She was sexy, with false eyelashes and no bra. Mehlhoff laughed a lot. Later, as he washed up, he examined himself in the mirror above the basin. Affable as the deacon who passes the collection plate every Sunday. He spent the afternoon at work; a mutt with a diseased pancreas, and countless calls from labs and colleagues: Was this leukemia? Was that worms? And in the corner, in the gray steel cage, the Weimaraner waiting.

Mehlhoff drove home about eight thirty or nine. The radio was full of news about the spill, but he couldn't see a thing. Ann had already eaten and fed the kids. He found some sausage and cheese, and looked out toward the ocean, but there was only fog. He spent the evening listening to music on his stereo. The set had earphones; he liked them. Carved wooden trolls marched across the mantel of his fireplace. He owned the Great Books of the Western World and a series on natural history for his children, and there were novels; books galore, he said to himself, and saw himself inside the walls.

The next morning, groping to work in the fog, he heard reports of the first dead birds. Well. There were bound to be dead and more dead . . . from the oil. And people were bound to make a big thing out of it. But seven thousand birds had died this year of fowl cholera up at Tulelake, and nobody had made a big thing out of that. And he knew the stupidity of birds, the profound mindlessness of, say, a chicken.

Seeing animals all day, every day, didn't do much for his sentimentality.

That night there was the stereo and the books and in the next room posters on the wall—all the accouterments of San Francisco life, the tools of the striving middle class with a wistful wave at youth culture—crap! He tried to get Dave on the phone, and then, instead of helping to undress the boys for bed, he put the older one in his nylon snowsuit and walked with him down along the beach to see what was going on.

It was cold for San Francisco. From the Cliffhouse, when the fog parted, he could see down the long strand, which was the sad, romantic face that San Francisco presented to the sea itself. On one side of the Great Highway, arcades and concessions and hotels and shops; and across the street, just sidewalk, a low cement wall, and then black eternity of water. Tonight yellow beams of light jerked and lurched across the sand. Mehlhoff heard the cries of people, short and shrieking, like birds themselves.

He walked down the slope toward Poor Richard's Ballroom. Its doors were open. BRING YOUR SICK BIRDS HERE, a hastily scrawled sign said. Mehlhoff went in.

He'd seen *Gone With the Wind* as a boy, and this was like the field hospital where Scarlett O'Hara searched for whoever it was. This was every spectacle before or afterward: Florence Nightingale in trouble in the Crimea, John Wayne in Guadalcanal. Mehlhoff stood in a huge room, the paint peeling, the faraway ceiling held up by columns around three sides, forming a verandah above, arcades below. A few lights in the ceiling weakly gleamed down on a cast of thousands; the place crept and crawled with sick and dying birds. They lay gasping in makeshift beds of filthy rags, or fagged out on their sides in open cardboard boxes. They futilely preened themselves and filled their beaks and eyes and noses with the thick black stuff. They made their way cautiously across the length of the ballroom like ambulatory patients down hospital halls.

In gawky relationship to the birds, a set of humans worked—maybe two hundred, maybe more. There were (as the newspapers were to repeat with morose delight in the coming days) hippies, housewives, and hard hats. Mehlhoff smiled to see an occasional person holding a bird in close, unaccustomed embrace; the human face somehow in flight as it shied away from what it was holding, and next to the human ribs, in some improvised clump of black and odorous rags, a transcendently deranged bird face; beady eyes and insolent bill which from time to time emitted a sharp, disgusted yawp. "Poor bird, poor old bird," he heard one guy say, then saw the man, once finished staring at a newly dead grebe, whirl it toward a raffish, slithery pyramid that Mehlhoff had absentmindedly registered as some sort of supplies, perhaps a different kind of rag, but that was made up of corpses of birds.

Mehlhoff took his son home, picked up his equip-

"Tell all
of us
what
to do!"



ment for performing postmortems, and returned. He went up to a girl who was handing out coffee.

"I'd like a table, if I may, and a strong light."

"What for?"

"I'm a veterinarian, and I thought by doing some postmortems to find out exactly how the birds are dying, we could find out the most appropriate treatment . . ."

"Thank God, you've come!" she shrieked, throwing her arms around his neck. "Here's a vet!" she announced in the ringing tones of street demonstrations and bullhorns, cattle prods and mace. "A vet's here! He'll tell all of us what to do."

In the next six or seven hours, Melhoff did postmortems on maybe twenty birds. The main thing, he decided, was to keep them warm and treat them for shock; it wasn't the oil itself necessarily that killed them, but the shock. He thought of birds, and their life on other nights. To feel the air, to dive down in the water, deep (he was in the middle of a series of scuba lessons right now and he felt the hindrance of equipment and had a thousand mental reservations about diving), to swallow food that was alive and glittered in your mouth. To have a beak, to breathe in and have the air go all through your body, to suck air literally into your bones, and fly. And then to die. He felt the oil, the *hardness* of it, its intractability,

and knew what it would be to die of it, to feel it burning in your stomach, or searing your eyes, coating your skin so that air, water, the things of life would be cut off.

Well, he had to get the oil off. Since the oil was so thick, so much like tar, maybe mineral oil would do. His mother had used it on him when he'd gotten tar on his feet as a boy. And something then to soak up the oil. Not flour—it was too gummy—but a meal, cornmeal. And injections of steroids and antibiotics as a preventive measure, and he'd have to think of feeding them: would they eat dead fish? And ways to keep them warm.

He thought he would remember it all forever: the kids' faces screwed up into grimaces as they worked over the birds feather by feather, the foul smell of crude oil, which, like the smell of a skunk—if it was faint enough—made you ultimately like it. He had his first meeting with Kasarian, an enormous man, a hairy eminence saying, "You want something? I can get you anything you want." True to the movies, Mehlhoff asked for hot water, and Kasarian built two huge bonfires out in back, and found two vats, and assigned two crews who, for the next eleven days, ate and slept and joked and made love around those fires and never left; day and night the fires burned.

Toward the end of that first night, at four or five in the morning, as Mehlhoff leaned, stupid with exhaustion, against his table, someone patted his hand, as though he were a boy, then held his wrist, as though he were the patient. Someone said, "It was a godsend that you came here"; and where his body had shied like a scared horse from the first goofy girl, it vibrated now like a tuning fork. He looked up and saw a woman's face on a level with his own, with tired eyes and hair the color of dry grass. He looked past her around the enormous hall, trying to spot Kasarian before he went home, to tell him what supplies to ask for and how to set about arranging the hall into a regular hospital.

Going to work the next day, he listened to the news for the first time in his life as though it were his own. Standard Oil was going to pay for everything. There were dead birds. There was going to be an inquiry . . . He'd been on the bridge that morning; the fog was too thick to see an inch. Why did they let ships go out in it, pass each other in it? And people were working together to save the birds.

There were other bird centers springing up. There was a Dr. Naviaux up in Pleasant Hill; he'd worked in the Santa Barbara slick in 1969, and from what the radio said it sounded as if they'd worked out much the same treatment as Mehlhoff had.

But officials had designated the city-run San Francisco zoo and a nearby game farm as the official caring places for the birds, and they had sent for an "ex-

pert" from the East Coast. Mehlhoff felt a twinge of personal jealousy—they didn't even mention the work at Poor Richard's Ballroom—and a larger, more respectable surge of professional indignation. The "expert," from what they were saying about him, wasn't even a veterinarian. He was advocating the use of some product—biodegradable they said, but what difference did that make? Some of the kids had suggested using Basic H—a biodegradable detergent—last night, but the trouble with Basic H was that it took off not only the thick bunker oil but the birds' natural oil too, right down to the thinnest pinfeathers and the skin. So that if a bird set sail after that, his feathers gradually filled up with water, and he sank and drowned.

The birds' normal temperature was generally 105 degrees. Could the zoo keep them warm? Perhaps in the snake cages. (But what would they do with the snakes?) They couldn't be planning on turning sick birds loose in the aviary, in the cold wind and fog. He thought of the birds' heartbeat, frail and terrifically fast, a vibration really, thinly humming along with the universe. The great thing was to keep them warm; he was sure of it, and not sure that the zoo had the facilities to do it.

Today at his office, there were three German shepherd pups sick, eating all right but vomiting. They were still living partly on mother's milk. Mehlhoff ran a series of tests but couldn't come up with anything. A trainer came in with a hysterical Doberman. "His owner worked him with a belt," the trainer said, "and now he wonders why the dog wants to kill him."

Mehlhoff kept wanting to phone Kasarian at Poor Richard's to see how things were going; the work that he had left behind stayed in his mind with total clarity. And yet here he was, in a layout of his own design: waiting room, private office, two consulting rooms, small surgery and large lab, a two-thousand-dollar microscope and a brand-new power saw, a stack of slides to read, and after the Doberman, a woman saying, while he gave her dog a shot, "It's a good thing I know how to hold a dog." People were proud of the most minuscule accomplishments.

He drove straight from work to Poor Richard's. From San Rafael to San Francisco he saw isolated crews along one shoreline or the other, pitching straw and drawing it out, sippy and sticky, onto the sand. He saw helicopters hovering; he listened to KSAN's continuing coverage of where the oil was, and where more afflicted birds were. He heard a description of the oil he already knew so well; it was thick, like tar, almost completely unrefined. It moved according to the temperature of the water. It wasn't as though all the straw and various attempts by boats which skimmed and sucked could get all the oil up and out. It would stay in the water for years. Just now it had made itself into enormous strings sometimes twenty or thirty feet long, catching in breakers and rolling up onto the beach.

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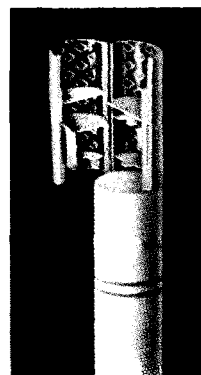
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FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. '70.

At Bolinas Lagoon, which had such an abundance of wildlife, the oil was just offshore and about to come in with the tide. Volunteer crews were desperately building a makeshift breakwater. (The city had made contingency plans against the possibility of an oil spill in San Francisco Harbor but hadn't taken into consideration the action of the tides.) What else was there? Standard Oil was coming through admirably, offering to pay for the care of the birds, operating a fleet of boats.

When Mehlhoff got back to Poor Richard's, the kids, the street people, remembered him. "It's the doc," they said unbelievably. They recognized him, said hello, as in "What's happening, man?" and came to him with questions: "Do you get their eyes with swabs?" "What about the holes in their beaks?" Girls came up and hugged him. Mehlhoff looked for Kasarian hungrily, as an old friend. Kasarian came up, enormous, and Armenian or not, took him into a formalized Mexican *embraso*. Mehlhoff shrank at every touch, and winced at every piece of slang, and drew in a bit at every tie-dyed T-shirt, but less and less and less.

The kids had done a great job. The supply unit (which had found a tiny room off the dance floor and stayed in it and stuck with it and made it a command post) had persuaded the phone company to set up a battery of phones. They had scrounged a generator; the place was much better lighted. Next to an enormous stack of cotton swabs and mineral oil and boxes of cornmeal and rags, there were cans of beans and tomatoes and creamed corn, the flotsam and jetsam of probably every San Francisco supermarket. It was as though all the Digger cant and dogma had culminated in one intense, practical finale.

They had washed, swabbed, tagged, penned, injected, force-fed hundreds of birds. Now the birds lay somnolent in cages and pens and stacks of boxes. An area under a verandah had become sleeping quarters. Sheets hung from the balcony; and behind, in semidarkness, birds dozed, looked out of makeshift cages with beady eyes, and kids slept, exhausted, for a few hours.

They told him that the place already had its lovers, its new romances, and pointed out a couple—but the girl couldn't have been more than fifteen!—who were holding hands and talking, while little eddies of efficiency swirled around them. "They don't do much work," a woman said, "but they add a little color to the place." It was the one who had taken his arm last night. He was immensely glad to see her. She looked like the rest of them, dressed in old clothes, but was almost certainly older than most of these kids, older than he was, even, maybe. Her hair was that funny color of weeds; there were a few gray hairs.

"They're awfully young," he ventured, and his own voice had never sounded so callow, so Van Johnsonish. She shrugged.

So he went to work. He cleaned birds and examined each new one that came in and injected each

one with cortisone and antibiotics. He worked all night, under a harsh single light, treating grebes and scoters and gulls and loons, some fighting, some too profoundly sick to fight. Some died on the table, as he held them.

At about five A.M. he went home. He would sleep for a couple of hours, have breakfast, and go to his office. He didn't mind the lack of sleep, he liked it; but maybe half of his patients on this case had died. Before he left he glanced around for the woman, and hated it when he couldn't find her, and hated himself more for his own dumb romanticism. It wasn't as though he would ever dare do anything!

The hospital stayed open for eleven days. Mehlhoff averaged maybe three hours of sleep a night. The time unrolled like a jerky but utterly engrossing movie. One or two nights his wife begged him to stay home and threatened—he was exhausted, he would ruin his health. He stayed home, but it pained him to do it. He was addicted to the lights, the total activity, the people, the birds. Things "settled down": fewer birds came in, but they kept on dying. By the end over half would die; to work was to work against—or with—continual defeat. It was no longer just the frail girls who wept. And Standard Oil of California appeared to be coming through so handsomely that it seemed pointless to blame them for what was, after all, somehow, an accident. When, a week or so after the disaster, a few protesters left dead birds on the steps of the company's offices, it just laid ugliness on ugliness.

But one day they caught a middle-aged man in a business suit who had slipped past security and was taking notes on the care and feeding of the birds. When he carried his tiny camera to the kids' sleeping quarters, Mehlhoff asked him to leave.

Two young kids found a packing case and set up housekeeping there. People joked that all anybody ever saw of them were two pairs of feet, one turned up, the other down. Mehlhoff worried about it.

Another couple met, fell in love, planned to marry.

At his office he discovered that the shepherd pups had contracted DDT poisoning from their mother's milk. Two out of the three died.

The ballroom, being so old and near the water, was rat-infested. Rats carry fleas. Bubonic plague is endemic in California. Mehlhoff worried about it.

He worried about dope. There were hundreds of syringes in the ballroom. He tried to keep a close check on them, but with so many people working it was almost impossible. As far as he knew, the kids were phenomenally careful. But he couldn't help worrying.

He brought his son down to visit one day, and held the small hand while he chatted with the woman. He heard the old, cracked affability in his voice. He didn't know what else to do. It wasn't a realistic atmosphere they were living in.

Network television came down to Poor Richard's to do an interview with Mehlhoff; when they came in the front door, he went out the back.

At the end of the week, Standard Oil of California tentatively refused to pay some of their rent; Poor Richard's needed eight hundred by the next morning. Mehlhoff had someone call KSAN, and by morning \$1100 had been pledged. And the company was persuaded to pay the rent anyway.

Rumors circulated that the zoo people shot the birds with Adrenalin. The birds would then fly up into the air and die. A zoo official held a news conference, at which he stated that they were "using mineral oil like everyone else." Still, the mortality rate at the zoo was 98 percent.

One afternoon Mehlhoff performed postmortems on twenty birds. He checked out their eyes, looked at the skin to see if they were burned by oil, or if there were sores or cuts, or if the bird had by chance been run over or crushed. He looked in their noses and mouths for oil, then opened them up. He looked in their lungs and air sacs, and in their spleen and liver and pancreas. He cut tissues on each one of them, made slides to save for further histopathological examination.

A trio of representatives came in from Standard Oil of California. They hadn't sneaked past security like the man with the camera. With three of them there they could act as witnesses for each other in a court of law.

"What are you doing there?" one of them asked with earnest interest.

"I'm performing postmortems on birds you killed!" Mehlhoff snarled.

Later, when the company showed signs of hesitation about paying up everywhere in full for all the expenses of the harbor cleaning and facilities for bird care, he and two other concerned citizens filed a twelve-and-a-half-million-dollar class action suit against them in Mehlhoff's name, but on behalf of the public. The company paid up, quickly and informally, without further prodding in or out of court.

On the thirteenth day, Mehlhoff closed the hospital at Poor Richard's. The birds were sent to the Richmond Bird Sanctuary in trucks (the nervous grebes with socks over their heads), each truck with an attendant who played the guitar or sang.

A lot of the kids had given up their rooms or dropped out of school to take care of the birds. They hated to leave. Mehlhoff managed it so they could spend the last weekend in a party. On the last day there was a wedding. Mehlhoff thought: Was it legal? Would they stay together? Did they know about life?

The bride was radiant, dressed in tattered lace. Mehlhoff stood and watched. He spied the woman he knew across the crowded room. "It's none of my business," she'd said to him once. "I don't mean it personally, but I don't think you can go on living the way you do. There's more than what you have. The kids have something, you know. Really." But he thought of the other side of the proposition: this country had got to the place it was because of people like him working; maybe it could only get out of that place if people worked just as "efficiently," just as hard.

That night, before he went home, he stopped off at the office. He phoned his wife to say he'd be late. "What else is new?" she asked, good-naturedly. Her middle name was Liv—a good word after all that death.

As he hung up, the phone rang. Mehlhoff sighed between sentences as he talked, but his voice was affable, unremittingly cheery. This was what he was paid for, after all. "Your dog's in heat? Of course, with two poodles trying to get to each other, I don't envy you. We can always tranquilize them, I guess, but really the best thing is separation!"

He hung up. The office was silent. Seven thirty at night. His secretary had gone home. Ann would wait dinner, Fluorescent lights, white walls, linoleum, Lysol, stainless steel, silence. He walked once through the office, stopping to touch his two-thousand-dollar microscope. It was a beauty. He opened the package with the power saw and turned to his gray friend in the cage. □

ON THE MEANING OF WORK

by Robert Coles, M.D.

In early December of 1934 a serious and scholarly young French lady, about to turn twenty-six, took a job in a factory at the outskirts of Paris. Day after day she operated a drill, used a power press, and turned a crank handle. From doing so Simone Weil became tired and sad, but she persisted—and all the while kept a “factory journal.” In time she moved to another factory, there to pack cartons under distinctly unfavorable circumstances. She felt cramped, pushed, and in general badly used, even as her co-workers did; eventually she was fired. Still undaunted, she found employment in the well-known Renault works, the pride of industrial France. She lived in a world of machines and shop stewards and intense heat and long working days. She saw men and women hurt and insulted, men and women grow weak and bitter and weary. She also saw men and women struggle hard to find what joy and humor they could amid those long stretches of dangerous and exhausting work. Enraged, at a loss to know what she thought and believed to be true, she kept at her job. She also kept asking her co-workers to share their thoughts with her.

Simone Weil was a moral philosopher, a theologian, some would say. She had no interest in studying factory life sociologically or analyzing the psychological “adjustment” of workers to their jobs. Nor was she trying to see how “the other half” lives for one or another reason. She had in mind no shocking news stories as she worked week after week, month after month. She was not out to prove that the modern worker is “exploited” or on the verge of joining some “revolution”—or alternatively, happy beyond anyone’s comprehension but his own. Though her mind was capable of constructing its fair share of abstractions, she sensed the danger of doing so. An intellectual, she profoundly distrusted, even scorned, the dozens and dozens of writers and scholars and theorists who wrote with assurance about the workingman and his lot. Instead she wanted to place herself in the very midst of what interested her, there to learn from concrete experience—and only later would she stop and ask herself what she *believed*, what she had to *say*, about subjects like “the effect of work on the worker,” subjects that she well knew a mind like

hers was tempted to seize and probe and dissect without the slightest exposure to a Renault factory building, let alone those who work inside it.

Eventually she would carry her experiences to the countryside; she learned to pick crops, plow the land, tend animals, and in general live the life of a peasant—to the point that she unnerved her hosts. She was no snob, no condescending “observer” bent on picking up a few facts, establishing a reputation of sorts, then hurrying off so as to cash in on the time spent “out there.” The people with whom she stayed (at Bourges, about 100 miles due south of Paris) later remarked upon their guest’s ability to cut through the barriers that naturally went to separate her from them—“and put herself at our level.”

In fact Simone Weil wanted to do more than “understand” others, or make them feel that she was stooping ever so gracefully. She saw factory workers and field hands as her brothers and sisters, out of a deep and certainly religious need to do so, a longing she described (for herself and for the rest of us) in *The Need for Roots*, written toward the end of her short yet intense life. (She died in 1943 at the age of thirty-three.) In the book she emphasizes that we need desperately—indeed die spiritually if we do not have—a community, one whose life, whose values and customs and traditions, whose *sanction*, a person doesn’t so much think about as take for granted. If that is not very original and surprising, Miss Weil’s notion of what a “community” is, or ought to be, goes much further; she sees us as always wanting to be in touch with others, not only our immediate families or more distant kin or our neighbors but those we work with, with whom we spend well over half our waking hours. For her, economists and political scientists (not to mention politicians), as well as psychologists and sociologists, all too often fail to grasp the true rhythms in life. True, they point out how much money we have or don’t have, how much power one or another “class” has; or else they emphasize the lusts and rages we feel and try to express or subdue. Meanwhile, all over the world millions and millions of men and women (yes, and children) mark their lives by working, resting from work as best they can, and going back to work—until they die.

And for Simone Weil it is with such day-to-day experiences that one who wants to comprehend man's nature and society's purposes ought to start.

Though she got on well with her fellow workers in several factories and on a farm, and though she held off at all times from extending cheap pity to those men and women, or condescension masked as moral outrage, or contempt dressed up as radical theory, she had to set down what she saw and heard. That is to say, she had to list the various kinds of suffering she saw among France's workers:

We must change the system concerning concentration of attention during working hours, the types of stimulants which make for the overcoming of laziness or exhaustion—and which at present are merely fear and extra pay—the type of obedience necessary, the far too small amount of initiative, skill and thought demanded of workmen, their present exclusion from any imaginative share in the work of the enterprise as a whole, their sometimes total ignorance of the value, social utility, and destination of the things they manufacture, and the complete divorce between working life and family life. The list could well be extended.

She went on to do so; she extended her list and spelled out how life goes for millions of workmen in what she called “our industrial prisons”—where (she well knew) men are glad to be, rather than go hungry or be idle. But she was not primarily a social critic; perhaps more than anything else she was a visionary, hence easily written off as impractical—but uncannily able to say things starkly and prophetically and with apparent naïveté, which more cautious and “realistic” men only in time would come to see as indeed significant. So she noted how frightened and sullen her co-workers became, how drained they felt by the end of the day, how tempted they were to make minor mistakes, slow down, even at times cause considerable damage to the plant in which they worked or to the products they were turning out. Why is it so, she asked—why must men (in both America and Russia—that is, under capitalism and Communism alike) work in such huge, cold, impersonal places, and feel so fortunate (such is their vulnerability, their fear, their insecurity) for having even that kind of opportunity? The answer, no doubt, is that efficiency demands it; in a modern industrial nation mass production has to take place in large factories. Yet, in the France of the 1930s, Miss Weil saw what we in America are now beginning to notice and worry about: the dangers which a cult of efficiency and productivity, unqualified by ethical if not spiritual considerations, can present us with. She saw how much her worker friends needed one another, how hard they tried to enjoy one another's company, notwithstanding all the factory rules and regulations. She saw how tempted they were to stay off the job, to feign illness or offer some other excuse that enabled them to take at least this day off. She saw how greedy and thoughtless an industrial empire can become: land, water, air, raw materials, the lives of people—

everything is grist for those modern mills of ours, which in turn are defended as necessary for our “advanced civilization,” while all the while we cough and hold our noses and our ears and see about us an increasingly bleak and contaminated land, and feel upset as well, at a loss, and more than a little angry. The words and phrases are familiar, indeed have become clichés: absenteeism, ecological disaster, alienation, dehumanization, the loss of a sense of community.

Simone Weil sensed in her intuitive way that something was wrong, that a new order of attention must be given to the ordinary working man—whether he wears a blue collar or a white one—to his need for fellowship and dignity as well as money, to his struggle for meaning as well as possessions.

Working people with whom I have talked make quite clear the ways they feel cornered, trapped, lonely, pushed around at work, and, as Simone Weil kept on emphasizing, confused by a sense of meaninglessness. These feelings, I have noticed, often take the form of questions—and I will take the liberty of paraphrasing some of them that I have heard: What am I doing that *really matters*? What is the point to it all—not life, as some philosophers say, but the specific, tangible things I do or make? What would I do if I had a real choice—something which I doubt I ever will have? Is there some other, some better way to work? Might we not break up these large factories and offices, work closer to our homes, closer to one another as workers—and work together on something that is not a fragment of this, a minor part of that, but is whole and significant and recognizable as important in our lives?

If those were “romantic” inquiries for a much-troubled and fussy and brilliant French religious philosopher and political essayist in the 1930s, they may not be altogether impractical for us today. The workers I have heard may not speak as Simone Weil did; but like her they are able to be obsessed by the riddles and frustrations that life presents—and like her, they can spot trouble when it is in front of them, literally in the air, the dangerously contaminated air. As never before, our industrial societies are now being forced to look inward, so to speak, to become aware of the implications of our policies, among them those followed by the thousands of businesses which employ millions of workers. No doubt in the 1930s a skeptic could easily have made light of Simone Weil's concern that the French landscape outside various giant factories was in several ways being defaced. No doubt today what she (and over the decades many, many workers) wanted done inside those factories can still seem impractical. But that word “impractical” is one that history has taught us to think twice about. One generation's impracticality has a way of becoming another's urgent necessity. □

SCIENCE AND THE PROFESSION OF LITERATURE

by George P. Elliott

The language of humane reason can blend with poetry, as the *Divine Comedy* demonstrates impregnably, whereas the language of pure science constantly pushes toward mathematics, toward single-meaning. The strain to single-mean is what makes legal prose hard for a layman to comprehend; science's success at single-meaning is not the least of what makes it emulsify so uncertainly with literature. I believe that it is natural for the mind to do with language as poetry does—to double-mean, hint, second-guess, fool around, sidestep, pry. The supersubtle paranoiac speaks, and thinks you speak, only in code; for him, language never means only what it seems to say; indeed, it seldom, to his way of thinking, means what it says at all. But not even this extreme doubleness is as hard for a poet to grasp as a statement—about something humanly important—which means all it says and nothing more. In this respect all men are poets when they are children, when they sleep, when they are emotionally engaged with others: most of their lives.

By midcentury, even we laymen could know, if we wished, that something odd had happened in physics, the uttermost science, and therefore to what it was saying and to its language. What with the indeterminacy principle and the substitution of probability for law and antiworlds and reverse time, it was apparent that even the most exact language of all was not sure what it was talking about. Science was no longer rationally deterministic, and after August, 1945, only a fundamentalist true-believer could hold on to his faith in science as the savior of mankind. The scientific world view had become scrambled, and the consequences of that scramble were manifestly affecting us, not in all respects for the better.

Hyperrational scientific thought is narrow, whimsical, and indifferent to our welfare; no other way we

have found to warp reality has released such energy; it is hastening toward us a secularized Armageddon which it has already emptied of meaning. All the same, we need not therefore turn against reason even in its modest occasions. Science is not all of reason, though its devotees act as though it were. Reason—the establishing of firm, humane premises and the scrupulous, sequential linking of causes and effects—pairs off with imagination very happily, and with moral philosophy as well. Indeed, without a limited and limiting admixture of reason, imagination disintegrates into fancy or nightmare or turbulent sensation, and moral philosophy too easily simplifies into “might makes right,” “I want,” ME.

* * *

Even when faith in science was at its strongest, the emulsification of science in literature was uncertain; it is amusing to learn that Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola, those preachers, conceived of themselves in their realistic fictions as taking a scientific, not moral, view of the world. But now that the apocalyptic successes of science have so drastically weakened trust in it as a human good, that mixture has become volatile indeed. By science here I do not mean scientists as characters in novels à la Huxley or Snow, or the technological consequences of science as an element of the actual world mirrored in fiction, or scientific theories as subject matter for essays and for science fiction. I mean the scientific attitude toward the world, an attitude that both narrowed literary scholarship (which embraces criticism, interpretation, exegesis the more readily the less scientific it tries to be) and, through the movement called modernism, entered into the making of literature itself.

As for “scientific” literary scholarship, I doubt that any great shift in prestige will take place in literature

departments for a long time, for science remains the model for learning in universities and shows few signs of losing that power. But the faith in science is waning as its social power becomes entrenched; science is the established religion, and universities are its churches.

"Modernism," as the term is now used, generally became important with the Enlightenment and aimed to apply to the moral, spiritual, social world the rational standards and experimental skepticism of natural science. The *philosophes* made a movement of this attitude, a movement which the intellectuals have perpetuated. In its challenge of every authority and tradition, and in its advocacy of freedom and egalitarianism, modernism released enormous energies. For a long time, it generated a literary countertradition of great aesthetic force, with considerable moral, psychological, and political consequences.

A teacher is likely to be affected more than aesthetically by what he teaches, and I believe that the academic near-orthodoxy of rebelliousness—disaffection at least, nihilism at most—derives in part from the study of modernist literature: Nietzsche, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Ibsen, Joyce, Pound, early Eliot, Kafka, Genet, Beckett.

A modernist text dwells on the disorder and alienation of "Modern" experience. It is obsessed with disconnection, perversion, and diseased self-absorption ("Notes from Underground"). Formally, modernist literature has considerable trouble in unambiguously satisfying the emotional expectations it has aroused. Kafka, who could not have faked if he'd tried, famously left his two chief novels uncompleted. Flaubert in "A Simple Heart" permits us to connect with Félicité so warmly that when she comes to die, we want to grieve as we would in life, and the one scene in the story which Flaubert "builds" is the death scene. But then, in the very last words, he chokes off our tears with unkind irony: the vision of glory in her mind as she dies is of a stuffed parrot. *Aestheticus interruptus*, like that other kind, leaves the reader sad and soiled. Let one of the last images of conjugation in *Ulysses* stand for modernism's impure gratifications: an (inadequate) husband kissing his (adulterous) wife (on the behind) as they lie in bed side by side (but also head to foot).

* * *

Modernist literature is very strong stuff, and studying it, especially if one does not have at the same time a fit regard for the equally strong and far less alienating but not so imposing traditional literature, can be unbalancing.

The Living Theater, a strictly modernist theatrical group, went to Europe for four years in self-proclaimed "exile." (For modernists, nothing is more chic than alienation.) When they came back in 1968, they had turned into theatrical guerrillas mowing you down with anarchistic love. The "Paradise Now"

which their writhing and chanting evoked suggested Eden less than Belsen.

From modernism to anarchism is too easy a step to take. From anarchism to nihilism is not much further; little more is needed for it than despair of the democratic, parliamentary process, and for that despair little more is needed than direct involvement in some of the gigantisms of our gigantic society. From nihilism to totalitarianism, for those who want to take it—balked Utopists, the brutal, the very impatient—is hardly a step at all.

Meantime, rebellion is *in*.

* * *

When the designers of rebellious fashions put up Ché Guevara as a model for the American young, he caught on instantly. Having overthrown one wicked oppressor, he had been thrillingly thwarted from victory over another oppressor almost as bad by agents of the most devious oppressor in the world—us: martyred hero with fatigues and beard. But, I suspect, no less important to his apotheosis as *the* fad rebel was the unmentioned quality of his failures. First he, an Argentinian, failed to exercise the authority he had seized in Cuba, and then he failed in his attempt to impose a revolution on Bolivians who had not asked for one and who perhaps, if they ever got around to wanting one at all, would prefer to make it themselves. Our age has provided us with more martyrs than we can use; Ché is low on my list of those to revere. I think ill of a man who refuses to fulfill the heavy responsibilities imposed upon him by the success of his revolution but who substitutes imperialism for legitimate authority—an imperialism of revolution, to be sure, yet no less offensive for being socialistic and secular rather than capitalistic and Christian. As for Ché's cultists, they are less lunatic and less unsavory than the cultists of martyred John Birch, but rather more ludicrous, and in the long run about equally dangerous—not very.

I heard of an undergraduate in an Ivy League shop who asked to see what they had in the way of Ché Guevara outfits, preferably in olive drab. When he found just what he wanted, he asked the clerk, "But don't you have it in wash-and-wear?"

I also have heard of a state university political science department that offers a major with emphasis on revolutionary movements, including a three-credit course in guerrilla warfare, two hours a week in the classroom and four hours a week "in the field."

"Join the Dodge Rebellion"—a mass-media advertising slogan.

* * *

But "guerrilla theater" antics, whether politically serious like the Alice-in-Wonderland trial of the eight Chicago "conspirators" or symbolically troubling like the Living Theater's propaganda or just plain buffoonish like some of the Jerry Rubin antics, are a far cry from the aims and methods of science.

Quite as obviously, modernist writing is no determinant of behavior; two Joyce scholars I know are, as citizens, on the conservative side of liberalism. If my argument is to have any validity, I must do some connecting.

My thesis is this. Qualities which are true goods in the realm of science, impersonal objectivity above all, are in most respects inappropriate to the moral, social, and aesthetic realms. Yet the manifest successes of science, especially in dislodging religion, and its intellectual prestige are so overwhelming that those qualities have been translated wholesale into these realms of our affective lives, with frequently inhuman results. The most extensive way by which this translation has been effected in recent times is "behavioral science," especially psychology and sociology, but modernist literature has made the strongest imaginative impact. I, of course, do not view this figurative translation as what modernist writers set out to accomplish, nor do I mean a judgment on them either literary or moral for having done it; that they did it is what matters.

Let me make my point by citing the example of the highest, *Ulysses*. Fairly ordinary people going about their very ordinary lives (nothing is more democratically egalitarian than science's view of its subjects, its data); seen by a detached, remote, utterly controlling mind (without a personal God, even novelists sometimes aspire to be impersonal, like scientists); in prose and narrative styles borrowing from and parodying traditional styles (leave no authority unchallenged and untainted); overwrought with arbitrary, sometimes nonsensical intellectual games (like some of those geometries mathematicians enjoy playing with); concerned, beneath all the antics, to picture "the truth" about those unfulfilled dwellers in that unsplendid city (truth, not just the author's moral vision of them)—whatever else this novel does and whatever else you may think of it, if it does not leave your understanding to some extent subverted, then you have not really read it. Now, Joyce was not particularly interested in science and socialism, and he was certainly not interested in converting you to scientism (or to anything else except devoting your life to studying his books). Yet *Ulysses* powerfully communicates modernist attitudes, not least because the book's god, the author, perversely leaves it unresolved and leaves you imperfectly gratified.

* * *

One who imposes the values of science upon the moral and social life is likely, if he is of an emotional nature and has much spleen, to be in a state of chronic restlessness. The usual form this takes is rebelliousness and hostility toward those who are not with him. Rapid and extreme social change becomes for him a necessity, without regard to the anxiety which such change generates in ordinary people and to their reactive cruelty because of that anxiety. When rebelliousness is elevated to orthodoxy, then

courtesy, respect for authority, and obedience are likely to become despicable; but to put on discourtesy, contempt for authority, and disobedience, as is so fashionable these days among with-it blacks and privileged young whites, is by no means the same as to be genuinely revolutionary. Indeed, often it looks like desexed masochism: to take a noble course, as Martin Luther King did, which entails attack on you by your enemies is one thing; to employ noble-sounding words in order to provoke attack on yourself by both enemies and friends is quite another. To discriminate between these two modes of action is not always possible and seldom easy; "Notes from Underground" is the best guide to this scientific-rebellious masochism I know of.

What reason says about a true revolution is: for it to succeed, a sizable portion of the people must want it, and an even larger portion must acquiesce to it; and the state must be weak—that is, the rulers must not be able to give clear and consistent orders, and/or the soldiers and police must be disaffected enough to be ready to refuse to obey orders or even to mutiny. What reason says about the situation in the United States now is this: a large portion of the people want not to have a revolution, but are willing to accept reform, and the state is strong. It also says that large numbers of blacks and of the young are disaffected with our social values and are tempted by amorphous violence. What threatens us is disintegration, not revolution.

The antireformist rebel who is willing to seize power and exercise authority, like Lenin, can hold together, for he bows to reason; if his revolution is unlikely to succeed, he sits tight and studies hard. But when reason itself has been unhorsed, the rebel disintegrates: like the Black Panthers, he may go through the conventional motions of revolution to win chiefly a delusional martyrdom (anyone who has read the papers knows *cops kill cop-killers*); like a fascist he may parody revolution and impose that travesty of authority and order, brute force; at the extreme he may degenerate into a real *Sadiste*, like Bernardine Dohrn, leader of the Weatherman faction of the SDS, who said of the Manson murderers, "Dig it, first they killed the pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild!"

* * *

The first, and a very instructive, portrayal of what modernism can do to a man was drawn by Diderot, that exemplary *philosophe*, in *Rameau's Nephew*. With the dark side of his splendid mind, Diderot (who is the reasonable, balanced *I* of the dialogue) guessed one kind of character his Enlightenment was going to produce. The *He* of the dialogue, Rameau, is a compendium of Enlightened (rationalistic, anti-religious, "scientific") attitudes and of spite. "*He*: The spleen that's corroding my dear uncle's innards seems to fatten his dear nephew." It is a toss-up



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whether he feels more spite against power or against goodness, but there is no question what makes him feel worst of all: to be confronted with excellence in any form. "I've never yet heard a genius or great man praised without feeling secretly furious. I'm envious. When I hear some little degrading thing about their private lives, I always listen with pleasure. It brings them down to my level." He can't keep from loving good music, so his nastiness for musicians knows no bounds, and he is careful to pollute or abort his own performance of music. Not that his vices are new in the history of things; and though he expresses a good many Enlightened notions, he obviously could not have been reared on them. "My sole merit is that I have done systematically, out of clear-sightedness and a reasonable and just view of things, what most other people do by instinct." What Diderot was doing, I think, was speculating on what might happen in a fellow with unpleasant impulses—Diderot was not as gullible as Rousseau about the nobility of man's nature—should those impulses be freed from the old restraints by a rationalistic subversion of morality and custom. "Since I can manage to find happiness through vices that are natural to me, acquired without labor and retained without effort—vices condoned by custom and congenial to my protectors—vices that are closer to their own little private needs than any virtues would be, because virtues, like so many reproaches, would make them uncomfortable the livelong day—it would be strange if I tormented myself like a soul in hell just to turn myself inside out and be something that I am not. . . . Virtue inspires respect, and respect is uncomfortable. Virtue commands admiration, and having to admire someone is no fun. I have to deal with people who are bored, and I have to make them laugh. Well, nonsense and madcap pranks are what provoke laughter; so I have to be nonsensical and madcap. And even if Nature hadn't made me that way, the best I could do in that case would be to act as if I were." (Had Diderot not been a decent and almost conventional man himself, he might have gone whole hog and invented *Sadisme*, thereby saving the Marquis the trouble of writing all those vile novels.)

Diderot did not dare publish *Rameau's Nephew* in the 1760s when he wrote it—bad for the Enlightenment. (It was first published in 1805, in a German translation made by Goethe.) Now every English major, every student of European literature from the past two centuries, should be required to study it, for monitory as much as for literary reasons: *See what can happen to you if you don't take care*. For *He* is not just our contemporary; he has become our colleague, too: the scholarly establishment has, confounding everything, opened the doors of the academy to him, and he is of it.

* * *

Like literature, science is only an aspect of reality; the error of scientism is to mistake it for the whole.

Science and technology really do progress. Only fools speak of progress in the arts. But, despite all the evidence against, true believers in scientism maintain that important social progress is possible and will improve our nature as well as our lot. In my view this belief, shared by capitalism and socialism, is not only untrue but, being very influential, has contributed, not least by experimenting with human beings, to the dreadful state the world is in now. The discouragement is that progressives, in their bigotry, see as the only remedy to our dilemma more progress.

To pure science, no fact or thing has more intrinsic value than any other fact or thing. Transported into the social world, this provides support for the glorious ideal of equality before the law—and can also be used as illegitimate, surreptitious sanction for that envious leveling which is the special hazard of democracy.

Science, taking nothing on faith, accepts only those ideas which can be proved rationally, tested by experiment, and built into a construct of logical thought. But, since our motivation is mostly irrational, those who put their trust only in the rational easily lose control of their irrational forces—indeed, as in totalitarian regimes, the irrational makes a bondservant of reason and apes logic, with monstrous results. Reason's highest *moral* job is to govern our impulses well; to accomplish this, it must not only know but respect and delight in their fearful, holy strength, including the might of aggressiveness. (Where better to learn this awe than in great literature?)

Science admits no limits but the possible. Translated, this becomes contempt for every authority that is not wise, good, and true, and denial of all taboos. But very few authorities, being people, are wise, good, and true all or even much of the time; and if, as I believe, we are taboo-makers by nature, then surely the consequences of smashing recognized taboos (currently the sexual ones) must be that we will make unrecognized ones in their stead: noisily to emancipate sex may be surreptitiously to immure love. Such an intellectual as Norman Mailer has speculated on violating even the taboo against murder, and some of the young nihilistic terrorists are trying it out.

Science, to stay vigorous, must constantly press on (like a military avant-garde) into unknown territory. In art and society, the avant-garde has degenerated into guerrilla bands, crazy for novelty, scornful of the past, and demanding relevance to present concerns: ME NOW.

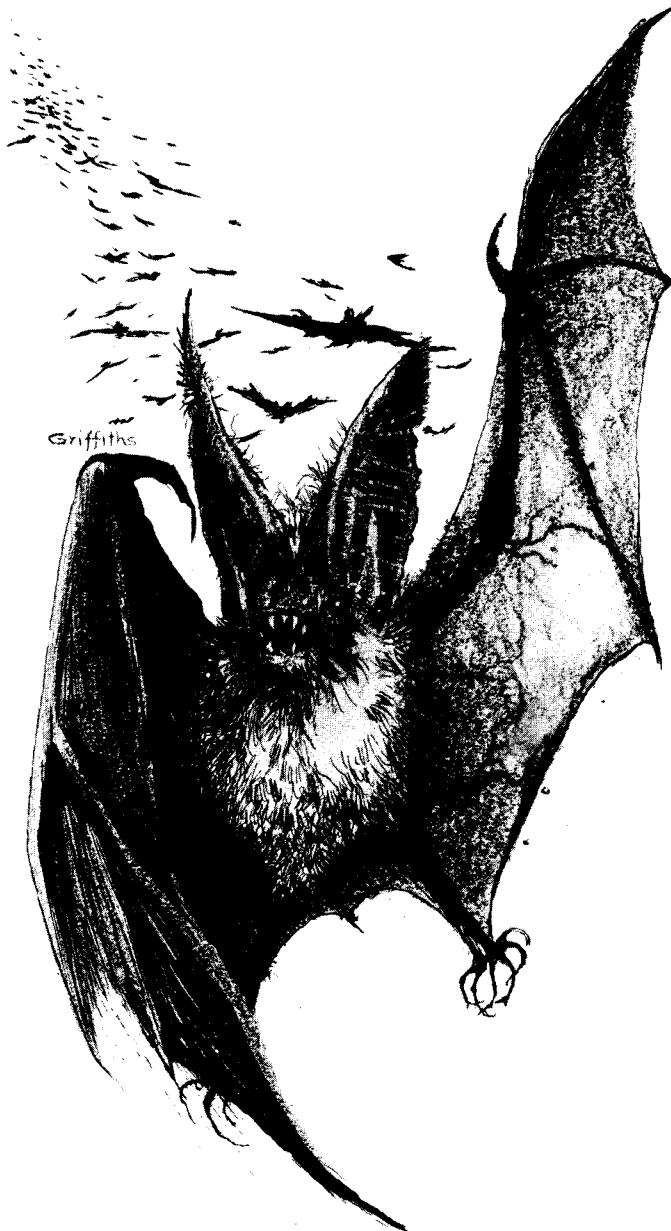
Over and above these transmutations and others like them, there is the straightforward impingement, not only ecological but also spiritual, of technology on our inner lives, through the media and the arts. In this respect, literature, being less accessible to technological intrusion, is luckier than painting, sculpture, and music, to say nothing of the technological arts of photography and cinema; language just about

has to make sense to keep going, and making sense is a kind of order, a purely human order at that; to use words powerfully, you have to think, because words fight back in a way that electronic sounds, poured concrete, paint, and light on film do not. John Cage, that destroyer of music, simply could not have made it in poetry.

When Beckett abandoned language, he tried such dodges as having sighs set to music; but even sighs, howls, moans, shrieks mean something human, and an opera even of sighs is a structure that does whatever it is art does. Let the tombstone of modernism be Beckett's Nobel Prize, and its epitaph be his state-

ment that he will never write again, never create anything new again. (And let us also give thanks that he has disdained his celebrity and refused to degenerate into the mod and the pop.)

The career of I. A. Richards should be exemplary for the profession of literature. In the 1920s he published books which formulated scientific principles for analyzing language and poetry—that is, for taking them apart; in the 1950s he began to publish verse and plays, putting language and poetry back together. In his entry in *Who's Who in America*, he no longer lists the scholarly, would-be scientific books that made him famous. □



THE BAT

When the pellucid evening lingers
After the sun has left the skies
The bat extends the membrane stretched
between his fingers
And flies,

That is to say, he flutters,
And, as he flutters, utters cries
Pitched just within the range of
human hearing.

Many find him endearing,
But women (speaking
With due respect) sometimes run shrieking,
Fearing that in the absence of a hat
They may need shearing
With sharp cutters
To free their hair from the entangled bat.

But there's no fear of that.
Although he has weak eyes
He carries radar in his nose for steering.

His asdic tells him where
Lurks, perilous, a head of human hair,
Or, for that matter, where the gutters
Outline the bulky square
Of the old barn; he has his lodging there.

Harmless he is, I'll swear,
But that he's crazy none denies
Who ever watched him drunkenly careering,
A disconnected piece of epicyclic gearing,
About the evening skies.

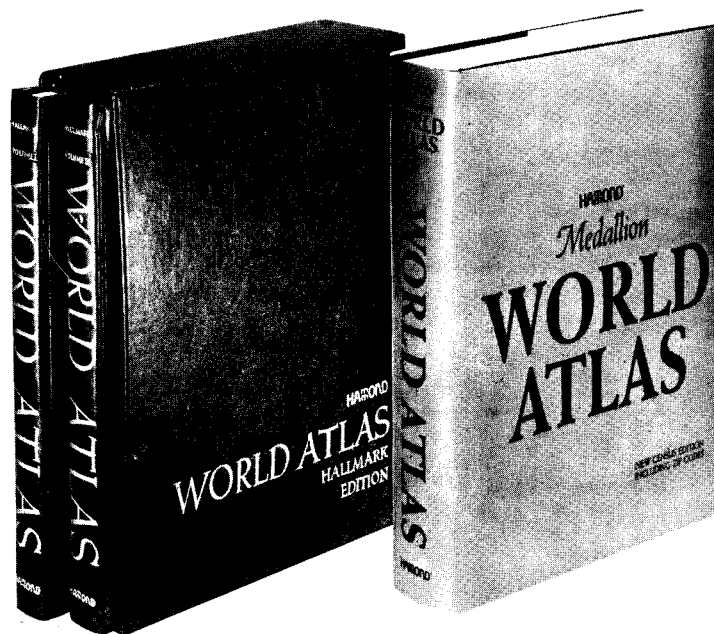
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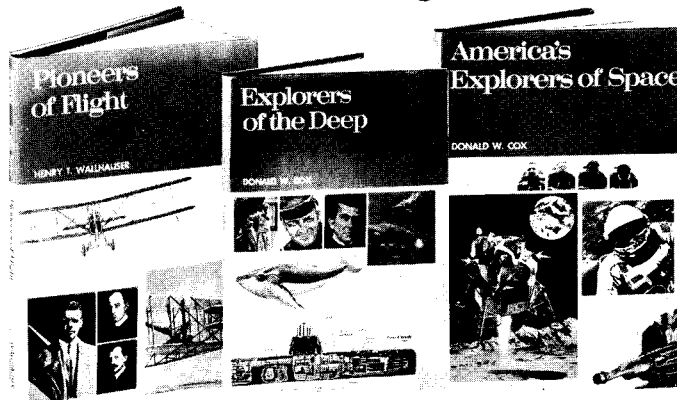
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Some Grass Roots of Peace in Pacific Heights South

San Francisco has just been getting an Indian summer that is now well into October, and it is lovely here for a while still. New England comes to mind. I wish for a wine-goblet elm or a maple that is not *Acer palmatum* to put on its red and orange. But this is a street on the southern low rise of that long escarp that ramps up out of the Blue and subsides at last where it's nearly Hashbury and then the Andreas Fault. Real estate dealers palm off our little redoubt as Pacific Heights South or Lower Pacific Heights; take your choice or take your chance. Can't see the Bay from the highest viewpoint any of us has. But you can listen in on the foghorns moaning, and now and then there's the smell of voyages. Yes. Some of the old Victorian houses have got year-round primroses in their window boxes. Others have been taken over by decorators and such, or by communes of hippies—or just some well-off young folk who man the boutiques on Union Street in the daytime and at night have a few of their own in for a little pot, some Red Mountain, and maybe seven Jimi Hendrix sides in Fond Memoriam.

My study—I had it painted brown because I'd been

having another period like that and to appall my mother-in-law, who comes, as she will, at Christmastime—is on the third floor of this narrow house that we have put through a long reconstitution, just as last spring some of the faculty at the college where I teach reconstituted themselves and their classes in another seasonal change. Mostly they're sorry now, or becoming silent, like me. But St. Augustine said you can get a lot going for you when you're Becoming. Such turnings, though, are strange—here in San Francisco where there aren't any real seasons to speak of. We polish all the brass in sight before Mabyllene arrives; she is East Texas to the bone, and military. When I got married it was in that white chapel at Arlington Cemetery. A friend said he wouldn't mind being best man if he could read Blake's sonnet on London and play taps on his cornet. That finish about how the youthful harlot's curse and the newborn infant's tear "blights wit" plague the marriage-hearse . . . can really dig in if you let it. I don't know how many former military men are buried in Arlington Cemetery, but I'm the only one, I surmise, that got married there.



A story by Clay Putman

Last night my wife and I and our young daughter walked around the block to another old house to attend a meeting called "A Grass Roots Move For Peace." We slid the double bolt fast on our front door as we left; I checked the ferns in their boxes on the porch to see if they were still dropping spores onto the tile mosaic, and then I locked the scrolled gate of black wrought iron behind us. My daughter's birthday bicycle, stowed on its kickstand beside the maidenhair and the bloodwort, looked pretty with the white wicker basket and its garland of plastic blossoms and leaves. For days there have been blue and white posters all around our neighborhood announcing the meeting. Those colors are all right. Some Sundays we drive this twelve-year-old girl who is beginning a change of her own to Golden Gate Park with her bike so that she can ride it around without danger; my wife and I—we are forty-six apiece and have taken some pains with our bodies—rent bikes at a shop; and we have a good lunch from the girl's basket and a nice afternoon on the drives that for a day have been put out-of-bounds to automobiles. We take along the slithery coil of jade and sulfurous vinyl with a brass combination lock where the rattles should be in case, after we have returned our rented Schwinn's, we want to walk into the Arboretum or into the De Young Museum, which is a sad museum.

But this is a Wednesday evening I'm writing about. I have had an afternoon class, and two dim martinis, and then some espresso before we have to haul ass if we are to get to the meeting. My wife has been prevailed upon by the hostess to help with the passing around of those nostalgic blue and white posters door-to-door and with the baking of cookies. I have the queerest longing to stay at the table; I want to sit there and touch the greenish veins in the marble and look at my daughter's face; she will be beautiful if she chooses to become so.

I'm pretty dim myself, now. In the graduate seminar this afternoon there was close to being a row; and there might have been if I hadn't had their attention span, getting shorter like the days now, going for me. I seemed to lose my temper for a time. At the end of it, I remember saying something like: "Words are important. Each one means what it says, right there in its place. It really does. This is going to be one of the last bastions where words matter." Not such a pompous thing to say, if you can carry it off. Then I had to add that I'd be glad to help with some shortcuts and some advice about the clearing up of grammar, spelling, punctuation, diction, and the like, in order to penetrate the barriers between the faults of those matters and the *word*. I neglected to call a break in the two-hour session and talked twenty minutes past my time and spell. I had just got home and eased into the copy of Mies's Barcelona chair when the phone rang. It was one of the students, and he wanted to come over because of what I'd said in class. He took me at my word and joined us for the

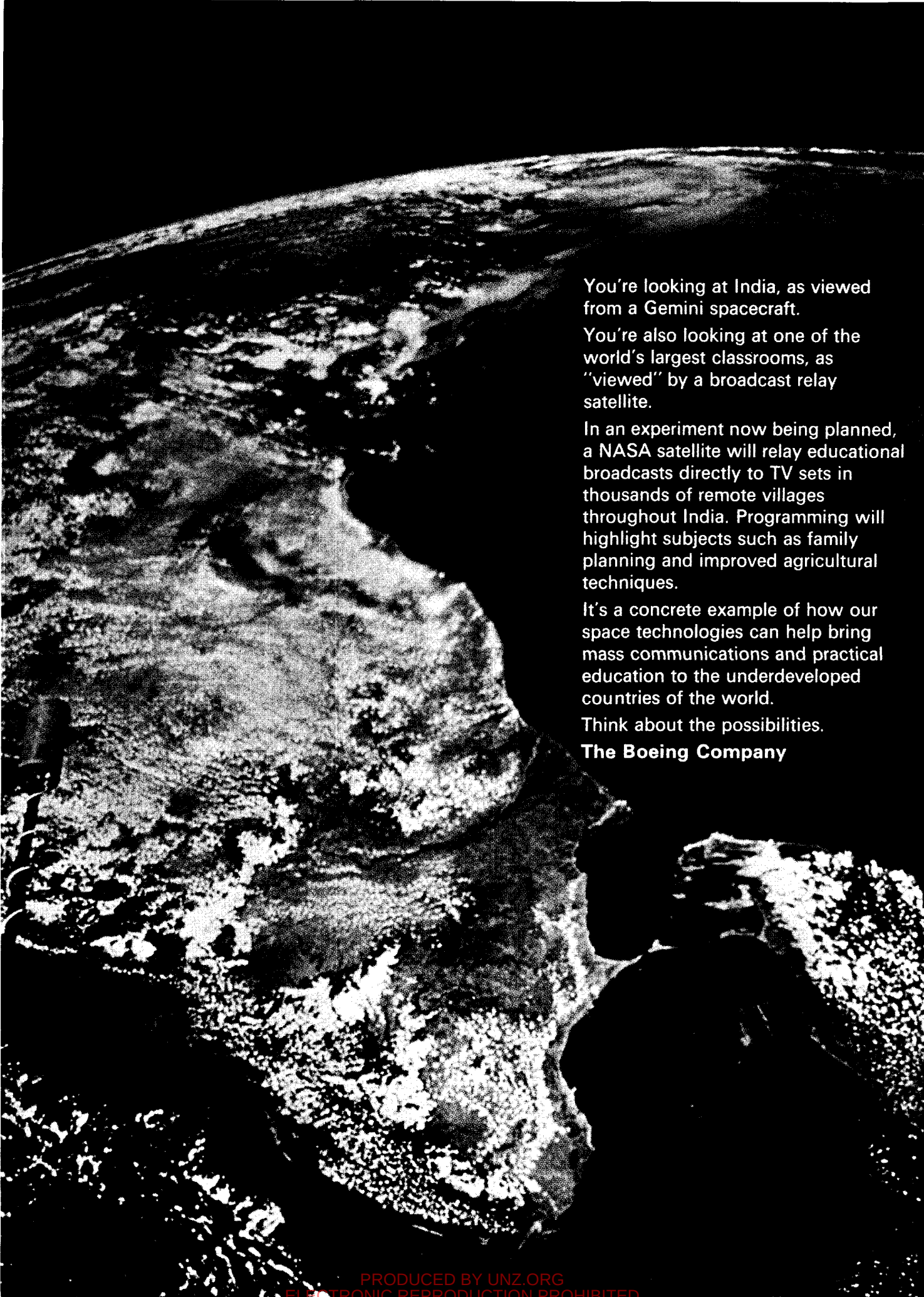
martinis, as it turned out. I didn't do much for his diction, but I learned more than I wanted to know about him, though I like him and wish I had the word that might help. He's twenty-nine, has been through two marriages and a commune or two and what he calls "a prolonged drug experience." This was after he was an altar boy at St. Ignatius' over in the East Bay, where the Raiders reside. At the end of our talk the former altar boy said, pretty wistfully, "There's nothing worse than being a twenty-nine-year-old freak, man." I had to ask him what a "freak" is, and from what he said I gather we all are. It depends upon the nature of your calling, he said. Catholics would understand this more easily, I guess, than I. And then I got to wondering what he meant by that final personal noun, "man."

As we left our house I heard Telemann on the stereo that we had turned up high on the speakers as another precaution. I looked back at the yellow glow of the brass lantern above our house number; it was still there; on the porch the old gas fixture that I rewired also had a light to throw out, although it's against the Code, and someday the Inspectors may come. The Schnauzer pup that looks like a little ram was on guard. My daughter named him Hector, or Heck for short, without knowing the saying we all used to hear about ". . . ever since Heck was a pup." Hector the First wasn't your sort and mine, but he turned out all right when Troy was having its last. I hope Heck will come through if we have a last. I think we're going to pretty soon now.

We have an eclectic garden, here on a street where the municipal buses roll by with their fumes of blue exhaust and their air brakes and it is only seven minutes to the heart of town, if you want to go there. But "heart" is a word that is used a lot now; this is the Age of Coronaries, that old friend with the cornet said; and he also said, "Women write with their ovaries," and I'd like to know how Gloria Steinem relates to that. It got a laugh back when it was then. They've finally put some new buses on our line; already the seats are getting slashed.

At the corner grocery that used to be run by a concentration-camp refugee and his wife, there was a gasoline bomb thrown through the glass. The wife had bad nerves. A Chinese fellow has taken over the place now, and there's a German shepherd under his counter. I saw the blue tattoo on the woman's arm when she sliced salami; gave her a hyacinth once, blue also. She put it where the east light could hit it.

That night, then, that I'm getting to, with its mellow unlastingness, the whiff of fog in the air, the nice quarter moon that's rising on time, causes my skin to crawl again. If we are careful, we can have a Thanksgiving of skiing at Squaw or Heavenly Valley. I stretch my legs as we walk around the corner; some anticipation is created down there; nothing answers it back. I feel like a telephone left



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off its hook. One of the sports from our block is out jogging in his sweat suit, and his wife is pacing him. We walk in the opposite direction from Fillmore Street, which is where the agony exists; it crawls through the very center of this lapsing city. At our point of contact, Fillmore is transitional. Only a little farther north the true Pacific Heights begins, and there are mansions there; a bit south, the ghettos start, and throb. All night long we hear sirens, every night. From one of the houses that a commune has taken over we hear also the amplified howl of acid rock. The owner of that old house just died of lung cancer after all these years, and his wife I used to see at some other meetings. One day on our street she was a little taken with her morning's potion of Royal Gate vodka and asked my wife if she'd mind zipping up the back of her dress; the winds here are sharp and have three ways of arriving, and my wife obliged her.

I toss my cigarette into the gutter before we descend the steep steps to the odd house where the meeting is being held. It's on a kind of shoal, all by itself, in a pond of rank and blistered ivy. Why did they go and have it painted blue when the stucco was put over the gimcrackery? Blue? I wouldn't want to walk into that crowd with a cigarette in my mouth. Besides, there are other hands to shake, more pamphlets to pick up from a table in the hallway. Our hostess—there's almost a receiving line—gives me a little blue and white badge and a pin; I can't read the fine print, but I put the badge on my sweater when I see my daughter eyeing me. My wife whispers that the dry rot got very bad out on the ogive portico, and that is why the blue exists. Buttons and badges and things that are pinned on put me into a coma of recall. When I used to go to the A.A. socials I put the offered tag—they didn't want anything but your first name there—into my vest pocket, when I had a vest.

Our hostess tonight is a motherly bodied woman (I use the noun-adverb with all awareness; but some other declensions of "mother" could blow you and me out of this blue cavern) with kindly benighted eyes. Just back from a Catholic youth-council meeting in Dublin. She is Irish without doubt, and it must have been good for her to get over there for a spell. Her jovial husband is bearded and talks as though he has at last latched on to his space-time mode—Jungian self-activated inner arousal; this is the psychiatrist; he has put his ecstatic sperm into the production of eight children, seven of them daughters. All but one are Catholic. That's a strangeness for me, too. But they are good people and have let everything go for the causes. The valuable furniture is not stripped to its satiny grain as our few pieces are; he has a belly, while I have half a stomach that right now is feeling expectation or some response that may be bad for it. I have half a stomach because of one thing after another. They cut me deeply open and sliced my most necessary sac, and while they were in

there they carved out my vagus nerve. That wise nerve is the one that sends the rumors of rancor and distress down, and I miss them; but you can have the rest of that old inner tube and get it vulcanized, if you want to. It was meant to last.

The Irishwoman's face—it resembles my mother's of the recent past—smiles as she gives me a minute of a handshake; but that's all right: she has a lot of hands to deal with in her brood; her husband, with his electric hair, nearly wrings me to the floor when I put my hand into his paw. The floor is strewn with Orientals on the scuffed parquet. You have to be a psychiatrist these days, and you might as well be Jungian, if you want to provide for seven daughters and a son. But that apostate sibling among them worries me. What's its gender; what's its calling?

The next hand I touch is authentic also; it is velum and belongs to Miss Elvira, who is Southern; she runs the dancing school at our corner where my daughter went for two years until she grew bored with jetés and arabesques, though I wish she hadn't. The boredom, I mean. Miss Elvira and I are neighborly. She does charge three dollars a head for the spring recitals, and always delivers a rambling, innocent commercial. She is seventy-eight, and I like it because she has taken the pains to come here tonight. I've seen her at the practice bar, in sweaty black tights and her iron hair pulled into a bun like Fonteyn's. She pulls at her Gauloise without guilt. Her nerves are still pretty good. The man who escorted her here—burglars have got into her place three times in the past year—is a dandy; he is surely older than I; his face is tarnished gold down to the Pucci scarf knotted in the crevice of his unbuttoned collar, his thighs are plump in their tight trousers, and he has nautical brass buttons on his blazer, and I never saw that crest before that's stuck on the twill. But his eyes are gay and grained with red.

The girl in the chair next to the one I find—we have come late and so we must sit in the front rank of the circle in the double parlor—is wearing a tied-dyed billowing skirt and has pretty naked feet. This shoeless girl turns out to be the seventh-grade math teacher at my daughter's school, and her breath and mine turn out to be a good match, as they used to say. My daughter—I'm not going to tell her name, because I've gotten very, very superstitious lately—has a tuition scholarship at a school up on the Heights. This town is so gerrymandered with school districts that my pre-teen would otherwise go to the closer, slummy spread whose hourly bells and black cries climb up to my brown study, along with the *Ficus pumila repens*, which someday may enclose my citadel and do for me what Proust's acoustical cork got going for *him*.

Some other familiar faces are in our huddle. I make out the Chinese owner of the grocery with his redoubtable dog that I don't think the woman with the bad nerves—the one from Dachau—would want around. Another girl I've spotted before is here. She

has an M.A. from Columbia and is secretary to a blightsome architect on Bay Street, though I like his own digs, and wouldn't mind some meditations in the Roman bath he's installed. I don't know if the Columbia girl has anything to do with that bath, but I suspect the best of her. And then, I recognize my own wife's face. It gives me a start for a moment, but I don't let it descend; because I can remember when she kissed me before my stomach was subdivided. There's no irony intended if I say the next three or four years are going to be perilous in our reconstituted house. Both my wife and *our* girl are going on a long, long trip without me. And I don't have the word for either of them. But maybe you can buy it at Abercrombie's in a bon voyage hamper with a bottle of Möet '49 tucked in, the way we used to do our girl in her portacrib. But let's not hear any more about that. My wife and I have got a truce.

Besides the peril that's going to reside with us in our house, the legislature and the trustees and the governor and I don't know who-all have severed the sabbatical funds so drastically that if we-all had a universal vagus nerve it would be sending so much rumor and distress down to the acid mulch of our common gut or human condition, well, as Miss Elvira would say, *diminuendo*, "It's a caution!" I've applied for a Rockefeller and a Guggenheim and a Fulbright; and if the Trappists at that Gethsemane monastery in Kentucky are really giving out grants, I might make a retreat. I could work up the conversion, as I worked up the French to listen in on Proust and the Spanish to teach for a couple of years at the University of Salamanca, where I always wanted to go on account of some books I read about the Spaniards and *their* Civil War, which is still going on, or so Luis tells me in the letters that get through. Also, there are some hospitable relations in Louisville, and my wife and daughter might impose on them. I suppose it's safer in Louisville, if you can stand the South and the clime. And those rhododendrons there on Courthouse Square could lure me if I let them.

But I'm not really going to Gethsemane and leaving this reconstituted house with the peril in residence. We had it painted the color of a bright lemon. Put some white around where it shows up best, and you can't beat that combination when there are things growing in the foreground, such as the Kew rhododendrons and my daughter, who was supposed to be luminous, who will become so if she wills.

The next face I take in, and this is going to be the penultimate one, is on a lawyer in his thirties from down the block; he has silvery sideburns already and a voice with a patina, too. His wife is a grim one, but it may be because—besides her job as a social worker with the City—she has to polish that voice along with the flatware. Christ, I wouldn't want to occupy the trundle bed in their master suite. The black fellow in the turtleneck sweater next to the drudge is somebody I've never seen before. Don't know his business

or his line or his calling. It would be better for this if he were pimp to some of the adolescent whores on Fillmore, but I suppose he's not. More likely a dentist. Patricia is here tonight, our old baby-sitter, and I've got her in focus now. She's sitting over across the room with a volume of Robert Herrick closed on her lap.

So let's keep Patricia in focus while the meeting is getting started. She has her own VW bus, which she drives about and parks at many sinister corners, while she hands out leaflets and free paperback books and posters. A Ché Guevara mug shot is in one of her windows, and there's a little plastic Mary and Jesus in a corner of the windshield. This is a wise thing to do, the places *she* goes. She is helping my daughter with her research paper on methadone. When I was in the seventh grade, I believed I would be a broadjumper in the Olympics. I used to cross the Frisco tracks and sneak back into the closed schoolyard to practice that calling, often until it was too dark to see the cinders and then the sawdust as I ran and was launched, very lonely into the night, and landed. Once I was caught at this boy's vice by Mr. Triggs—he was *my* math teacher, and that was really his name—who said, "What are you doing, for God's sake?" When I told him, he asked why didn't I take up golf, for I couldn't go "trueout" life broad-jumping. He was right. Not too many years later, Triggs and I were reunited as second lieutenants in Normandy. At his age—which is my own now—how in hell did he get there? And what's his golf doing for him now, I wonder? He must be ninety-odd if he's a day, and living still. I hope he is, for he and Patricia have taken me by the hand tonight, and they're conducting me somewhere. I can hear him again, and he's saying, "All right, I want you men to police up the era!" As a mathematical former-golfing second lieutenant, he had some trouble with words. But I would if I could, wouldn't you? About the era?

As for Patricia, listen in as she drops the Herrick, stands in her matching cashmere cardigan and skirt, and touches her temples. Her voice is summoning itself, and she fills us all with some of her own hesitant expectancy.

"Tonight," she gets the word onto her palate, and bites her unpainted lip, ". . . tonight . . ." as though, well, as though it *may* be the last. "Tonight, friends," she says, "I have brought some of the people I love most over to meet you."

And there they are, ranged around the Austrian harp in the bay of the psychiatric double parlor. They are the three graduate students Patricia has fetched over from Berkeley to prime us up for the meeting and for the Peace.

Two young men and an as-yet-uncreated other girl make up this cadre. All but one of them dawdle; Patricia is the gleam just to get us started. The next is in the eye of their leader, Fernandez; and I kind of like

him. He's a real hothead, or putting on to be, and I hope he is able to keep that smart-ass look in his eye. I stave off the yawn that's beginning to rise. The second boy is nondescript enough to be your son or mine. The girl is nervous and gracious here; she reminds me of a cheerleader, except for her dress, which she must have chosen for the occasion, like Patricia.

Fernandez is the flip card in the montage that Patricia has instigated. "You people," he says, "I don't have much to say." He's going to let the gleam and the Chicano accent and the Bogart shrug do it.

"We almost did it last spring when Cambodia and Kent State happened," he blurts out, and does that nervous, ingratiating, impetuous thing with his hands. "They coincided, Cambodia and Kent State, and now we've got Agnew going for us." This gets a laugh from us that I have been desiring since I turned in my stomach-piece, less regretfully than I used to turn in my track shoes.

Fernandez doesn't talk with exclamation marks. The shrug is his punctuation, and he lets the glow take place; and when he comes to "Delano" you can hear guilty grapes being trodden, but not in *that* mouth.

"Let's do it again," Fernandez says. "All we have to do is get rolling again. We want you people on our side."

I want some of the muscat grapes in the Irish-woman's pierced gallery tray on the Chippendale sideboard. *That* strike is over down in Delano, so that is why the muscats exist beside the chocolate chip cookies tonight.

"Yes," the woman behind me answers. "We can all make a start together. There are so many ways we can all pitch in!" "Pitch," she says, darkly.

"Well," Fernandez says, "if we can launch a man to the moon, we ought to be able to do something about the Peace. I hear good vibes in here tonight."

And from this point on, "we" is one of the words that dwell in my ears for the rest of the evening. When I hear "you people" coinciding with that and then with "they" and "their side," I'm back in the Army again, and that is how all noncoms talk. I'll take Triggs and his *metalingua*.

So we pass the cookies back and forth, and we are being careful about the paper cups of coffee in our hands. I share an ashtray with an ecology engineer—he recently made that transition from a desk job at the Stanford Research Institute—who dwells among us. He and his wife own some income property close by; but then, so do my wife and I. Just don't call my wife Landlady, is all I ask. If our girl's try for a scholarship doesn't pan out, there's always that, if we are *quite* firm with prospective tenants and the plumbing holds out in the epoxy-grip some of the pipes wear and the bombs don't get too close. I've heard four sirens since I sat down on this Second Empire chair with its serpent armrest and the real gold in *that* fellow's teeth. The ecology engineer could play Louis-

Napoleon if he wanted to with that haircut; but so could Fernandez, and do it better. He looks a lot like a little corporal—Jesus—I used to know from East L.A.

"This is our second chance," Fernandez is telling our crowd, and the spell he's got going for him I truly envy. Though I wish to moan, like the foghorns, maybe, "Second chances and second empires and second choices and second usages are what you ought to save for when you're really hard up or when your hard-on is frantic and indiscriminating." I've heard my students say about me, "He's real uptight," or "He's got a hard-on about that," or "He's really hard up, man." That's right, kiddo. I wish the girl in the cadre had worn some form of battle dress that I could relate to. Before my daughter was bored, my wife sewed a green-sprigged Botticelli dress for her to dance in; and maybe that dress will come around again.

Miss Elvira is nodding wisely. This antic dame from Peachtree Avenue in Atlanta knows more about Women's Lib than any of those Ph.D. girl researchers. She told me once: "I went to Paris right after the Armistice and won the title of Miss Flanders Field on the troopship going over. I could have become Picasso's mistress. Wish I had." Miss Elvira carries a cane, too; it is ivory tipped. She touches my knee gently with it, for I have let my rampant dreams collide in my bald head. I am snoozing with great inner sonorousness now, and I don't mean to say anything at all tonight. But I can still hear the woman behind me, as she insists: "It's no good just writing a letter to the *Chron*."

"Yes it is," the silvery lawyer compellingly says. "The *Chron*'s reactionary, but that's where we need most to say our thing. If there are enough of us, we can get a letter in print."

"Well," the ecologist's wife answers, as she must answer her husband all day and all night, "let's try. Is anybody literary here tonight? Does anybody know a reporter?"

My wife, for six years, when she got out of William and Mary, was a reporter with the Richmond *News* in Washington, covering the Departments of Labor and Justice, mostly. And I—we have a truce, my embarking wife and I. She's slowly getting an M.A. in English, but it's a grind with a daughter growing up and out and four households of plumbing to keep an eye on. *Bon voyage*, sweetheart, I silently say to her, or pray a little inside my geodesic dome. I want this to be over; I want to read some before I really sleep; I want to watch my daughter again, but her face with its dark fall of hair and its oval forehead is obscure against the Coromandel screen in the corner where she has chosen to sit.

My legs are throbbing now with almost a Fillmore beat. My doctor with the Kaiser plan allows that it's just the nerves down there this time around, and they owe their bad luck to my former days of grandeur. The pills he prescribes for me to take every three

hours are 90-milligram Darvon, and put us into a thrilling sleep. I don't take them unless I'm really hard up. I slid one down to my old diminished stomach after the graduate student left, but I haven't got it going for me tonight. I can talk to the pain, too, as well as my groin, when it gets smart; and in class if I get up and lurch around it's not because I'm eager and impulsive. But it passes as such, or so I believe.

And here is where Patricia and Triggs and Fernandez coincide. I am going to get an epiphany tonight, and I don't care to have to endure one, when I've got so much else going for me. Triggs is telling me again, "You can't go threw-out your life broadjumping," and Patricia is wearing an expression that you could scan, and Fernandez says, with *his* lurch, "Come on, we're really rocking together now, you people."

It's starting, the epiphany. Christ!

The girl in the cadre is delaying it; once again I feel like a telephone with part of me dangling. The girl's dress is responsible. Her mother bought that at I. Magnin's; and if I'm right, it's got static in the magenta jersey. I know from the times when I used to help my wife undress, and I got a shock that they don't tell you about in my *Handyman's Guide*. When that girl returns to her sorority or her commune after we are all over for her, she is going to say, "We really snowed those middle-class squares tonight." And she's right.

Suddenly I'm awake enough to catch Fernandez putting the glow out. He subsides against the marble mantel, with his wiry hunched scapular vanes no longer waving. He's as becalmed as I am when I go into our yellow house these days and nights. If I weren't forty-six, I could get the old epiphany off without any help; but I'm in need now.

Miss Elvira taps me again with her ivory-headed walking stick, and that's enough. "You mustn't go to sleep," she drawls in a whisper, if you can do that. She can. She's afraid my head will fall from the back of the Second Empire chair. If it does, it'll be in the ecology engineer's wife's shockless lap, and I don't want to lay it there. She's the one who slurred Telemann. She and the lawyer are going to write their letter, and they're right in deciding that their prose is as good as anybody else's. I want to read what my own wife has been putting down about Ben Jonson in her blue and white looseleaf. I want to get down the photograph album tonight and check on my daughter as she existed in the Botticelli dress.

My optics coincide with Fernandez's. I want to restore the glow for him. He needs it, and he's going to need that Chicano accent forever, even if he *did* work it up. It's worth a million. The freaked-out, gallant, sweet, phony little sonofabitch is going to win some Best Teacher Award someday, if they don't cut out the funds.

My wife looks at me too, despite our truce. She doesn't shake her head as Miss Elvira is doing. She

nods, though, as if to say, go on and sleep if you want to, on the psychiatrist's authentic chair. It's almost like old times. She smiles at me, and holds up the looseleaf notebook, and I am able to read through my astonished lenses what she's scrawled there. PEACE.

All right, sweetheart. And all right, Miss Elvira, I'm going truly to sleep now, and my wife can annotate my dreams and the rest of this happening for me when we go home tonight. I want to feel the static again.

And the dream is restored, and I don't know who I'm talking to anymore. All right, Fernandez, I know what your calling is: it's mine, too. All right, Mr. Ecology Engineer's Wife. Go on and write to the *Chron*, but if you use your Bryn Mawr prose I'm going to let Hector urinate on your blackamoor in the jockey attire, him with the hitching ring in *his* mouth, next time we pass by. There are a lot of codas in Telemann, and I don't care if he's banal or baroque. I've got some codas left in me. When we left our yellow house tonight the stereo was playing the *Overture in D Major for Trumpet, Oboe, Strings, and Continuo*, and that part where the continuo suddenly gets very beseeching was for my wife, who will be needing a continuo of her own quite soon now, where she's going. But I think I'll make *that* trip too. And if *Sunset* magazine is right in telling me about the gender of the *Acer palmatum*, we're going to have his gray and green skeleton to look at from our deck, though he went and dropped his burgundy-colored leaves beforetimes this year, not liking our Indian summer in *his* crotch. Tell me again, Miss Elvira, about becoming Picasso's mistress. What was that picture he was painting way back then? You said you saw it on his wall there in the studio near the Closerie des Lilas. It was a cubist study of the Dove taking off from the Ark, you said. Just the asshole of the Dove was not abstract; you said so, Miss Elvira. That was the very first dove in the whole lovely colorless Creation way back when it was Then. And that was Picasso's first one too, I'm almost sure. The Blue Period came and then the Rose; and they coincided; and that is when he did the Saltimbanque family, to which Fernandez and I are related. I have learned to somersault almost as well as I used to broadjump before Triggs caught me at it. I could teach Fernandez a thing or two still about *le saut-de-mouton*.

Just once, for the littlest moment, I think I will put off this sleep. I don't get paid for going around sleeping with my head on the scroll backs of Second Empire chairs. But, please, don't say "we" anymore tonight. If it's me and the moon you're talking about, once I could launch *myself* into the darkness from the cinder track and come down after a while on the resinous sawdust with the very smoke of Night to breathe into my nostrils.

I can't astonish myself, or forgive me either, but I will forgive you, Fernandez. When I told the seminar this afternoon about words mattering, I was lying in

the expensive bridge of my back teeth. I had a nerve to talk about barriers that get in the way of the word. I'm one of them, man. So are you, sonny boy. So are we all who are here tonight. I think I will just say that. But no, the little sleep and the little pain and the little lie and the little Schnauzer will not let me say it.

I hear someone really saying: "Looks like you've lost your audience," and there is gentle laughter all around me over the Sheraton and in the della Robbia plaque on the wall and on the strings—they're humming—of the Austrian harp and on our girl's face against the Coromandel screen. They're going to write the letter to the *Chron*. That's accomplished, and I am already a bit of that, too. *Hein?*

We're almost the last to leave the blue stucco high old house on its shoal. We must pause once more in the hallway. Nobody says anything about my falling asleep. I say good-night and thank-you to our hostess, and I believe I hear her whispering, of the apron, "... I got it at Sybil Connolly's. One look and I knew it was *me*." But that's all right, too. I don't inquire about the sibling apostate, though I'll lay you odds it's scrabbling around for the old beads this night, in some cavity of this blue dwelling that's like the tombstone that bastions the bridge in my receding gums. When I put out my hand for Fernandez to shake, he deals us a blow: it's the authentic Phi Beta clenched, and I haven't felt that for years.

On our way home we don't say much. Our daughter

carries a blue and white sign that she has picked up in our leaving. There's a siren, but I've lost count. My wife is thinking about Ben Jonson or about some plumbing. I crave for my daughter to speak a line. She is silent, after the siren; and we are all *attentive*—you know?—the rest of the way around the block.

Only: I have to get the coda in here. This little girl of ours who's shortly going far, far out—Jesus, Joseph, and Mary!—has put the blue and white sign up in the front bay of the citron house. From the street it hardly shows itself against the stained glass and some other slogans; but on *our side* you can't miss it, unless the gossamer Austrian shades are down. The partial Schnauzer likes to tousle the cord to those threads, and I don't blame him for that. But I wish my daughter would say a word to help, and one more that matters. I didn't have her baby shoes cast in bronze for nothing. That's right.

Quite late, on this just slightly later night than the one that first got me started, I aim to take the Schnauzer out under the redwood; and we will make water together, although there are indoor facilities for me at least. I have provided. I will make slow water with my antique spout, for that is how I have wasted a lot of my time, because of my first encounter with the Night. Hector and the rest of us slowly exist in the yellow house. There is almost a jism gleam on things out there tonight. Each leaf and blade of green is anointed. But you can't write *jism*, can you? □

FIRST COLD SATURDAY IN OCTOBER

Nothing but my new breath moves.

Cars with opaque windows on Commonwealth Ave.
shrink beneath strange white skin.

Christ the air is clean—

and if the drugstore with the *Times*

were not at its corner

I'd go on forever.

I knuckle my pockets.

The druggist nods and sips from a plastic cup.

He has nine hundred of my dimes and we've never spoken.

He's a sonovabitch and it's a strange world.

A wind is in my face.

And the sun, wide-out and bang,

rings the first reality of winter.

The second will be when they turn off the water bubblers
along the Charles.

I hustle back to a set of rented rooms.

I am thirty and will write for one hour

before my wife warms bread

and kisses this morning from my lips.

by George Bower

LIFE & LETTERS

TOWARD A WORDLESS WORLD

by George Kateb

BEYOND FREEDOM AND DIGNITY
by B. F. Skinner
Knopf, \$6.95

With this book, B. F. Skinner has very nearly become what his severe critics have all along said he was. They found *Walden Two* an odious Utopia devoid of all interest and grace, where the behavioral scientist's love of power over others was clumsily disguised as a nice benevolence. The late Joseph Wood Krutch led the attack. He and others felt that civilization itself was at stake: if Skinner's ideas caught hold, the sentiments and practices sustaining civilized life would be abolished. Freedom and dignity would go, only to be replaced by mindless mechanical behavior with no purpose other than perpetuating itself indefinitely. Life would be painless, but it would not be life.

The critics went too far. Skinner's *chef d'oeuvre*, *Science and Human Behavior*, published in 1953, five years after *Walden Two*, is full of a conciliating sense of complexity, a sense present now and then even in the polemical and missionary novel. *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* is something else. All the ideas in the new book can be found in these two earlier ones, though there are altered emphases. Skinner has not changed his mind on anything, or has not changed it much. His tone, however, has changed. There is no conciliation left—and that is because there are no hesitations left. His adversaries are dismissed. He states his old position

more simply and therefore more ruthlessly than ever before. *Walden Two's* awkward charm is lost. He seems now to earn the antagonism he once resented, as if his critics were on to him even before he was quite ready to stand naked. I do not see how he can be resentful anymore. I do not see how he can expect anything from this new book except more, and more shrill, antagonism.

The title provokes, as *Beyond Good and Evil* was supposed to. It promises a disclosure that would remake the world; that is, remake our way of thinking about the world. What could lie beyond freedom and dignity? Of his effort to shake our thought, Skinner warns that "it is difficult to accept such a change simply on intellectual grounds and nearly impossible to accept its implications." Well, we like to think we can take anything: we just want to be sure that we are getting real medicine, not poison or pap, and that we really need it. We are not unfamiliar with hurtful truths. At times we seem fond of them.

What could lie beyond freedom and dignity? What is the shattering truth that awaits us? Skinner says that no person is responsible for anything he does, whether good or bad, great or mediocre, because he is the creation, as he is the creature, of his environment. Hence, no person should be praised or blamed for anything he does. Praise and blame would make sense only if we could intelligibly speak of free human agency or "autonomy." But the notion of an inner man undetermined by his environ-

ment (and genetic inheritance) is mythological. Free choice is nonsense. All behavior is caused behavior. All causes (of interest to the scientist of human behavior) are external to the creature. Each of us is, and is only, what he has been made.

Of course, society must continue to administer rewards and punishments, pleasures and pains. The point is to drop the old understanding and justification of these measures. We go beyond freedom when we see that since none of us is free none should be said to *deserve* punishment in any of its forms. We go beyond dignity when we see that since none of us is free none should be said to *merit* reward, respect, or admiration in any of their forms. As Skinner put it in an earlier formulation: "When all relevant variables have been arranged, an organism will or will not respond. If it does not, it cannot. If it can, it will." All that is done is done with equal ease or difficulty. Most of the time behavior must be understood as *emission* which the environment has *induced*.

Skinner turns out to be teaching a doctrine that has had advocates as strenuous as himself for at least two centuries and practitioners for a lot longer. Reformers are naturally drawn to environmental determinism: if you ameliorate the conditions of life you will ultimately transform humanity. Bad conditions make people bad people. People are not made bad by original sin. Most cannot, so to speak, make themselves good in the face of unfavorable circumstances. Ingredients of optimism

and pessimism are thus mixed: pessimism about the helpless way men have lived and now live, optimism concerning the way in which they could live if only power passed into the right hands.

So much is part of a tradition of thought in Europe and America. But Skinner is, I think, the first to project a society in which the practice of praise and blame ceases totally. Others have carried environmental determinism as far as the supposed entailment that praise and blame are philosophically incoherent. Is there, though, any "hard determinist" but Skinner who has had the courage or folly to push the doctrine to the point where, because it is philosophically incoherent, it becomes morally intolerable to go on making moral (and other) judgments? At the very least, common sense has to be permitted a word: namely, whether or not it is coherent when you believe in hard determinism to persist in the practice of praise and blame, you cannot imagine any alternative. The practice is one of the main methods, to put it blandly, by which people shape, influence, control each other, for good or bad. It is a matter of economy in social intercourse, if nothing else. Determinists have believed in blame as deterrence, and in praise as incentive, without believing that people "deserve" what they get. They have been willing to treat men as means to the end of the greatest good of society. What could Skinner mean? Has he an alternative method?

Skinner wants ultimately to achieve a society in which people's goodness is "automatic goodness." Good behavior, behavior that conduces to the greatest good of society, would be unremarkable normality, performed in unawareness of its quality for lack of contrasting possibilities. There would be few, if any, impediments between a person and his role. Conflicting standards would rarely confuse performance. In his definition of the desirable nature of "virtue," in his scorn of all those who see some spiritual or aesthetic advantage in the struggle to be good, Skinner stays with *Walden Two*. His readers will be prepared for what he says in *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*. He obviously believes that, with time, knowledge about how human beings respond to stimuli in their environment, and what the environment

must be to induce and maintain the socially wanted responses, will grow and be seriously usable. Skinner's alternative method is the systematic application of the science of human behavior in the raising and training of the young. More than any other writer in his tradition, he has tried to back up environmental determinism with a theory of the relation between the environment and the human creature in it. Skinner thinks that the relation is expressible in laws of behavior, in invariant regularities. There are no mysteries to human nature because there is no human nature. Human behavior is merely an extremely difficult subject. Difficult as it is, it is a subject that can be fully understood.

The most humane feature of Skinner's approach is his rejection of punishment—aversive stimuli, pain—in bringing up children. Skinner actually holds that a sufficient "repertoire" of behavior can be imparted almost solely by means of rewards, what he calls "positive reinforcement": "It should be possible to design a world in which behavior likely to be punished seldom or never occurs. We try to design such a world for those who cannot solve the problem of punishment for themselves, such as babies, retardates, or psychotics, and if it could be done for everyone, much time and energy would be saved."

One wants to feel warmly toward Skinner for thinking he can rid the world of harshness. Feelings turn cold, however, when we take in all that accompanies the avoidance of harshness and the creation of automatic goodness. The inhabitants of his imaginary society would be innocent of the very concepts of merit and responsibility. Living in a world whose principles they never discuss—it would never *occur* to them, Skinner hopes, to want to discuss the principles that have decided the substance of their lives—they would look on the "schedules of reinforcement," the sequences of stimulus, response, and reinforcement, as a fact of nature. When you do *this*, *that* happens to you. Reward and punishment, as we understand them, do not enter the picture.

It is not idle of Skinner to liken the design of a culture to the design of institutions for psychotics and "retardates." The comparison is horrifying,

(Advertisement)

October Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



It's hard to admit it, but sometimes other people's words are more persuasive than our own, even about books in which we take the keenest personal interest. So, in addition to announcing that the Atlantic Monthly Press is publishing the work of **Carleton S. Coon** again, after a 36-year hiatus, let's just quote some of the admirers of his new book, **THE HUNTING PEOPLES**.

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—Elizabeth Marshall Thomas

THE HUNTING PEOPLES
by Carleton S. Coon

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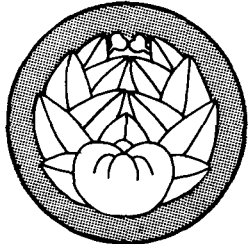
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The Blood Oranges



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the more so for being matter-of-fact. Now, there are some bad moments in *Walden Two*. When a visitor to the colony thanks one of the members for help, the member is puzzled by the courtesy: thanks are a verbal reward expressing gratitude, in this situation, for the fact that someone has gone out of her way. But the member has been *trained*: how could she fail to be pleasant? To *express* thanks, to have an exchange of *words* between the giver and receiver of a favor, breaks the circuit. It establishes that a favor has been done. To do a favor implies that one could have done otherwise—that is, refused. It implies responsibility for what one has done and therefore the possibility of thanks. The language of manners is incompatible with the Utopia of environmental determinism. In *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, Skinner is unrestrained in working out that position.

I know that it could be said that using the language of manners is just more behavior, learned like any other, and often automatic. If that is the case, why does Skinner exclude the language of manners from his Utopia instead of conditioning people in its use? The large point, I fear, is that *language itself* is incompatible with his Utopia of environmental determinism. That is really what *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* shows. Not only does he find the language of manners inappropriate, unnecessary, philosophically untenable, but by trying to undermine the practice of praise and blame, in the fullest senses of these words, he is casting out the language of judgment altogether. And by doing that he is stripping life of much of its recognizable content. Much of life is talk; much of talk is taken up with judgment—moral, aesthetic, social, emotional, erotic. Let us be clear: it is not the sublime dumbness of mysticism toward which Skinner's idealism moves. It is rather closer to the societies of 1984 and their Newspeak—the atrophy of consciousness through the shriveling of language. Skinner's Utopia approaches the wordless world.

The very least that we can charge Skinner with is that he is not aware that the cost of expelling judgment is an intolerably severe diminishment of life. Determinism may be true, false, or both. But whatever it is, if it is used as Skinner uses it, the doom of conscious life is announced. I think, however, that he is aware of what he is

doing, though he would prefer a less tendentious description of it. He *wants* to strip life down. In passing, he condescends to Socrates and says: "Self-observation is only a preliminary to action. The extent to which a man *should* be aware of himself depends upon the importance of self-observation for effective behavior. Self-knowledge is valuable only to the extent that it helps to meet the contingencies under which it has arisen." That remark is symptomatic.

What, then, is he up to? The greatest difference between *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* and his earlier writings is the prominence Skinner now gives to survival as the overriding criterion by which to estimate the worth of social arrangements. There are still a few positive Utopian passages in the new book; but it begins and ends with the theme of survival. The opening pages refer to the global crises of overpopulation, pollution, and nuclear threat. Skinner tries to suggest that a start must be made in using science to raise people whose behavior increases the chances for the human race as a whole to survive. He really does think that his science can help. One of the great obstacles is the pervasive and erroneous belief in the autonomy of the inner man and his freedom and dignity. Some of the passion of the book comes from Skinner's conviction that he can offer not salvation but the only possibility of salvation, and is being thwarted by the influence of writers who spread the gospel of freedom and dignity.

The oddity is that he never sees that until he has the power, his own gospel of environmental determinism is one of the most serious threats conceivable to human survival. By eroding the sense of responsibility, it licenses people to shift the blame from themselves to "the system." It provides universal exoneration for atrocity after atrocity, or for compliance after compliance. It works to *increase* the amount of evil in the world.

This may be a minor matter in comparison to what Skinner says about survival in the last four chapters. He there turns survival into the survival of *our* culture in distinction from, and perhaps in competition with, *their* culture. The survival is of a way of life. It is not unfair to say that Skinner evades the hard questions raised by the concept of survival. He tries sometimes to make it appear

that no one chooses values; certainly no one can choose survival as a value. It just happens that what we do conduces to survival or does not. At other times his atheism comes through when he says that the "only honest answer" to the question of why I should care whether my culture (or indeed anything) survives me is: "There is no good reason why you should be concerned, but if your culture has not convinced you that there is, so much the worse for your culture." He rejects the possibility of some deliberate, imaginative, or compassionate choice.

In any case, he finds in unregulated leisure, in the ungoverned pursuit of happiness, and in the unappeasable assertion of liberty awful dangers to survival. He thinks the culture may commit suicide if it remains liberal and supports its liberalism by the doctrine of freedom and dignity. He worries most that unless people are made to apprehend the long-term effects of what they do, they—we—will wind up beaten or ruined. The logic of his argument dictates ever more control over human behavior in the

name of survival. The control must be in the hands of scientific psychologists. "The task of the cultural designer is to accelerate the development of practices which bring the remote consequences of behavior into play." Skinner does not explore the matter further. One is left with fantasies of politically induced plagues, famines, wars, and breakdowns, all on a small scale, to bring a chastening good sense to the great mass of the population: a pre-emptive Malthusianism. How else can "the cultures of the world bring . . . terrifying possibilities to bear on the behavior of their members?"

Fantasies to one side, the message is clear. Skinner believes that we can survive only if we allow a gigantic simplification of life. By that he means—he must finally mean—the atrophy of consciousness. He does not think that introspective, complex, self-doubting, self-torturing, self-indulgent, dissident, wordy people are *efficient*. He can set things up, he is sure, so that fewer such people occur. Does he not see that only silly geese lay golden eggs?

GOING HOME ALONE

by Josiah Bunting

365 DAYS

by Ronald J. Glasser, M.D.
Braziller, \$6.95

Humpty-Dumpty made his words mean whatever he wanted them to. Sometimes his listeners were confused; so was he. The problem is common enough. When it comes to war and the men who direct and fight it, a common problem becomes an urgent one.

Some months ago, if you were patient and had a strong stomach, you could have gone through Lieutenant William Calley's testimony in detail. You might have found yourself confused, trying to follow the questions of the prosecutor, trying to figure his angles. The answers to Captain Aubrey Daniel's questions posed other problems. The accused would speak of something—a hamlet, for example, or people, or helicopters—and then that something would not appear again for five or six more col-

umn inches. It would be referred to by pronouns that were frequently objects of verbs, like "use" and "use up" and "waste." You would go back to find the pronouns' antecedents, and they would be "people," "men and women," "VC," "villagers," and so on. *Waste them. Use them up.* Don't waste any gas. Is the Brylcreem used up? *Is the slope wasted yet?*

Soldiers know what they want such words to mean. A "slope" is an Asiatic. "Waste" and "use up" mean kill; kill an *expendable* item. Those to be killed are expendable, the necessary detritus of war. When the Victorians wanted a verb to describe a male climax (which wasn't often), they wrote "spend." Lord Rotherham *spent*: he gave one commodity in exchange for another. Both the soldier and Lord Rotherham depersonalized the objects of their actions. Probably the percentage of soldiers "wasting" people and Victorians "spending," or rather describing their activities by



Jacques Barzun: On Writing, Editing, and Publishing

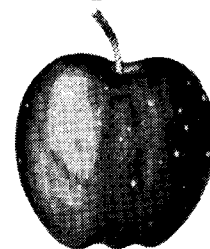
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these words, was about the same: not too large—but sufficient to tell us a lot about them.

Such depersonalization of language characterizes the making of policy, the formulation of strategy, the “implementing” of strategy in the combat zone (or “theater”), and the actual business of fighting.

At the bottom of the chain of command it is “waste” or “use up” or “zap.” The foe is variously “slope,” “dink,” “Charlie,” “gook,” “enemy,” “VC,” or “them.” Sometimes those on whose behalf these enemies are “eliminated” are similarly described.

Up the line the words get less curt, more circumlocutory but not less impersonal. Mr. Micawber becomes the first sergeant or the sergeant major, and he expresses himself thus: “You individuals over there” (“individuals” in the military meaning “men”) “you individuals utilize those entrenching tools” (that is to say, “dig”). “Avoid intimate contact with indigenous female personnel” (“Keep your fly buttoned”). The patois is serviceable enough and elevates the task or makes the warning more memorable.

Getting up to the plateau that the troops call “world level”—that is, brigade and higher—the words lengthen as the targets grow more remote. The latter are to be acted upon by “sophisticated hardware,” the employment of such hardware to be “orchestrated” by way of “implementing directives” with a view to “eliminating substantial (or residual) opposition.” (There are earthier permutations, of course: “find the bastards and pile on” being common.) “Search and destroy,” the phrase if not the tactic, is an intolerable archaism, having yielded to “search and clear,” “reconnaissance in force,” and other terms. These activities are followed up by pursuits, or “retrogrades.”

At this level the troops’ range of vision cuts off. But an empyrean exists, its language something of a projection of that used at “world level.” The syntax here is thick with earnest references to the “national interest,” “projections of power,” the saving or gaining of “face,” “redeployments,” and “spectrums.” Some “options” seem “counterproductive,” others promise “lucrative” results. The Pentagon papers, deficient as history, could serve as an excellent primer in defense philology at this level.

Nothing is wrong with all this, so long as those who use the words, and those who should know about the activities these words describe, understand the freight they are made to bear. In the battalions and platoons and companies there is no doubt about what they mean and what they involve. It is unspeakable arrogance to refer to Vietnamese noncombatants as “slopes”; it is understandable that VC and NVA soldiers are so called. “Charlie” is “Jerry” or “Tommy.” Like Jerry, he is an enemy whose tactics on the battlefield are respected and sometimes admired—sometimes even copied.

At higher levels, in the world of orchestration, a certain callousness to the suffering of American “boys” (as the politicians rightly call many of them) occasionally seems to be present, a callousness that extends to the suffering of the indigenous personnel in the combat “theater.” There was a time not too many years ago when men clamored for the opening of the dikes above Hanoi and Haiphong, for example. That kind of thing. No doubt it operates on both sides—it is certainly a feature of the North Vietnamese way of making war, this callousness—but we can only fight it here. And to those remote from the winding-down, Vietnamizing war, but who are convinced all the same that America has no business cutting her losses and running away, few statistics or TV programs or editorials will make much of an impression. (It is said that TV brings the war into living rooms, but even as a figure of speech that is nonsense.)

What is needed to cut through the fog of depersonalizing rhetoric is *365 Days* and books like it. *365 Days* is partly an account of Dr. Ronald Glasser’s service in Japan treating American wounded, partly a retelling of stories about the war that he heard from the troops he treated. Until the Wilfred Owens and Henri Barbusse and Anton Myrers of the Vietnam War reveal themselves, Glasser’s book will serve as the standard “Lest We Forget.”

Glasser was assigned by the Army as a pediatrician for dependent children of American servicemen in Japan. Soon after his arrival in 1968 he was transferred to a hospital at Zama to serve American wounded from the combat zone. In a way, he remained a pediatrician, his patients for the most

part being little older than the dependent children, and of his profession he has this to say:

Loss is a part of pediatrics. Two infants in four thousand are born with a severe congenital anomaly; fifteen percent of all prematures are mentally retarded; one out of twenty thousand children will get leukemia. The rest you struggle over: the meningitises, the pneumonias, the poisonings, and the accidents. They set the tone, for to save one child is to save the whole thing.

But to save him only to see him blown apart or blinded, to help him grow properly only to have his spinal cord transected, or to have him burned to death, puts all the effort in doubt; the vaccines, the pediatric research, the new techniques and the endless concern—suddenly it all seemed so foolish, so hopeless. To lose a child, at any time along his life, is really to lose the whole thing.

These paragraphs are in the foreword. The words—“meningitises,” “pneumonias”—are impersonal and the tone is polemical, but the polemics and impersonality end abruptly. For Glasser is anxious to describe the doctors’ work to save individual lives and to allow his wounded soldiers to say something “that was all theirs without doctrine or polemics.” The young soldiers speak with pathetic eloquence, the laconic, loose-jointed language of men—young enlisted men—in war.

They go to Vietnam to fight for 365 days. They go because they were ordered to go, and they fight because they have to survive. There is little talk in these sketches about stopping Communism or the hopelessness or necessity of being in Vietnam. Like the soldier in *All Quiet on the Western Front*, the young American soldier’s “national feeling resolves itself into this—here he is.” After a night out beyond the perimeter of a small base camp, a night of waiting for VC infiltrators and silent killing, a soldier thinks only of breakfast and sleep. He waits for his food patiently, talking about his activities as though discussing a baseball game, disturbed by nothing except that the base camp troops have left him “no fucken corn flakes.” “No flags, no noise, no abuse. They just got up and blew themselves to shit because it had to be done. The same with ambushes. They’d do it, and if led right, they’d do it well. But always they let [their sergeant] know

somehow that they would rather be left alone; it would be OK if they caught the gooks, but if they didn't, that would be fine too."

The new colonel found the troops "universally sloppy. They smoked on patrol, played radios, dropped cigarette butts and candy wrappers around ambush sites. They fought well when they fought, but they seemed to give no thought to the fighting until the shooting began." *They fought well when they fought*, no questions asked.

And they suffered well too, in the hospitals, where the "badly wounded" or the "died of wounds" sometimes translate into pathological diagnoses like these (of one soldier): "traumatic amputation of lower extremities, distal right thumb, distal left index finger; blast injury of anus and scrotum; avulsion of testicles; fragment wounds of abdomen; transection of left ureter; focal interstitial myocarditis and right heart failure; extensive acute renal tubular necrosis, bilateral."

The doctors who served them at Zama were a cross section of America. "Lenhardt, for instance, sees nothing wrong with the war; he says it's better to fight the communists in Vietnam than in Utah . . . [he] sends every patient he can back to Nam. . . . Dodding is letting his hair grow. . . . Grieg's developed an ulcer. . . ."

Other sketches talk of leaders, of contract-construction men bribing helicopter pilots to fly whiskey to them, of nurses, of airborne-ranger-special-forces-pathfinder-qualified young officers who love war. But Glasser's heroes are the combat medics, the helicopter pilots, and the young "one-one braves"—the infantry privates and Spec Fours who come to the hospitals in Japan by the thousands. They are worried, broken, even terrified; but they rarely complain. "You have never yet tried to imagine what sort of people these Athenians are against whom you will have to fight," Thucydides' Corinthian ambassadors tell the Spartans. Too few Americans have ever tried to imagine what sort of people are these soldiers fighting in behalf of their country because they were told to.

One sketch, the last in the book, pales the others. It is called "I Don't Want to Go Home Alone." A young soldier is flown to the hospital with



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second- and third-degree burns over 60 percent of his body. The prognosis is bad, and he doesn't respond to treatment very well. In a conscious moment the soldier learns that the doctor charged with his care has recently acted as "body-escort" for his own brother, taking his corpse back to the United States. The soldier's condition worsens (his pathology is described in great detail).

"They told me about your brother and your taking him home." David was about to go on when, gasping, he suddenly bolted upright and, struggling against the restraints, vomited up a great flood of bright red blood.

Dying in the burn unit is not normally that dramatic. There is usually very little blood; burns die inside out, down at the cellular level. . . .

It is for the most part a kind of gentle going.

But not David's. He knows he is going to die and at the end asks only for the doctor to "take me home, too . . . please, Doc . . . I don't want to go home alone."

David is a long way from national interests and sophisticated hardware and the orchestration of assets. But these have little meaning when he is forgotten.

Critics of antiwar literature will fasten gratefully on the occasional errors of military detail in the book. The Americal Division is called the "American Division"; Ranger "tabs" are called "taps"; S-5's do the work of S-2's, and so forth. But these occasional lapses are of little account in a book like this.

novelties and innovations were only too easy to assimilate. His highly original concepts of form, as shown in his larger works, did not seem to strike him as all that significant in terms of compositional technique. He was interested in harmony, in ripping up conventional chords and replacing them with chords of his own invention.

As it turned out, and as sixty years of common experience have shown, people get used to new sounds in a hurry. The lay listener, complaining about a modern piece, is likely to grab some word such as "dissonance," which is virtually meaningless except in its strictest technical sense, and complain that it is what he doesn't like, when in truth what is bugging him is that there is something about the music that he can't follow: the rhythm, the line, the unfolding of the form. Scriabin's most complex music is not always easy to analyze, but it is nonetheless easy to follow, subtleties aside. His harmonic oddities were commonplace within ten years of the time he contrived them, and it takes a musicologist with a microscope and an overdeveloped historical sense to recognize that Scriabin, quite as much as Debussy or Schoenberg, was trying to create a music in which allegiance to tonality was not the controlling factor.

A trait common to many composers at the turn of the century was that they developed styles so sweet that they strike the modern ear as sticky. Recently, Paul Hume, reviewing a Scriabin recital in the *Washington Post*, remarked that

. . . listening to an entire program of his piano music is likely to leave you with the feeling that you have been sitting for an hour and a half in a tub of mucilage. Beautiful, multi-colored, rich, gooey glue from which you may never emerge.

The same sense of being mired in some sweet, sticky substance could come from an overdose of the Debussy of *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*, or the Schoenberg of *Verklärte Nacht*. But these two composers went on to something else; Scriabin went on to an intensified, concentrated version of the same thing.

Some listeners get this feeling from a protracted dose of Chopin, the composer with whom Scriabin most logically invites comparison and who enjoyed the advantage of a sixty-year

MUSIC

THE MAN WITH THE ASTRAL BODY

by Robert Evett

Alexander Nikolaievich Scriabin was born on either December 25, 1871, or January 6, 1872, depending on which Russian calendar you prefer, the old or the new. Faubion Bowers, his American champion, prefers the old style because by it Scriabin was born on Christmas and died on Easter, points not impertinent to his metaphysics. In any case, the coming season marks the centennial of his birth—an event which would surely have passed unnoticed had it fallen a decade earlier. I was a child during the last years that people took Scriabin seriously, and it was with the greatest astonishment that, on hearing a group of twenty-four of his preludes at a piano recital in 1970, I recognized them as pieces that my mother had occasionally played at home forty years ago, and furthermore as perfectly lovely little works which, having once failed the test of time, had later passed it with distinction.

One of my first experiences on graduating from high school was attending a class in which Roy Harris delivered an analysis of *Le Poème de l'Extase* so annihilating as to banish Scriabin's name from my consciousness for a couple of decades. But as the British critic T. W. Gervais

points out, "Neither the indulgent mysticism of his ideas nor the harmonic richness of his style could have endeared him to the generation of the 1930s."

What had happened was that Scriabin, having stubbed his toe, fell into a crevasse of history from which he has not yet been rescued. Technique, style, and content, all of which stunned and fascinated his contemporaries, were the elements of his work that alienated later generations.

What really brought him down was his technique. Scriabin's generation was the first one to which it was a matter of consuming importance to decide whether to break with the past or to develop styles that were consonant with several hundred years of diverse but recognizable common practice. By using the term "generation" so loosely as to include men who would now be just pushing ninety or as old as one hundred and ten, we would find Rachmaninoff, Sibelius, Nielsen, Richard Strauss, and Vaughan Williams among the ones who preferred to stay behind; Debussy, Ives, Bartók, Schoenberg, Satie—and Scriabin—among those who wished to open new doors and cross new thresholds. It was Scriabin's misfortune, as it was Ravel's, that his

head start. In his earliest, least mulciginous works, Scriabin seems to have been a direct heir of Chopin, taking over the style at almost precisely the place in its development where Chopin had put it down.

There is an uncanny similarity between the two men on virtually all important points: they were both early starters, they both came on strong, they were both virtuoso pianists, they both devoted most of their compositional energies to the creation of a piano literature, their only unequivocal successes were in short pieces (of, say, ten minutes or less), they both formed scandalous and highly publicized liaisons, they both died young.

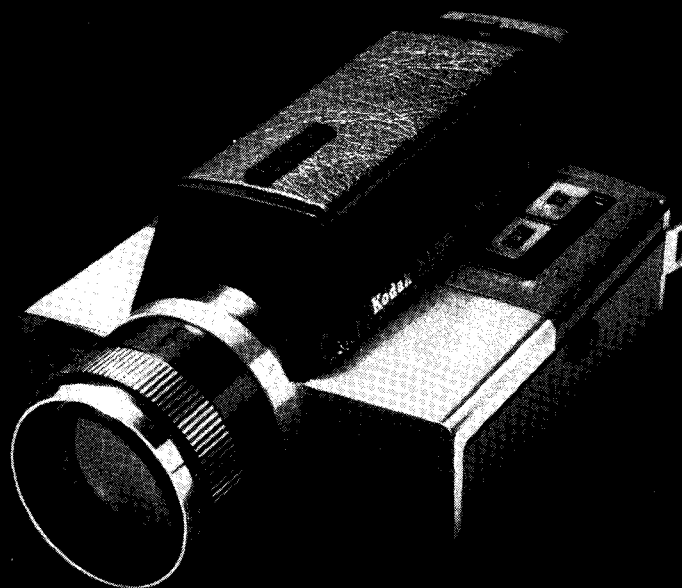
Scriabin wrote roughly two hundred short pieces—preludes, mazurkas, impromptus, études, and pieces called “poems”—which compare favorably with Chopin’s similar productions in that they are coherent, epigrammatic, ingenious, and highly idiomatic workings-out of arresting ideas.

Here the resemblances cease. Chopin seems to have arrived at a plateau when he was about nineteen years old and to have sat there until his life ended, and the excellence of his work is marred only by an occasional lapse of taste or a sally into a form (the sonata) or a medium (the orchestra) which threw him.

At thirty, when Scriabin wrote his Fourth Piano Sonata, he was a firmly established international figure, known throughout Europe for the concert tours arranged by his Russian publisher, in which he performed only his own music and evidently did so with dazzling effect. It was then that he became his own man, and began breaking the sound barriers of his own experience. At that time susceptible young composers, who a generation earlier would have fallen under the spell of Wagner, were beginning to feel the scorching hot breath of Debussy on their necks. Scriabin himself was far too much the egomaniac, and far too deeply committed to his own inner vision and his own technical preoccupations, to have been fully aware of the French influence on his writing. However, all of his later music is a facet of Impressionism, important beyond its own merits for what it shows about the extent of diversity possible within a style family.

Scriabin was a pioneer in the de-

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velopment of the one-movement form, the sustained piece in which the elements of a symphony or sonata, perhaps in a compressed or truncated sequence, replace the older formula of stating and developing materials at length in the form of movements and then abandoning them. Other composers—Chopin in the ballades, Mendelssohn in the piano concertos, Strauss in the tone poems, and Liszt in innumerable works—had conceived and executed, sometimes with remarkable success, pieces which anticipated Scriabin's experiments.

In the late sonatas and the "poems" for orchestra that were his later symphonies, Scriabin tried to build forms based not on themes and their developments but on seminal ideas so brief, in many cases, as to be undetectable to the listener, following each other in a sequence ordered by what he felt to be the emotional needs of the piece, entirely empirical in their repetitions and variations, and free of rhythmic and other conventional devices for creating and sustaining formal unity. Furthermore, he wrote into the scores the attitudes the performer was to assume while playing the music. These are the instructions that appear above the notes in the first few pages of the Tenth Piano Sonata:

*très doux et pur
avec une ardeur profonde et voilée
cristallin
lumineux, vibrant
avec émotion
inquiet
avec élan
avec une joyeuse exaltation
avec ravissement et tendresse
avec une volupté douloureuse
avec une joie subite*

It is perfectly clear that Mozart would never have dreamed of asking a fiddler to play a slow movement "*avec émotion*" or to attack a minuet "*avec une joyeuse exaltation*." For Scriabin these conditions were not obvious elements of the music itself but rather aspects of the form that had to be explained. As a consequence, in his later works it is the content that quite literally dictates the form. This explains the quixotic and rhapsodic character of his mature music and accounts, however indirectly, for the capriciousness one so often finds in one-movement works by living composers, even by musicians indifferent

to Scriabin's work or perhaps unaware of it.

Like any master stylist—Bach or Haydn, for instance—Scriabin was forever at the point of repeating himself, and like both of them he very frequently did just that. In Scriabin, however, the perfected style is so inflexible that the most ambitious of the later pieces all appear to be different verses of the same song. Perhaps if we knew his music better it would be easier to sense the inflections that were so meaningful to him. As it is, his music attains a drab sameness at precisely the point in his career when his mastery of the materials was most complete.

And it is here that he differs most from Chopin, for Scriabin's interest in the orchestra was absorbing, however briefly. It was for his mastery of the orchestra that Koussevitzky became his patron and, for many years, principal interpreter. Scriabin wrote superbly idiomatic music for his only two media, the piano and the orchestra, and was a master of technical minutiae rather as Swinburne was a master in poetry of absolutely everything touching technique. I mention the two men together because posterity has been unkind to them both and is obviously finished with neither of them. The least generous epitaph for Scriabin would have to concede that he pushed his imagination as hard and as far as it would go and, on musical terms, achieved levels of technical perfection entirely consonant with his aims.

As it happens, one cannot think of Scriabin in purely musical terms. Most writers refer to him knowingly as a "mystic," but do not explain whether his mysticism was that of Gautama Buddha or St. John of the Cross or Mary Baker Eddy or your friendly neighborhood mitt-reader.

Scriabin combined in his person the egocentricities of both the creative and the performing artist, and was just sufficiently immoderate in his sensuality that he had to cut short his American tour of 1906-1907 in order to avoid prosecution for moral turpitude once it became public knowledge that Tatiana Schloezer, his traveling companion, was the mother of some of his children and that his lawful wife was cooling her heels elsewhere. So his mysticism was not that of a Christian ascetic.

During the first decade of the cen-

tury, Scriabin became active in Theosophical circles. Since Theosophy is not a religion in itself but an approach to religion which, after a hundred years of existence, continues to draw people to it, it is worth considerably more than the few words that must be used to explain the metaphysical content of the music of Alexander Scriabin. In one sense, it is Christianity with the first two persons of the Holy Trinity missing. Gerard Manley Hopkins described the Trinity as "the Utterer, Uttered, Uttering," and in Theosophy the force from which matter emanates and which gives it the illusion of reality is comparable to the Holy Ghost of Christian orthodoxy. In Hinduism and Buddhism the parallel is the Sleeper in whose dream our reality exists and on whose waking the material universe will disappear.

Aspects of Theosophy that touch on reincarnation, a heaven in layers, and the indestructibility of the soul are central to an understanding of what Scriabin was up to, because he believed in at least two stages of existence through which his higher Self had already passed and, in a sense, remained. First there was the Astral plane, at which the passions, frenzies, emotions, and sensualities of his incarnations continued to exist in an Astral body parallel to and in close communion with his terrestrial body. Then there was the Mental plane, at which his intellect was shaped, precisely the intellect that controlled his incarnation as Alexander Nicolaievich Scriabin. Theosophy predicates four further states of spiritual advancement. I know nothing about them and cannot determine how far Scriabin's messianic notions about himself conform to or deviate from a religious view which tolerates heresy as generously as Theosophy does.

In any case, at the time of his death Scriabin was composing a "Mystery," a work of art involving a cast of thousands and no spectators at all, which was to be performed in either England or Tibet and which, if it had been executed as planned, would have solved all of our problems. The British critic Gerald Abraham, who once described Scriabin as a "spiritual-artistic Guy Fawkes," holds that

... the "malignant rumors" that Scriabin considered himself the new Messiah and that he was "planning a work which was to bring about the

end of the world" were, after all, nothing but the simple truth. . . . For the "Mystery," to the composition of which he considered himself "consecrated," was to be an apocalyptic affair, the occasion of a "world cataclysm." Our race, he believed, is doomed to perish, to be replaced by another, higher and nobler. And the performance of his "Mystery" was to be the final manifestation of the human soul as it exists at present, the point of transition from the old to the new plane of existence.

As it turned out, the Dreamer did not choose to be awakened at this point. Scriabin developed a carbuncle on the upper lip which became gangrenous, and his spirit went on to some fifth or sixth or seventh metaphysical state where, presumably, it is reposing in an insubstantial body—unless its Karma has called it back to this world and it has taken up residence in the baby sitting on your lap. Meanwhile, we have had two world wars and troubles without number that we could have done without.

The recital that Paul Hume heard at which he found himself sitting in a tub of glue was extremely well attended. The crowd was young, the hair was long, the bell-bottom trousers were the badge of unisex. Could it be that Scriabin is composer-in-residence to the Age of Aquarius? And if so, how did the Aquarians find out about him?

There is a lovely old carol about God that ends

Alpha He and Ω

Alpha He and Ω.

Evidently, Alexander Nikolaievich speaks directly to young people more concerned with the Omega than the Alpha, and if the centenary of his birth is celebrated with more than usual festivities, this will probably be the reason. The wrong reason, but reason enough.

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

A SORT OF LIFE
by Graham Greene
Simon and Schuster, \$6.95

This, the first slice of Graham Greene's autobiography, is a chronicle of the years in which he found himself: passing from unhappy boyhood, through adolescence to his adventures in Oxford, his early marriage, the publication of his first novel, when he had twenty pounds in the bank and a child on the way, and the period of failure that followed. Protracted accounts of boyhood are usually unbearable save to the few readers involved in them; what makes Graham Greene's the exception is that he was the victim of more fears and phobias than any other boy outside the loony bin.

The little town of Berkhamsted, an hour's train ride from London, was influenced by two big families of Greenes, the rich Greenes and the intellectual Greenes, and Graham's father, who was a schoolmaster, was naturally in the lower order. Graham, the third of four brothers, was hypersensitive and timid. He lived with a terror of dark passages, bats, and the thought of drowning in the neighboring canal. He dreamt of shipwrecks and, with a recurring terror, that the house might catch fire at night. His father's school was not a happy place for him, except on holidays when the boys were away and all the bookshelves were open for his gluttony. To escape the boredom of that school he tried variously to poison himself, and when the teasing and the rigor were more than he could bear, he ran away. There is of course an indulgent exaggeration in all this, but in it we do see the painfully vivid imagination and the love for escapade that he has never lost.

As a reward for his bolting, young Greene was sent to be analyzed by Kenneth Richmond in London, and here in the Richmond home in Lancaster Gate began "perhaps the happiest six months of my life." Breakfast in bed, on a tray neatly laid, hours of private study under the trees at Kensington Gardens, London a

few steps away, and Graham independent save for his daily session with his analyst. Writers came to the house: Walter de la Mare, the poet, Naomi Royde-Smith, who had published Rupert Brooke's early poems, J. D. Beresford; and the patient, what with keeping his dream diary and his immersion in history, forgot his scars in his search for himself.

On his return to the school, he was different and so was it; in his friendships with Peter Quennell and Claud Cockburn, he found an exhilaration to counterbalance the letdown from London, and the deep boredom which "would pursue me all my life." At Oxford, where he edited an undergraduate paper and was striving for an honors degree, he was troubled by sex and, naturally enough, uncertain of his ability. His poems, even when published, did not deceive him. He had his periods of heavy drinking, and when at the mercy of his moods he would play Russian roulette with a live cartridge in one of the six chambers, the trigger always clicked. Eventually the revolver was abandoned, but this gambling with his life became a habit—as he foretells his reckless trek through Liberia, the dangerous journeys to Tabasco in Mexico and to the Congo, and the secret service he performed in Malaya and during the French war in Vietnam. His marriage to Vivien, a Roman Catholic, and his conversion were the saving grace of an adventurer who, however defeated, had the persistence to become one of the abler writers of our day.

UPSTATE
by Edmund Wilson
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$8.95

"Is the writing of this Talcottville book a last effort to fill a vacuum?" asks Edmund Wilson in the prologue to his new volume, and the answer is "yes," but an effort worth making. *Upstate* celebrates the history and family traditions of Stone House, that capacious, sturdy mansion of limestone whose white-pillared verandahs provide shade and an air of intimacy to

an otherwise stern facade. Here Mr. Wilson's forebears have long dwelt, and here since the death of his mother in 1951 he has spent much of each spring and summer reading and writing, conjuring up the past, and inviting the spirit when alone.

Upstate is a medley: there are a few fixed pieces, such as the sprightly account of the religious movements which originated in northern New York in the latter half of the nineteenth century; there are character sketches of writers—Gertrude Stein, Ernest Hemingway, Morley Callaghan, Walter Edmonds, Vladimir Nabokov, Van Wyck Brooks—some biting, some appreciative; and in the main a running commentary disclosing, in a journalistic self-portrait, the pride, the curiosity, the neighborliness, the maladies and fundamental happiness of being a literary squire in this tiny pocket.

If Mr. Wilson did not write so well, and if he did not have such amusing crotchets and such discerning insight, this book would be parochial. I soon gave up the struggle to separate the perpetrators of the family feuds, and of minor interest is the decrepitude of Mr. Wilson's neighbors and his own occasional bouts with dentistry, drinking, malaria, and gout. But strewn through the medley are rewarding passages: his castigation of John Foster Dulles; his jaunty, competitive visit with Nabokov; his anger about what the young vandals are doing, even in that remote section; his comparison, so often reinforced by Elena, his wife, of the cow-fragrant peace of Talcottville with the exhilaration of his other home at Wellfleet on Cape Cod; and above all the patience and love with which he has refurbished this stronghold.

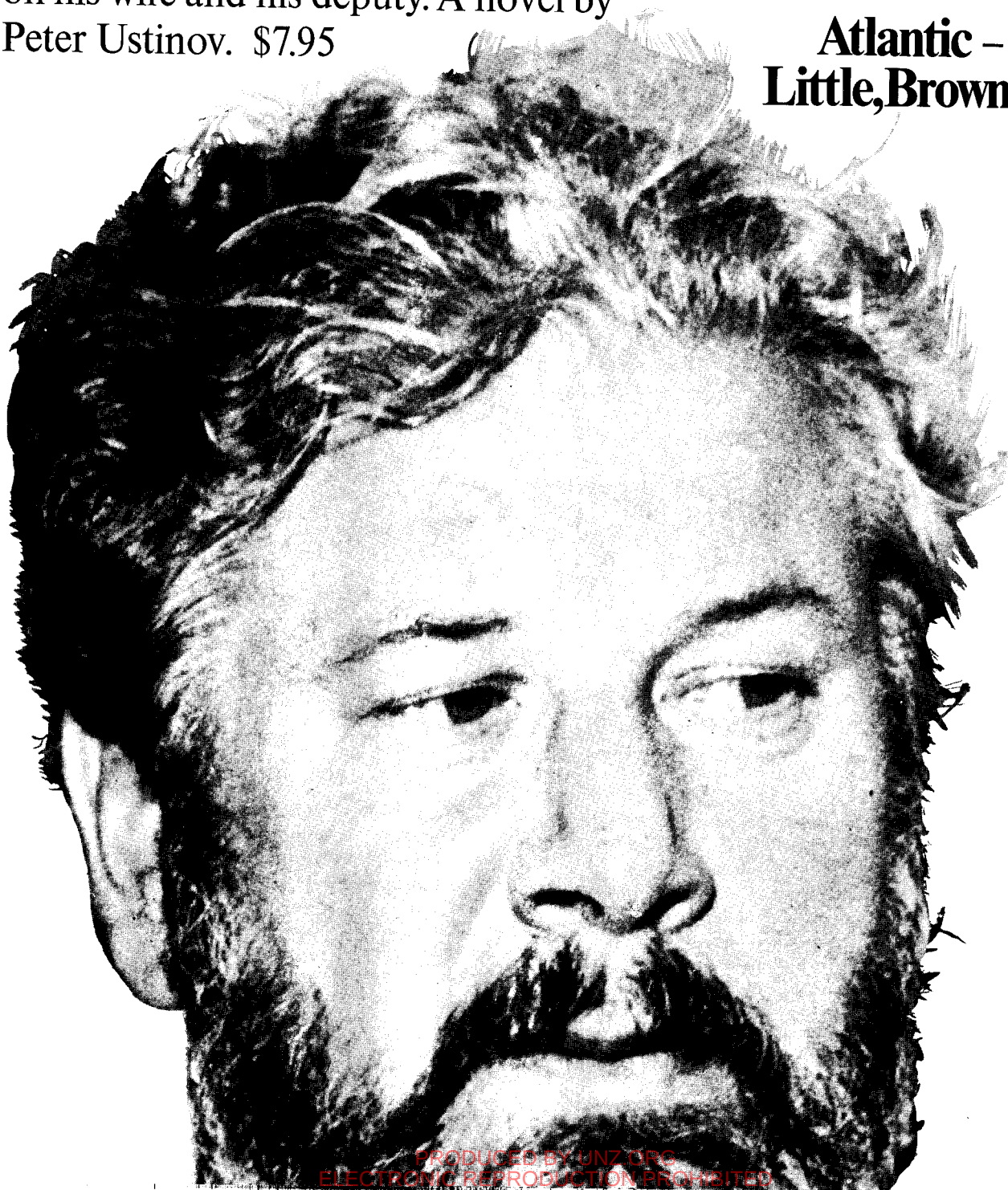
DEATH OF THE FOX
by George Garrett
Doubleday, \$10.00

The fox in George Garrett's long novel is Sir Walter Raleigh, probably the most versatile of the favorites of Queen Elizabeth: he was a good poet, a daring seaman, the owner of two splendid houses, Sherbourne in Dorset and Durham House, from whose study he surveyed the world of the Thames, a man of style, who, highly articulate, made enemies with his tongue, and a gambler who took chances that got him into trouble. His

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marriage to Bess Throckmorton, one of Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting, was a lasting one, but it infuriated the Queen and landed Raleigh in the Tower, where he was to spend more time than he did at sea. His hatred of Spain and his blazing performance at Winchester, where he successfully pled for his life, turned James I against him, and his execution was a foregone conclusion. While he waited in the Tower, he composed his fascinating history of the world.

Death of the Fox is the story of the last three days leading up to Raleigh's beheading, told in endless passages of retrospect by the principal actors involved: King James, Sir Henry Yelverton, the nervous, unworthy Attorney General, and most extensively, of course, by Sir Walter himself. The author has steeped himself in the vitality of Elizabeth's court as he has in the deathly debilitation in the Tower; he admires the valiance of Sir Walter's spirit, and with a colorful imagination and mellifluous prose he comes close to capturing the atmosphere of the past. But as a scheme I do not believe his novel succeeds. There is a serious risk in committing so much of the story to what has transpired in the past. The long tape of retrospect slowly unwinds from the great drum of the book with such brief interludes of direct action and with such confusion in chronology and in identification that the main actors come to assume a pose, as in Madame Tussaud's waxworks, and their vitality vanishes.

THEY CALL IT A GAME
by Bernie Parrish
Dial, \$7.50

Professional football, which monopolizes the television screen from the kickoff Friday night to the last play Monday evening, has proved to be a gold mine to the networks, to the sports owners, but not, according to Bernie Parrish, to the players, who take the beating.

Bernie Parrish was one of four children whose parents were divorced when he was six, and he soon realized that his only way up and out of Gainesville, Florida, would be an athletic scholarship, leading him into professional baseball or football. He was "average size, a little on the thin side from running too much and eating too little"; he was ten and all of

ninety-four pounds when, as tailback on the Golden Leopards, he threw fifteen touchdown passes and ran for another sixteen touchdowns as the Leopards won the junior-league championship. By the time he was ready for college, he had won the reputation for being one of the fiercest tacklers in Florida. As a candidate for All-American in both football and baseball, he left college to sign a \$30,000-plus bonus contract with the Cincinnati Redlegs, but the minor leagues didn't appeal to him, he couldn't get his mind off football, and when the Cleveland Browns picked him as a rookie, he returned the unearned half of his bonus, and staked everything on football.

Parrish loved playing; his speed, fierceness, and intelligence made him one of the best defensive cornerbacks in the business, and under Paul Brown's coaching, he was one of the main reasons why Cleveland won the world championship for 1964. He was elected to be the players' representative and then set out to organize the Players Association into a union with real bargaining power. At this point he was blacklisted, and as his suspicions mounted, the game turned sour. Parrish's description of professionals in training and in action, of the injuries and the doctors, of the punishment given and taken, and of the exhilaration of a winning team is the best that has been written, and I understand that he did most of the writing himself.

The crusading half of his book is a rugged indictment of how the billion-dollar monopoly of television, the owners, the coaches, and the press create a front which denies the possibility of unionization, opposes a fair cut of the annual profits for the players' pensions (the average playing expectancy is eleven years), and of how they rule out the rebels as Parrish himself was erased. Parrish names names and figures, and those who are prepared to believe him will look more cynically at the spectacle this autumn.

THE CONDOR PASSES
by Shirley Ann Grau
Knopf, \$7.95

The Old Man, as everyone called Thomas Henry Oliver, is the high-flying great ruffian in Shirley Ann Grau's hard-fisted and immensely

convincing novel, *The Condor Passes*. Oliver, when he deserted his mother's farm at thirteen, was over six feet, very broad and muscular, with shining black eyes and fresh, high coloring. Money was what he was after, any way he could get it, even as a pickpocket or pimp. Sex meant little to him; he took it where he found it. He was seventeen when he reached the West Coast, and for the next ten years he crisscrossed the Pacific trading in anything that could be smuggled: quinine, opium, women, and guns. He acquired fluent Spanish and a smattering of Chinese, survived malaria in Malaya, and when he swam ashore to escape smallpox on the ship carrying him to New Orleans, his money belt was intact. His mother had been buying farms with what he sent her; now he asked her to sell them for the cash he needed.

For the next sixty years, New Orleans was the Old Man's bonanza: bootlegging, brothels, casinos, a hotel, and a department store serviced by the ferret-faced men he could trust built up his fortune, and when he turned respectable he doubled it in the Depression. For a wife he picked the quiet, gentle Stephanie D'Alfonso, a seventeen-year-old Italian, whose recurring pregnancies kept raising his hopes for the son he wanted. Their marriage is the least credible episode in the book. Anne, his eldest, who was to be more beautiful than her mother, and Margaret, his tomboy, made up his family after his wife's death, plus Robert, the big blond Cajun whom he virtually adopted, and Stanley, his obedient black chauffeur; they are his dependents and then his bodyguard as his heart begins to weaken and the strokes knock him down but not out.

The Old Man had a genius for conglomerates before that term became fashionable, and the pith of the novel is the reptilian fascination of big money and its poisoning effect on those who will sacrifice anything for it. Margaret, who has inherited her father's ability, asks, "Would you believe that sometimes I dream that money's like the yeast bread we learned to make in the convent, growing big and fat and swelling all out of the pans and bowls? Like it was alive, growing and creeping and walking. Like it was taking over the earth." The Old Man laughed. "It does, and it is."

SHORT REVIEWS BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE ABDUCTION by Maxine Kumin. Harper & Row, \$6.95. An interracial novel about a woman working on a program for the improvement of primary education in the Washington ghetto. The lady has got rid of her husband, has lost her daughters, and is not doing well with her shifty lover; by way of compensation, she steals a charming little black boy. Naturally, disaster sets in, but before it arrives, the author provides lively narrative and some very funny scenes of the educational improvers minueting around each other's checkerboard sensitivities.

THE FIRST SEX by Elizabeth Gould Davis. Putnam's, \$7.95. If women's confidence must be bolstered by the claim of a female-dominated prehistoric and very high civilization (which on vanishing left not one definitely identifiable wrack behind), we may as well stay with the dishpan.

GRENDDEL by John Gardner. Knopf, \$5.95. Modern social satire and Anglo-Saxon echoes are ingeniously mixed in what purports to be the autobiography of Beowulf's monster. Whatever else he has accomplished—and his intention is none too clear—Mr. Gardner has certainly found the ultimate antihero.

VANISHING AFRICA by Mirella Ricciardi. Reynal, \$25.00. An unpretentious descriptive text supports Miss Ricciardi's remarkable photographs of Kenya's tribal life and costume.

WITHOUT MARX OR JESUS by Jean-François Revel. Doubleday, \$6.95. A delightfully witty and impudent French political columnist discusses the requirements for revolution—by which he means the creation of a worldwide socialist state strong enough to insure universal prosperity and flexible enough to permit personal freedom—and finds them already developing in the United States. As Mary McCarthy points out in her afterword, Americans should not grow vain over Mr. Revel's flat-



Ednah Locke

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tering estimate of our revolutionary potential. He is really using a discreetly idealized United States as a stick with which to thrash the ineffectual French Left. Translated by J.F. Bernard.

RUMOR IN ORLÉANS by Edgar Morin. Pantheon, \$6.95. The rumor, which agitated Orléans to the verge of riot in the spring of '69, was that "no less than six women's dress shops . . . were running a white slave traffic." Since all the shops were owned by Jews, the full apparatus of anti-anti-Semitism went into action and suppressed the nonsense. This was fine for the shopkeepers but hard on Mr. Morin and his sociological investigators; by the time they reached Orléans, nearly everybody had clammed up. The result of the investigation is therefore a splendid example of academic inflation—a mountain of theory derived from a molehill of fact. Translated by Peter Green.

BAR-KOKHBA by Yigael Yadin. Random House, \$15.00. Perhaps because it is, for a former Chief of the General Staff in the Israeli Defense Forces, quite literally a rummage in the family attic, Professor Yadin brings exceptional vividness and excitement to his account of an archaeological hunt, along the coast of the Dead Sea, for relics of the Jewish rebellion against the Emperor Hadrian. The expedition found wonderful things, the high point being the discovery of letters signed by the Jewish hero of that revolt, a man whose deeds are legendary but whose actual existence had, previously, been only feebly attested. Good photographs and maps.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Dell, \$5.00. A play, much more readable than most contemporary plays, based on Mr. Vonnegut's usual love-hate preoccupation with killing. Specifically there is a well-tailored plot about a war hero and big game hunter who comes home, after years spent stranded in some jungle, to find heroes out of fashion.

ARCHAIC GREEK ART by Jean Charbonneaux, Roland Martin, and François Villard. Braziller, \$30.00. A survey of architecture, sculpture, and vase painting between 620 and 480

B.C. It contains a flood of fine illustrations—beautiful objects beautifully reproduced and conveniently placed in relation to the informative but somewhat schoolmasterish text. Maps, plans, chronological table, bibliography, and index. Translated by James Emmons and Robert Allen.

HE DONE HER WRONG and **NIZE BABY** by Milt Gross. Dover, \$2.50 and \$2.00. Whether writing or drawing, Gross was a unique and wonderful zany and is still funny almost beyond endurance.

AFTER GREAT PAIN by John Cody. Harvard University Press, \$14.95. The book is subtitled *The Inner Life of Emily Dickinson*, first because her outer life was minimal and second (or could it be the other way around?) because Dr. Cody is a practicing psychiatrist. After explaining that posthumous analysis is unreliable because essential information may be buried, Dr. Cody proceeds to construct, out of letters and poems, an impressively consistent, correctly Freudian explanation of Emily's odd behavior, incidentally demonstrating that Higginson was using chivalrous understatement when he described her as "partially cracked." The book is an interesting enterprise on its own terms but dubiously helpful to poetry readers because Dr. Cody's discovery of unconscious signs of penis envy in an undecipherable poem does nothing to elucidate the meaning that the poet consciously meant to convey.

THE FIRST AMERICAN by C.W. Ceram. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$9.95. From Thomas Jefferson, who casually invented scientific excavation when he became curious about an Indian mound, to modern diggers backed up by laboratories and Geiger counters, Mr. Ceram traces the development and discoveries of archaeology in North America. Well written and clearly organized, the book is not, according to the author, "intended to compete with works of science or scholarship, but rather to lead the reader to the writings and work of scientists and scholars. Existing books on American archaeology presuppose an interest in the subject; mine is meant to awaken such interest among the many who have overlooked its importance." A sensible ambition which should succeed.

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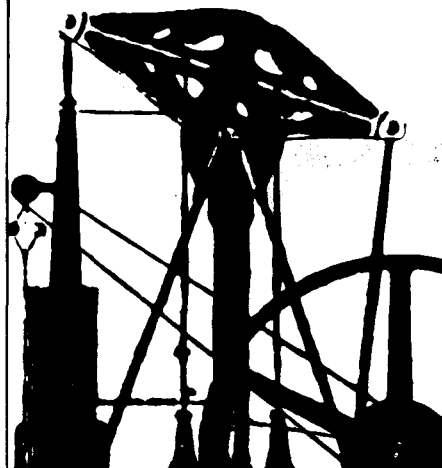
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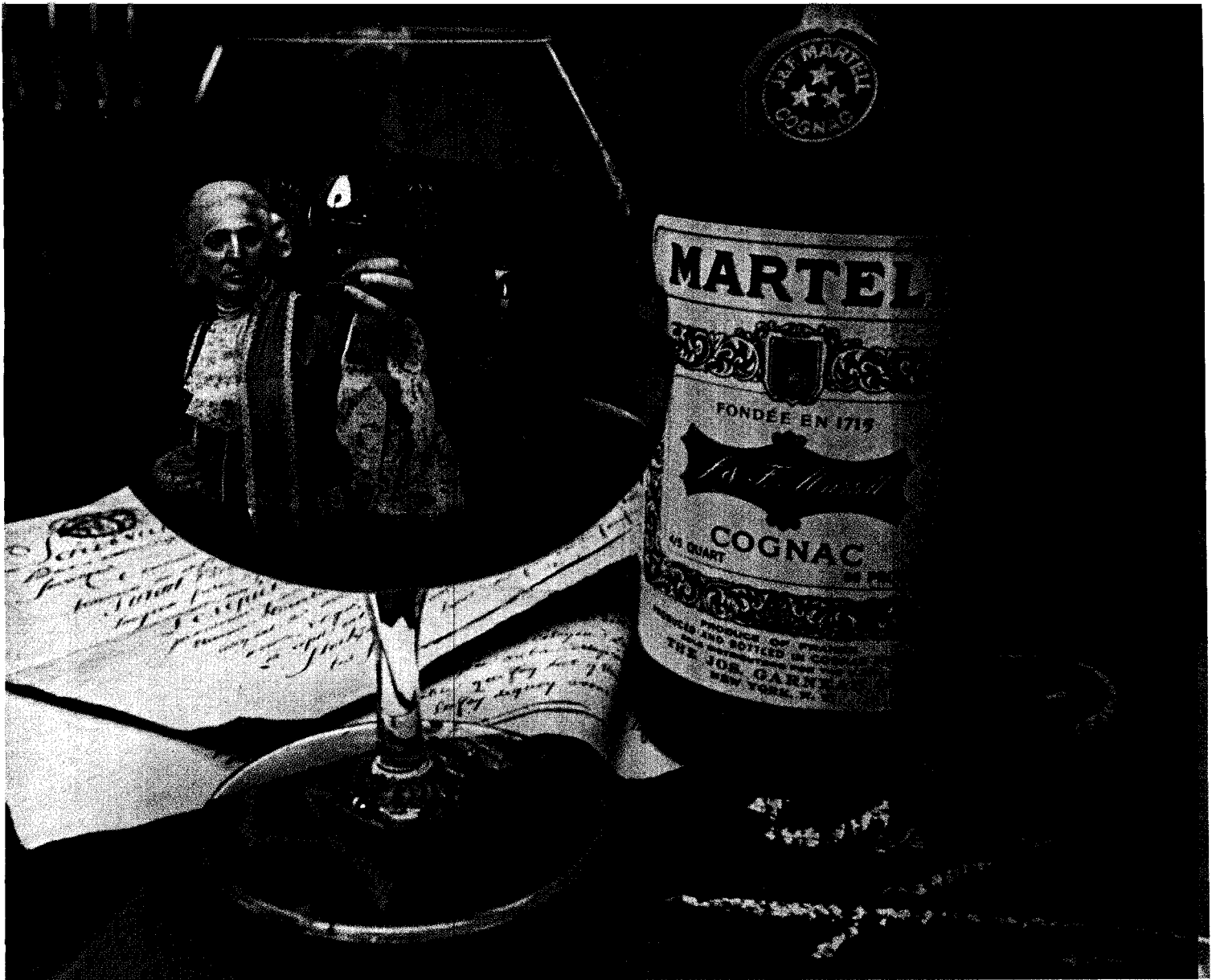
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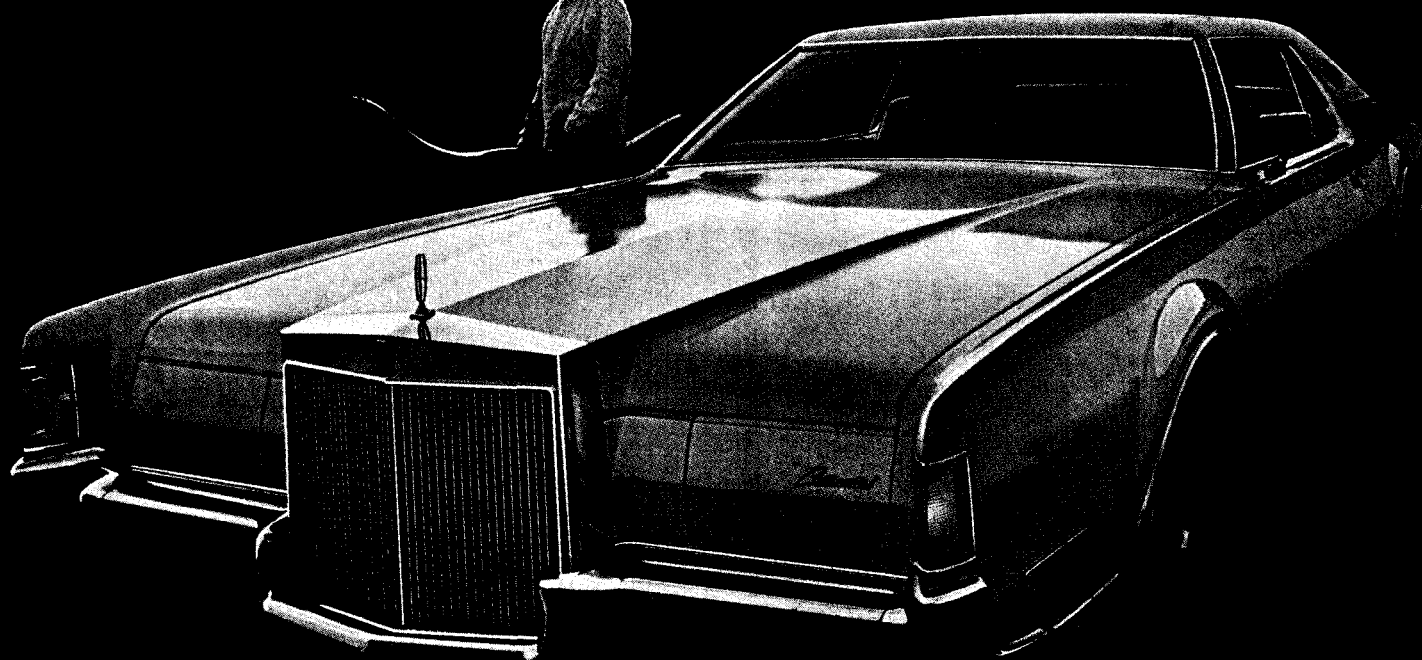
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